Redemption

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For so long Heaven has allowed the many circles of Hell that manage the sins of mortals to toil away at their own devices, but after the worst of them falls by the hand of a single soul determined to rid creation of their corruption, the denizens of these dark realms must now make a choice, seek redemption, or face Doom.

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Prologue

"He is here."

Those words, though normally were not special in any way, shape, or form, in this moment instilled fear into the hearts of all who heard them. Even the great ruler of Hell felt his heart fully stop, as after the words lingered in the air the sound of approaching footsteps followed. It had only been a day since the last annual purge of Hell's denizens, yet once the killing had ceased and the angels had left, Lucifer would find himself being graced by the presence of a Seraphim. That in of itself was shocking enough to make the king of inferno be at a loss for words, as after his attempted revolt for Heaven's throne which put him here he VERY rarely was approached by any heavenly body. But there was something else about this particular angel that made him feel uneasy.

Even with his interactions with those from above being few and far between he knew very well what they looked like. Generally they all shared similar features and details, such as the shining radiance of heaven coupled with a balanced color scheme of golds, whites, and royal reds. Then there was this Seraphim, who instead of appearing with large light imbued wings and an aura of purity, stood still as a statue completely shrouded by a cloak. If it weren't for the unmistakable power he gave off with just his presence, Lucifer might have mistaken him for some random person who had intruded upon his domicile.

Then came his message, and for the first time in his immortal life Lucifer felt something he sought to instill within others, an emotion so powerful and so sickly that it made him want to rip his heart out and crush it just so he couldn't feel it, he felt fear. At first all he did was mention the other Hells, but then he mentioned the ONE Hell among them all that he and every other devil that existed truly acknowledged. A Hell so horrid, so vile, so encompassing of evil itself it was rarely referred to as Hell anymore. A place that even the most wretched and accursed of souls would beg never to be sent, as it's inhabitants were nothing short of beasts, the Hell known as

Doom was feared by all.

Yet for so long Doom had been isolated, left alone to grow and bolster it's own power and strength as it preyed upon the wicked and foolish, in order to further satiate it's twisted desires. But then HE appeared, first believed to be a normal man he proved otherwise as he slaughtered without pause the denizens of Doom. Such titans as the barons, the masterminds, even the embodiment of all sin within it's domain fell by his hand. Yet still in this rampage his name was not known, nor what made him what he was, as such he was then deemed by both Doom and all other Hells, as The Slayer.

This is where the Seraphim's words began to embed themselves within Lucifer's mind, for after confirming that he was was still aware of it's existence did the Seraphim reveal to him a revelation that had yet been shared with the other Hells. Doom, the most feared and evil of all the dark realms, had been delivered to extinction by the Slayer. At first he didn't believe it, he shook his head in defiance and even went so far as to claim the Seraphim was simply lying as to pull some kind of sick joke on him, as the thought of this being true was worse than a nightmare made real. In response to these claims however the Seraphim did not speak, he did not move, he did not seem to care for the words of the panicked devil in any way, all he did was stare at him from the shadows of his hood as a portal opened behind him.

Looking passed him and into whatever plane of reality had been accessed through the rift, Lucifer felt his eyes widen in terror as a never ending sea of corpses, viscera, and blood filled his vision, all of it belonging to the denizens of Doom. Feeling his entire body go numb at the unprecedented genocide he was seeing, he slowly fell from his throne onto the floor, as tears began forming in his eyes from the overwhelming fear. Yet his terror was not over, as the Seraphim spoke one final time to complete his message.

"The Slayer has succeeded, yet still he seeks to rid creation of the corruption that your kind brings, however our maker in his endless mercy and benevolence has sought to give you a choice, redemption or death."

And with that he left, going through the portal he had created he left

Lucifer alone with the overwhelming emotions and thoughts that now assaulted his mind. But after several minutes of simply staring at nothing, barely moving aside from the breathing of his chest, the king of Hell as best as he could got to his feet and left his throne room. The next several hours were nothing but a blur, as he gathered all of his inner circle and brought them together for a meeting. He hoped that by informing them of the situation they could think of a solution to this that he wasn't able to see, even though deep inside he knew what their answers would be.

That even if they were to try and speak with the Seraphim again, or perhaps even be so bold as to see God to discuss the matter, it would end the exact same way. So with their only choices being to agree to their terms, or be the next Hell to fall by the Slayer's hand, they of course chose the former. This is how they ended up here, breathing erratically and scared beyond comprehension, all waiting for the doors to the meeting room they sat within to be pushed open by the one they all feared. But just as the footsteps which sounded heavy and powerful came ever closer to the doors they would soon fall silent, as their owner stopped mere inches away as if to worsen their anguish.

Then without warning both doors were suddenly sent flying open, the force responsible being so great it caused them to fly off of their hinges and go into the nearby walls. Whether it was deliberate was not the concern on all of their minds, for as they looked to the now empty doorway they saw standing in the hall the supposedly human man. Clad in a green suit of armor the likes of which none of them had ever seen, the only part of him that was visible were his unblinking eyes, which stared directly into their souls. For the next several minutes it was as if time had been frozen, no one breathed, no one moved, no one did anything at all.

But where as Lucifer and his inner circle were motionless due to their fear and hesitation, the Slayer did so out of suspicion that one of them would start a fight.

"Hello." A sudden voice spoke, catching them all off guard.

"S-Slayer?..." Lucifer, somehow managing to speak himself questioned, as the voice seemed to come from him.

"No, I am Vega, the Slayer's personal assistant." The voice spoke once again, just as the visor which allowed them to see his eyes began glowing with a bright orange light, "The Slayer does not speak so I will be speaking for him." It explained.

"Oh." He simply replied, before then gesturing to the empty chair in front of the Slayer, "Please, have a seat." He invited, wanting to get this ordeal over with.

Staying where he was in the hallway for a few seconds more just to be certain this was not some kind of trap, the Slayer accepted the invitation and took a seat at the table, all the while not blinking his eyes.

"It has come to our attention that you have chosen to seek redemption, you have not changed your minds correct?" Vega asked.

"O-Of course not!" Lucifer exclaimed with haste, nearly jumping from his chair to do so.

"Good, then please inform us of how you plan to go about redeeming the damned souls of this Hell." Vega requested.

"W-What?" Lucifer questioned, clearly surprised.

"You seem to be confused so allow me to specify, the Seraphim informed you that in light of the Slayer's success in destroying Doom you must either redeem yourselves or meet the same fate, so what course of action do you plan to take to encourage the souls, which have yet to be exterminated by Heaven's forces, to repent for their sins in order to ascend?" Vega responded.

"He didn't say anything about that!" Lucifer exclaimed, this time standing from his seat "All he said was that we had to choose! not that we ourselves had to come up with a plan!" He insisted.

"Does this mean you do not seek redemption?" Vega asked.

"No of course not! but we didn't know we had to think of something ourselves! we assumed that by choosing redemption that Heaven would provide the test, or trial, or whatever they wanted to prove we

were willing!" Lucifer answered.

"They already have." Vega told him, causing his and the others' eyes to widen "Do you think the exterminations that have been conducted were actually due to overpopulation? think about it, if more space was needed for the wicked God could simply make more, he is all powerful after all, the whole reason for the exterminations in the first place was to try and compel the denizens of this Hell to seek redemption on their own, to which all of you have ignored due to the assumption that Heaven would never kill all of you, which is true, but the Slayer while blessed with their power is not required to follow the same rules and laws that Heaven must, he is able to choose freely and as such if given the choice to kill all of you and leave nothing left he will do so, and I must inform you that he is growing rather impatient." He explained.

"THAT'S BULLSHIT!" One of the demons shouted in response, as he stood from his seat and pointed towards the Slayer "Why the FUCK does he not have to abide by the rules?! just cause he's a fucking human?! how the fuck is that fair?! I don't give a shit if-"

BOOM

Without warning, without hesitation, without any kind of chance for him to apologize for what he was saying, the demon now nothing more than a pile of viscera and bloody mush slowly slid down the wall. Feeling all of their bodies begin to shake uncontrollably, some even vomiting at what remained of the former demon, those who were able moved their eyes from the mess back to the Slayer, noticing the smoking double barreled shotgun he now wielded in his right hand.

"Time is up I'm afraid." Vega informed them, over the sounds of the still puking demons "As I said the Slayer has become impatient with you, so I would advise you to think of something, anything at all to tell him, otherwise all of you and the rest of this Hell will wind up like that." He warned.

Sadly none who were present, especially after what had just happened, were in any kind of state mentally to even begin forming a plan. Their minds instead were thinking about their lives, where

they had gone wrong, what they had done to be sent here, and how in the ever loving fuck were they going to avoid what they believed was the FINAL death.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm so fucking sorry!" Lucifer thought to himself, as he stared down at the table *"I should've done more! I should've realized how fucking stupid I was! please God please if you can hear me now show me and my family mercy!"* He pleaded.

Whether it was simply that thought that brought the idea to his mind, or perhaps in light of his own repentance God granted him the mercy he sought, Lucifer as he focused on the love of his life and the daughter he cherished so dearly, remembered something VERY important. So just as the Slayer had done when killing the demon did he do the same, without any warning or hesitation he suddenly shot up from his chair, gained everyone's attention, and shouted-

"THE HOTEL!"

Those That Matter Most

"Charlie! where are you?" Lucifer called out with a smile, cupping a hand near his mouth to amplify the volume.

Recently his daughter had gotten into the habit of hiding from him whenever it drew near to bed time, and while most might be annoyed by their child running off as to not go to sleep, he enjoyed it more than anything else in the world. For while being the king of Hell did come with many perks and benefits, he did unfortunately have just as many responsibilities and tasks he needed to do every single day. So when he was finally able to put down his pen, leave the near suffocating confines of his office, and go see his beautiful wife and darling daughter, he relished every second he had with them.

"Charlie~ I know you're somewhere~" He mused as he walked around, making sure to look at every object he passed by with extra attention.

Continuing to explore the halls of his home he would soon find himself entering one of it's many storage rooms. For some reason places like these that most children would be hesitant to enter, his bright and beaming daughter absolutely LOVED to do the opposite. Which proved to be the case in this instance, for once he entered the room and began looking around at the countless things that littered the space, he could hear from somewhere close by the unmistakable giggle of his princess.

"Chaaaaaaaaaaarlie~" He called out again with a grin, dragging out her name as to make her giggle more, to which he succeeded, "I know you're in here~ do I REALLY have to come and get you?" He asked playfully.

Waiting a few seconds to see what she might do, soon he could hear the sounds of little feet scurrying across the floor, as well as the shuffling of some of the cloths and blankets that covered some of the objects. Feeling his already present grin grow in size he began stalking the rows of items like a predator, looking between all the

cracks and crevices she might be squeezing into.

"You know, the longer you hide from me the worse it'll be~" He warned her, as he began wriggling his fingers, "The tickle monster doesn't like it when you hide like this~" He told her.

However, instead of hearing the usual giggles a "threat" like that would illicit, he was met with a surprising silence.

"Charlie?" He asked, a bit more serious as he straightened himself, now beginning to look about the space more intently.

Though there was nothing in any of these rooms that could potentially be harmful to his child, there still were some things whether they be paintings or perhaps statues that were rather inappropriate. So while he knew she wasn't suddenly hurt as she would be crying if she were, he believed she had come across something that she hadn't expected to see. Now admittedly concerned as to what she might've found he began moving with a slightly hastened step, trying his best to recall what exactly was stored in this particular room. Thankfully he wouldn't need to search for too long, as after he reached the center of the clutter he looked in every direction possible to try and spot her, catching but a slight glimpse of the bright golden hair that grew from her head.

"Charlie! there you are!" He exclaimed with some relief, as with a relaxed sigh he walked over to her.

As he approached her and began to see what had caught her attention however, every bit of warmth in his body was replaced by a chilling cold. Standing there against the wall was a statue, one that was made in the earliest days of his Hell's creation, to serve as a sort of propaganda to inspire his legions. But as time passed by and their collective desire to bring down Heaven burned itself out, this statue along with all other relics of that ancient time were stowed away. Yet for some reason, as he now looked at it with his daughter, it seemed to be giving off an unsettling aura.

"Daddy?" She suddenly spoke, bringing him out his thoughts, "What is this?" She asked.

"This...is a knight Charlie, you know like the ones from your stories." He answered, hoping that would be enough for her.

"But why does he look so different?" She questioned.

"It's just how his armor is made sweetie, all knights have different armor." He assured.

Having that same silence return as he waited to see what she would do, the moment he saw her reaching out to touch it he immediately lunged forward and grabbed onto her arm.

"Daddy?" She asked as she now looked to him, confusion and a small bit of fear present in her eyes from his sudden action.

"It's best if you don't touch that Charlie." He told her, a bit surprised by how he had acted himself "This statue is very old, meaning it is very valuable, we wouldn't want to get it dirty or even damage it would we?" He asked.

Hoping that response would be enough to get her to leave it be, he felt his heart begin beating to it's normal rhythm as she nodded her head.

"I'm sorry daddy." She apologized as he released her arm, having felt as though she had done something wrong.

"No no no sweetie! there's no need to be sorry, we just have to be careful when coming into these rooms, everything in here is very sensitive to touch and movement, even the slightest interaction could unintentionally destroy something." He explained, as he then picked her up into his arms "Say, mommy's busy getting herself ready for bed, why don't you and I go to the kitchen and sneak some ice cream before I take you to your room?" He suggested.

"REALLY?!" She practically shouted in his face as her own lit up like a star, causing him to throw back his head in laughter.

"Indeed! we'll even add some sprinkles and whatever else you want!" He told her, causing her to squeal in excitement.

Happy to see his little girl's normal enthusiasm and happiness return

they then took their leave of the room. But just before the door was fully closed behind them he looked back at the statue one last time, almost as if to be certain it would stay where it was.

"S-Sir?"

It had been several hours since the meeting had ended, all of the demons present were gone and no doubt went to see their families and friends, leaving Lucifer and his staff to deal with the aftermath. But it wasn't just the remains of one of their own that needed to be attended to, for in light of their current situation and the plan he proposed, he informed his staff he wanted EVERYTHING from storage to be brought to his throne room. And while at first his staff were confused by this, unsure as to why he wanted a bunch of statues, paintings, and other fairly valueless things to clutter the royal space, as the last of the items were brought forward they then knew why.

Though their assumptions were for the most part accurate, as most of the items were things you might find in a gallery somewhere, a handful of them held actual significance and meaning. Such as the statue he had been staring at in silence for the last five minutes, for while at first glance it might not seem special, as they looked at it more and noticed the finer details, they realized it was a holy warrior from the first crusade.

"Sentinels..." Lucifer muttered beneath his breath, as he slowly stepped closer to the statue "I thought we were done with you, I thought that we would never see your kind again, yet there he was sitting across from me, bearing your mark..." He recalled, as he thought back to the Slayer and the all too familiar red symbol present on his helmet.

"Sir? are you okay?" The same member of his staff spoke again, as their ruler seemed to be completely lost in the trappings of his mind.

"Yes I'm fine, just thinking about the past..." He replied, as he placed a hand on the statue's chest "Tell me, are my wife and daughter on their way?" He asked.

"Yes sir! though both lady Lilith and princess Charlie were preoccupied with matters in Pentagram city, so it will still be a few moments before they arrive." Another one answered.

"Good...that's...good..." He answered with a small smile, as after what he had seen today it made him grateful they were okay, "Thank you for your service everyone, and thank you for bringing all of these old relics here, you're all dismissed for the day, please go and be with those you care about." He told them.

A bit surprised by how their master was acting, though nowhere near brave enough to try and learn why, they all simply responded with a collective "Yes sir!" before leaving him alone.

"You made the right choice." He thought to himself, as his hand slowly balled into a fist, *"I hate having to put so much pressure on Charlie, even more than she already has, but this is our only chance at saving everyone...or at the very least us..."* He reasoned.

Whether or not it was due to his semi separation from reality, or perhaps his family were simply closer than he thought, he only needed to wait a few minutes longer before the doors to the room were flung open by his panicked spouse and child.

"Lucifer!" Lilith shouted in relief as she ran over to him, wrapping her arms as tightly as she could around his person, "Is everything alright? we were told that something terrible happened!" She exclaimed.

For a few seconds after she spoke all he could do was stare at her, for he truly had no idea how we was going to explain this entire situation to them. But as he felt his hand be held by his daughter, who clearly could see the uneasiness in his expression, he knew the longer he went without speaking the worse their worry would be.

"Let me sit down and I'll explain everything." He told them, causing his wife to release him from their embrace.

"Explain what Lucifer? what in the Hells happened?" Lilith questioned, as her husband slowly walked over to his throne before practically falling into the seat.

"Lilith, do you remember when we were first cast down here? when this realm was little to nothing?" He asked her.

"Of course I do." She replied.

"And do you remember what it was like back then? how we were so focused on bringing down Heaven itself?" He asked.

"Lucifer what is the point of these questions? you know very well I remember the earliest days of our Hell, as well as the ambition we shared wither the other circles, what does any of this have to do with why me and Charlie were told to come here as soon as possible?" She countered with her own question.

"Look at the statue behind you, both of you." He told them.

Confused as to what was going on they simply did as instructed in the hopes they would finally get some answers. But as both women's eyes fell onto the statue, the only thing they received was a sickly feeling.

"Is that...the knight?" Charlie asked, as for a brief moment a memory from her childhood flashed in her mind.

"...Lucifer...why is THAT here?..." Lilith asked him slowly, before turning around to face him again, "Why the FUCK is that statue here and not in storage!?" She shouted, as anger quickly filled her form.

"Because Lilith, our past has caught up to us." He told her as he closed his eyes, "After this year's extermination was over I was greeted by a Seraphim." He revealed, causing her eyes to widen.

"A Seraphim?" She questioned, as the thought of such a high ranking angel coming down to Hell sounded impossible, "Why would an angel of that caliber visit our Hell? or ANY Hell for that matter?" She asked.

"Simple, to deliver a message, as well as warn us of our imminent destruction." He answered.

"Lucifer you're scaring me." She told him as she walked over, fear rapidly replacing her anger, "What do you mean by destruction? is

Heaven planning to kill us all?" She asked.

"No, Heaven must follow the rules and laws established by God himself, but if someone who wasn't of Heaven's creation were to seek our end, then they'd be fully allowed to do so." He explained.

For a moment his words confused her, as the thought of someone other than Heaven and it's angels even attempting to kill a resident of any of the Hells seemed ridiculous. But then a memory from the back of her mind came rushing forward like a tidal wave, causing her knees to buckle and her to fall to the floor due to the sheer fear it brought with it.

"Mom?!" Charlie shouted in concern, as she now was able to break away from staring at the statue in order to attend to her mother.

"Y-You can't mean him, you can't, you just can't Lucifer!" Lilith shouted in a panic, as tears began to form in her eyes.

"What's going on? why are you so scared mom?" who is he?" Charlie asked in a rapid fashion, as she was the only one present who didn't know what they were talking about.

"I'm afraid I do Lilith." He replied.

"BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THERE'S NO WAY THAT CAN BE TRUE! THERE'S NO REASON FOR HIM TO EVEN BE HERE!" Lilith shouted louder, now on the brink of having a complete mental breakdown.

"Who are you both talking about? what is going on?!" Charlie repeated, as not knowing what they were talking about was just as concerning as her mother's reaction.

"We are talking about the Slayer Charlie, and how he has come to kill us all." He said, answering her questions finally.

"The Slayer?" She questioned, as she had never heard of anyone in Hell who went by such a name.

"He is the most closely kept secret across the Hells, every circle, every devil, every high ranking demon knows his name, and for so

long we have kept his existence hidden from our people as to not cause a full blown panic." He began to explain, as he then rose up from his seat, "But now that is no longer possible, for the Hell the Slayer was focused on is now nothing more than a mass grave, because he single handedly slaughtered every living thing within it's domain." He revealed.

"NO! NO IT'S NOT TRUE! IT'S NOT TRUE!" Lilith shouted out in a sob, her fear causing her to be sent into a state of denial.

"LISTEN TO ME LILITH!" He shouted in return, the sheer volume and intensity of his voice managing to scare both of them, "IT IS TRUE! I HAVE SEEN IT FIRST HAND! BOTH FROM THE SERAPHIM AS WELL AS THE SLAYER HIMSELF WHEN HE KILLED A DEMON IN THIS VERY FUCKING CASTLE! AND NOW THAT HE HAS KILLED EVERY DENIZEN OF DOOM HE IS HERE TO FUCKING. KILL. US!" He insisted.

Being at a loss for words both women were completely silent, though it wasn't from this shocking news but instead what they were seeing in front of them. Whether or not he had intended to do so Lucifer as he shouted transformed, not entirely to the point where he was fully different, but his true devilish visage was beginning to reveal itself. Thankfully he seemed to notice that their shock was focused on him rather than his words, so not wanting to scare them any further he took a minute to calm himself down before continuing to speak.

"I'm sorry...I didn't...I didn't mean to shout like that...I'm just...I'm just so fucking scared..." He apologized, as he then buried his face in his hands, "I always thought this day would never come...I thought the lords of Doom would be capable enough to keep that horrid monster busy in their realm for eternity...but now he is at our doorstep and I just...I don't know what to do..." He admitted.

Feeling tears of his own begin to form for the second time that day, before he could begin sobbing much like his wife was he felt his arms be grabbed onto by the hands of his daughter.

"You don't need to be sorry dad." She told him as their eyes met "I don't really know what's going on, nor who or what this Slayer is, but

it's clear that whatever is happening is overwhelming, and even the king of Hell itself can be overwhelmed from time to time." She said, as a small smile came to her face, "Remember what you were like when you first started playing instruments? almost every day you were banging your head against the wall out of frustration, saying fuck this stupid shit and fuck that fucking guitar." She reminded him.

Having such a memory be mentioned even at a time like this, Lucifer couldn't stop a smile from coming to his face, as well as the few embarrassed chuckles that followed.

"She's right Lucifer." Lilith spoke, as she got to her feet while dragging an arm across her eyes to wipe away her tears, "You shouldn't apologize for being scared, after all I just had a fucking panic attack." She said in a somewhat joking way, as to try and improve the mood some more.

"Thank you, both of you, I don't know what I would do if I didn't have you in my life at times like this." He told them, causing them both to smile as well, "But there is another reason why I asked you both here." He admitted, as he looked to his daughter "You see the Seraphim, besides showing me the aftermath of the Slayer's carnage also presented me with a choice, to either seek redemption or to embrace the end, however when the Slayer was here it was revealed that WE would have to come up with a plan, to try and redeem the countless sinful souls that make up our people." He explained.

"You...you don't mean..." Charlie said, as it soon donned on her and her mother what he was implying.

"I'm afraid I do sweetie, in order to keep the Slayer from sending us all to extinction, we need your hotel." He told her.

"B-But the hotel isn't ready yet! we still have so many things that we need to do! a-and everyone thinks that it's just a joke! there's no way we can convince them to give it a chance so quickly!" She argued.

"You leave that to us honey." Lilith said, as she moved to stand beside her husband, "Your father and I will make sure the hotel get's the publicity it needs, and that the people are...persuaded into giving

it a chance." She told her.

Even though she trusted her parents more than anyone else there was still so much about this she didn't know, so she couldn't keep herself from worrying and being doubtful. But whatever was going on was clearly important, possibly the most important thing that had ever happened in Hell's history, and so trusting that her parents would do all they could to help she turned around and ran out.

"I'll go back to the hotel! to make sure everything will be ready!" She shouted back to them, so they knew where she'd be.

"We'll join you shortly dear!" Lilith shouted back to her, before she then looked to her husband "So, I'll go and handle the media and the pr, while you handle how to deliver this news to everyone without causing them to lose their minds, sound good?" She suggested.

"Yes, I think that would be best." He agreed.

With that settled the king and queen of Hell set out to do what was needed, but not before they shared a long and passionate kiss, for they realized just how lucky they were to have each other. But as the royal family of Hell were now busy trying to save themselves and their people, elsewhere in space and time the very figure who they feared more than any was also busy, preparing his arsenal for a potential second cleansing.

A Taste Of Things To Come

Hell, a place which most if not all mortal lives fear, depictions of this realm differ depending on which religion, culture, and society you look at. And it is due to the fear of Hell, as well as the lack of knowledge concerning it's existence, that leads many to live good or even strictly pure lives. Yet there is a question very few ever ask when contemplating the specifics of this supposed dark realm, a question some would say is rhetorical for the answer is obvious. What does the devil fear?

Now as said this question to most seems rhetorical, "GOD IS WHO THE DEVIL FEARS! FOR IT IS WITHIN HIS HOLY LIGHT THAT HIS EVIL SHALL BE VANQUISHED!", is the answer that is most commonly given and accepted. But the truth is that this could not be farther from the truth, for both God and those of his direct creation all abide by ancient laws he set in place long ago. These laws state that they shall not interfere with the affairs of those who reside in creation outside of their heavenly domain, for if they were do so then they would be impeding upon the free will that God instilled within their souls. But if it is not God nor his angels that the devil and his legions fear, then who could possibly ever hope to instill fear within them?

A being who is not bound to serve or uphold the laws that maintain order within the Heavens, a being who of their own free will seeks to walk a path of perpetual torment. Only known by the name given to him by his victims, as who he was before he embarked on this crusade has long been lost, the Slayer though seemingly a normal human man is NOTHING of the sort. He never tires, never hungers, never grows ill or weary, seeming to be sated on nothing but his pure hatred for all sinful creatures and the suffering he brings them he marches endlessly through creation. And in his conquest he seeks out every dark realm and devil who governs it, as to deliver them and their servants to death.

However there is something ironic about his existence, as the very reason for why he hunts down all manner of unholy soul is darkly

humorous. Long ago, when he first encountered the likes of demon kind, he was actually willing to let it end there, to simply relish in that victory and never deal with them ever again. But the denizens of the now forsaken realm of Doom were far too spiteful to let such a loss go without response, they sought to make him pay for their humiliation by bringing his world to ruin. And while that in of itself most certainly ignited the fires of hatred within his soul, it was when they took the one thing that he cared for most that truly sealed their fate.

From there on the Slayer would never stop in his mission to rid creation of any demon and devil, regardless of how they should appear. He would hunt them without pause for all time, only ever putting down his fists and armaments once the last of their kind had been torn asunder. Yet in the light of his success of having destroyed the most vile of realms within creation, he found his task was far from over as there were more Hells to be seen. Which in turn meant there were more devils and demons who needed to die.

That is when the Seraphim, the very same who had aided him in the earliest days of his conquest appeared before him, and offered him a new choice.

"Not every Hell is as vile as your own great slayer, the denizens of Doom were born from the malice and evil of all living things, though some possessed minds and intelligence they were all but beasts seeking to satiate their hunger, but the other Hells that exist are far different from the one you know so well, and perhaps unlike the realm of Doom there is some hope for repentance."

These words continuously played over and over again within his mind, for while he knew people could change, the same from his experience could not be said for demons. Still, the Seraphim had been the one to bestow upon him his great power, without him his task of ending Doom would've been far more difficult. So out of a sense of having owed the Heavenly figure he chose to at least hear these other demons out. But he would be certain to keep his weapons ready, should he need them if things went awry.

"All preparations have been completed, your arsenal is fully stocked and your equipment modified to your desired specifications." The

voice of Vega informed him, as he went about his business.

Simply nodding in response as he was preoccupied with other matters, Vega decided to keep this one sided conversation going.

"The Seraphim wasn't lying, not that we suspected he was of course." He began, as the Slayer stared down at the screen he was typing into, "I have been conducting a great deal of surveys on this new Hell, and for the most part it seems to mirror human society and civilization in great detail, which makes sense as these new demons are mostly human." He reasoned.

Though not ignoring him the Slayer chose to keep his attention primarily on his work, which did not go unnoticed by the other.

"I understand your reluctance to let your guard down." He told him, which for a brief moment caused him to pause, "Though these are not naturally born Hell spawn they are still there for a reason, from what I could see of the populace they're all rather unpleasant people, seeming to refer to things like murder, prostitution, rape, drug abuse, and other such activities with little care, it is clear that very few if any of them could be described as decent, despite this however I do think there is some potential." He admitted.

For the few seconds that followed after this statement the Slayer didn't move, as he was giving his companion's thoughts on the matter genuine consideration. However, as he contemplated his words his mind began to bring up memories, some quite old, others fairly recent, all sharing one common trait. That even if you give someone all the chances in the world, all the trust you have to offer, some people would always choose to remain the same. And so it was for this reason that the Slayer's response was simply to return to his task, which he was close to finishing.

"Do you really believe that will be necessary?" Vega asked, as he now noticed what the Slayer had been working on, "You used that weapon to specifically kill the most powerful of Doom's demonic population, even with the potential of some of the residents of this new Hell possessing some power, will you actually need it?" He questioned.

Not even responding with a simple nod or grunt the Slayer just kept inputting different commands into the touchscreen in front of him. After a few seconds more he would finally be finished for the moment, causing him to turn around and walk away from the terminal. Without needing to even ask where he was going Vega opened a portal that led back to Hell, closing it once he went through.

"Hurry hurry hurry everyone! we need to get this done faster!" Charlie instructed as she walked through the hotel.

True to her word, once the princess of Hell made it back to her hotel in Pentagram city she bust through the doors, before then barking orders like a rabid dog to everyone in sight. Now normally this wasn't too unlike her, for she was taking a big risk trying to convince the populace they should try to be better. But there was something different about her this time, instead of being peppy and energetic she was serious and commanding. This of course was noticed by everyone ESPECIALLY her girlfriend Vagatha, who as Charlie was going about the place seemingly in a frenzied state of panic, was doing her best to keep up.

"Charlie!" She called out, as she finally managed to catch up to her "What is going on? why are you acting so high strung all of a sudden?" She asked.

"You there! I see you slacking off! put away the sandwich and get back to work!" Charlie shouted with a surprising amount of authority, which actually managed to startle the lazy worker she was addressing.

Upon being ignored yet again Vagatha decided she had enough, so she grabbed onto Charlie's shoulders and turned her so they could be face to face.

"CHARLIE!" She shouted, hoping to finally get her attention "WHAT. IS. GOING. ON?" She asked loudly and slowly, wanting to drill each word into her head.

Only just now realizing that she had been ignoring her, Charlie let out a quick sigh before explaining herself.

"I'm sorry Vaggie, I didn't mean to ignore you..." She apologized, calling the other by her nickname.

"It's okay, just tell me what has you so worked up, does it have to do with your dad?" Vagatha asked.

"Well...kinda, look even I'm not entirely sure what's going on, but what I do know is that whatever is happening is enough to freak out my parents." Charlie answered.

"Wait...YOUR parents were freaked out?..." Vagatha asked with widened eyes, earning a nod in response, "What the fuck could possibly scare them? they're literally the king and queen of Hell!" She exclaimed.

Almost as if it were on cue the gray skinned demon would receive an answer, though it was from the scream of another demon elsewhere in the hotel. Startled by this both women took off in the direction it came from, which was near the front of the building. Once they reached the lobby they discovered who had made the scream, as well as what had caused it. On the floor and on their back was one of the workers, and standing adjacent from them just outside the open front doors was a man, a HUMAN man.

Watching as he slowly stepped across the threshold, the demon who seemed to have upset him in some way began trying to escape, using his elbows to push himself backwards.

"H-Hey look man I'm sorry! I-I didn't mean to insult ya, please just...just leave me alone!" He begged.

Responding with actions instead of words the demon was grabbed by the collar of his shirt and lifted from the floor, where he could now see the eyes of the man who held him in his grasp. But before anything else could happen Charlie was quick to act, as she ran over to them and grabbed onto the man's arm.

"WAIT!" She exclaimed, gaining his attention "Please, whatever it is

he did he is sorry for, there is no reason to escalate this situation!" She insisted.

Moving his eyes slowly from the demon to her, Charlie for the first time in her life felt as if she was about to die. Even though his eyes were normal as he seemed to be human, it was the raw unbridled emotion within them that made her want to cry. For in his gaze she saw only one thing, an anger so powerful and so passionate that even hellfire would seem tame by comparison. Yet despite the animosity that he clearly possessed towards the demon, he chose to listen to her and released him.

This however presented a new issue, for once the demon was free he immediately ran away, leaving her to deal with their unexpected guest.

"U-Um..." She spoke after a minute or two, hoping to make things less tense, "I d-don't think I've ever seen you b-before..." She said, doing her best to control her nervous stutter, "W-What's your name?..." She asked.

Sadly she wouldn't receive an answer from him, and as he continued to stare at her with that unwavering glare, her girlfriend decided to intervene.

"Hey!" Vagatha exclaimed, as she walked over and got between them, "She asked you a question asshole! are you going to answer her or what?" She asked.

"V-Vaggie..." Charlie said, as she put a hand on her shoulder, "I-I don't think you should make him angry..." She told her.

"I apologize for the Slayer's silence, it's just how he is I'm afraid." The voice of a man suddenly spoke "My name is Vega, I am the Slayer's personal assistant, if you have any concerns, questions, or issues you would like to have answered, please direct them to me." He told them.

"S...S...Slayer..." Charlie stammered out, her eyes widening as much as they could.

"Charlie, do you know this guy?" Vagatha asked, noticing the shocked look now present on her face.

"I presume you are Lucifer's daughter correct?" Vega asked.

"Y-Yes..." She answered meekly.

"Then you are the person we have come to see." Vega revealed.

"Now wait just a second." Vagatha interjected, as she poked the Slayer in his chest, "I don't know who you or this Vega guy are, but you are scaring the shit out of Charlie, so you need to leave." She told them.

"I'm afraid that isn't possible, we are here to make sure this hotel is a legitimate operation, and not just a ploy to deceive the Slayer in any way." Vega informed her.

Upon hearing this Vagatha summoned a spear that she used for the sake of protecting both her and Charlie, she then took it into her hands and pointed it towards the Slayer.

"That wasn't a question, nor was it an order, you are leaving NOW." She told them sternly.

Sadly this was the WORST thing she could have done, and both she and Charlie would soon realize that with what came next. In the span of a mere ten seconds the Slayer moved with speed neither of them had ever seen, and in that time took control of the situation completely. First he grabbed onto her spear and pulled her forwards, then he delivered a headbutt to her face which broke her nose, but before she could reel back from the intense pain this brought he grabbed onto her neck and slammed her into the floor. Unable to do anything but gasp and struggle as he choked her, Vagatha besides feeling the pressure he was applying to her neck also felt the warmth of blood on her face, which was coming from her near completely shattered nose.

As for Charlie, she could do nothing to either stop the attack or save her girlfriend from her current predicament, as due to the paralyzing terror she now felt all she could do was scream. Thankfully like an

angel of mercy someone appeared to stop this, which was ironic as he was the first of the fallen.

"STOP!" Lucifer shouted out, as he stood in the doorway.

Upon hearing the voice of this Hell's leader the Slayer released Vagatha from his grasp, allowing her to begin coughing violently as she regained her breath. With his attention now focused solely on the devil, Lucifer even with every single fiber of his being screaming to apologize, did his best to remain firm and composed.

"I'm sorry for whatever it was that she did to upset you, but if this plan is going to work then you MUST try and keep yourself from killing any demons, less there is no other choice, surely you realize this don't you?" He questioned, but doing so in a way that wasn't belittling.

Much like with Charlie the Slayer seemed to consider what the other was saying, as he slowly looked down at the still coughing demon. Yet what he did next was completely unexpected, not only shocking Lucifer and his daughter but also his companion. Bending his knees so he was closer to her he then held out his hand, and just as how Vagatha summoned her spear he summoned an object of his own. The object in question seemed to be a potion of some kind, and as he poured but a few drops of it onto the wounded demon, it was discovered to be a healing potion.

Watching in amazement as the unknown liquid healed her wounds completely, they all looked back to him with shocked expressions. Yet before any of them could respond to this action in some way, Vega suddenly spoke as to explain what had just transpired.

"The Slayer understands that he must have some trust in you to do what is needed, however he wishes to inform you that he cannot be held accountable for every inciddent of violence." He began, as the Slayer stood upright while making the potion disappear, "He realizes that she acted the way she did out of a desire to protect your daughter, but if she should ever brandish that spear of her's again in any other situation, things will not end as they did here." He warned.

"I understand, thank you." Lucifer replied, truly grateful this was

resolved peacefully "Now, would it be too much to ask if you and the Slayer could leave us for a bit? not Hell of course just give us some time before we continue?" He requested.

"Not at all, we will take a walk around and through the hotel, we shall return to the lobby in about ten minutes given the building's size." Vega said, before the Slayer then walked out the door.

Waiting until his thunderous footsteps could no longer be heard, Lucifer quickly hurried over to his daughter and began looking her over.

"You're not hurt anywhere are you? he didn't lay a hand on you did he?" He asked.

"N-No dad, I'm fine." She responded as she looked over to Vagatha, tears coming to her eyes "I-I'm sorry Vaggie, I should've done something, anything at all to stop him..." She apologized, feeling horrible for having done nothing.

Yet instead of responding the way she expected, which was with anger or insults, Vagatha surprised her by embracing her in a kiss and wrapping her arms around her.

"Don't." She told her, as they slowly pulled apart "I was the one who threatened him, I'm the only one to blame for getting into that shitty situation." She assured, before she then looked to Lucifer "And YOU, who the FUCK do you think you are bringing someone like that here?! and who the fuck is that guy anyway?!" She questioned.

Even though he barely knew anything about this woman, only that she was his daughter's love interest, Lucifer did still feel guilty as none of this would be happening were he a better ruler. So with a heavy sigh the king of Hell walked over to a nearby couch and sat down, both his daughter and her girlfriend looking at him with expectant gazes.

"Okay, you both deserve to know the full story, so here it is..." He began, as he closed his eyes to remember "In the first age, in the first battle, when the shadows first lengthened..."

Revelations

(A/N: A brief update on the nature of this story going forward, I will be using story/lore elements introduced in Doom Eternal, however I do not intend for this story to weirdly transform into that game's narrative, I simply like many of the things they added to Doom's overall canon and wish to use it here, now of course this does mean there will be spoilers for it's story, so you have been warned in that regard, but overall be assured that this story will remain it's own thing separate from both Doom and Hazbin's core canon, thank you and enjoy the chapter)

Heaven, a place of order and peace, a realm so beautiful and inspiring most refer to it as paradise. But it is not simply due to the unbelievable sights and wonders that exist within it's space, for would it even be considered Heaven if there were no angels? Commonly believed to be humans wearing robes and garments while white feathered wings spread out from their backs, the truth is angels much like humans come in many different varieties. This is due to the fact that beyond governing Heaven the angels also manage the Hells, for with there being so many unfortunate souls who fall to corruption, there must be just as many dark realms to accompany them.

Yet what should happen if a dark realm governed by a particular breed of angel falls? Until recently such a question should it ever be posed would be scoffed at, for the idea of a Hell suddenly falling in any way, shape, or form sounded ridiculous. But then HE appeared, though at first a mortal man simply scorned by the unholy flames of Doom he soon became what most saw to be a god, though this of course was not obtained without divine intervention. For it was one of the angels who governed Doom, a Seraphim to be precise, who had first seen his merciless onslaught. And whether it was out of intrigue or perhaps a simple desire to aid him, the Seraphim along with his superior the Khan Maykr, would give him divine power that most would trade their eternal souls for.

Suddenly what was once a normal mortal became something no one had ever seen, with speed unrivaled and ferocity unmatched he would go on to be entitled "The Doom Slayer". And while most were astonished and even elated to see him slaughter the denizens of the darkest realm, including the very angels responsible for overseeing it, there were also just as many who were wary of it. For while the Maykrs had not broken any rules or laws in aiding the Slayer, as bestowing divine blessings to the worthy was a fairly common practice, never had any mortal been transformed like this. Then the day came when the last of Doom's dark lords fell to the cursed soil, and for the first time that any holy figure could remember, all of Heaven fell silent.

But it was not due to countless bodies and pools of blood amassed by the carnage, it was the Slayer himself who brought them all pause. No longer could he be called mortal, barely even a person, whether it was due to the violence he enacted or perhaps the blessing itself, he by all accounts had become a beast. This alone was enough to unsettle most of Heaven's inhabitants, but when they discovered he sought to destroy ALL of the Hells is when a call for action was made. Yet due to the very laws and rules they swore to uphold, as well as many of them fearing his wrath should they anger him, they could not directly intervene and bring his crusade to an end.

In times such as these where something must be done while staying within Heaven's order, a meeting in which all angels is held to discuss the matter. Though in light of the peculiar nature of this situation, one could argue that this meeting was more a trial than an equal discussion.

"IT'S THE MAYKRS FAULT!" "THEY CREATED HIM!" "THEY'RE TO BLAME FOR THIS MONSTER!" Were but a few of the shouts that could be discerned from those that were panicked.

"It's seems as though our plan has caused an uproar." The Seraphim whispered to his superior, who kept a calm and composed expression, despite the insanity that surrounded them.

"HOW DARE YOU INSULT THEM!" "WITHOUT THE SLAYER WHO KNOWS WHAT DOOM MIGHT'VE DONE?!" "IT WAS THE

WORST OF THE HELLS! IT'S A GIFT THAT IT'S GONE!" Were some of the shouts that supported them.

"Yes, but we expected this." The Khan Maykr whispered back to him, as a small smile crept onto her face, "We knew we would cause a disturbance by blessing him, there is no reason to be worried." She assured.

The shouting between both sides of the issue went on for several more minutes, before finally the loud booming sound of a gavel hitting it's mark silenced them. Looking slowly to the stand that towered over the room, all eyes fell onto the radiant visage of an archangel. Now Archangels in the hierarchy of Heaven were not necessarily the highest position, less of course they had served in Heaven's army for a great deal of time. This was the case for this particular angel, known by all as Gabriel he was created for the sole purpose of carrying out justice, which was perfect for times such as this.

"That is enough." Gabriel spoke, though gentle in tone his voice was still powerful and commanding, **"We have all gathered here to discuss the recent demise of Doom, and the nature of the one responsible for achieving this feat, any who cannot speak in a civil manner will leave now as no further disruptions will be tolerated."** He instructed.

Waiting a few seconds to ensure they all understood, he then moved his gaze to the two Maykrs.

"Khan Maykr, please come forward." He beckoned.

Doing so in silence, the tall and honestly intimidating leader of the Maykr angels floated towards him slowly.

"Now, I shall ask this only once of you, so I expect nothing less than the truth." He told her.

"Of course, great angel." She replied, nodding her head as she did.

"The mortal in question, though now recognized as a god by both Heaven and the remaining Hells, was given a blessing by

you and your Seraphim Samur, what exactly was this blessing?" He asked.

"He sought to kill all of Doom's denizens, from the lowly imps and soulless husks that shambled across the umbral plains, to the mighty titans and lords who towered over all, it would have been irresponsible of us to give him anything less than our own power." She explained.

"You gave him the powers of an angel?" He questioned, as many who watched on felt their eyes widen in shock.

"Not necessarily, as you are all well aware we are in direct contact with a race of mortal beings known as the Sentinels, and in our interactions with them a machine created by both Maykr hand and theirs was made, this machine was designed to seek out and remove all impurities within the Sentinels bodies and souls, we simply re-purposed it in order to bless the Slayer." She clarified.

"Go on." He urged, wanting to know more.

"In order to purge any corruption found within the Sentinels the machine, while using holy energy, does not imbue it's participants with any powers, however the Slayer's soul was already impervious to corruption, by simply placing him within the machine and exposing him to this energy, it increased his natural capabilities tenfold." She explained.

"Khan Maykr, are you implying that this once mortal human, before coming into contact with your angels and this machine, already possessed a soul that is similar to our own?" He asked.

"That is exactly what I am saying great angel, while we did in a sense bless him with divine power, his soul was already as pure as one born of Heaven's own light, and as such what we did only empowered him, it did not transform him as it would have any other mortal." She revealed.

Upon hearing this every angel beyond the Khan Maykr and Samur began whispering to each other, as a mortal possessing a soul as pure as an angel's by default was unheard of. Even Gabriel, who

was one of the oldest of Heaven's kind was caught off guard by such information, yet try as he might he could see no signs of deception present in her face or her words.

"Very well, this meeting is adjourned for now, another shall be held once a proper investigation is conducted into this, Slayer." He said, bringing it to an official end with another swing of his gavel.

With the meeting concluded all of the angels present rose from their seats and began leaving, each and every one continuing to talk about what was just learned. As for the Khan Maykr and Samur they too took their leave, though they waited until most of the other angels had done the same so they could speak freely.

"You seem surprised Samur." She noted as she looked down to him, somehow able to see this despite his hood.

"I did not think you would reveal the nature of his soul so soon is all." He responded.

"Oh? it's not as if it matters when or how they learned about that, it would have been discovered eventually." She reasoned.

"True, still I believe it would be best if we kept some secrets for now, we would not want to show our hand completely correct?" He asked.

"Indeed, though all I said to the great angel was true, I anticipate by the next meeting more questions will be asked, we need to make sure we have all our answers prepared before then." She stated.

"What of the Slayer? should I speak with him again?" He asked.

"Do you believe there is a need for that?" She asked in return.

"No, despite his focus and determination, I do believe we can trust he won't reduce Lucifer's Hell to nothing as he did Doom, so long as no one is foolish enough to anger him." He answered.

"Someone in Lucifer's Hell angering him? perish the thought." She replied somewhat sarcastically.

Roaring fires...burning flesh...the smell of blood mixed with gun powder...most people would be driven insane by such things...but for him...it only fueled his resolve. So many faces...so many screams...the dead all around him...along with those demons...never ending...always more. Step by step...bullet by bullet...bone by bone...he would march against the hordes...no matter how long...no matter what cost...he would stop them. The portal...that's the only way...the only way to stop them...but it can't be closed here...so Hell is where he must go..and where...he must stay.

Rip and tear...until it is done...

"Are you alright?" Vega asked, as the Slayer had been motionless for quite some time.

The ten minutes in which he had told Lucifer and the others they would be gone was nearly up, yet just as the Slayer had begun to head back towards the lobby, slowly his footsteps lessened until he came to a complete stop. At first Vega simply assumed he was taking another look at the hotel around him, but as a full minute passed by and he just stood there still as a stone, it was clear something was wrong. Sadly there was no real way for him to know what it was, as due to his partner's constant silence he had to determine what the other was thinking solely on his emotions and occasional grunts.

But in this moment there was nothing to go off of, all the Slayer did was remain motionless with his eyes closed, breathing slowly as if focusing on something. Then that's when it hit him, and for the first time in his artificial life Vega felt like a fool, as it was so obvious as to why his companion was acting like this.

"...It reminds you of before doesn't it?" He asked, to which almost instinctively the Slayer clenched his fists, "It must be difficult seeing demons, regardless of how different they are from those of Doom, living and thriving within a world very similar to your own." He reasoned.

Noticing that his heart rate was beginning to climb in reaction to his words, Vega for a moment feared he may have gone too far in pressing the issue. Yet as a few more seconds passed it slowly went

down, along with the Slayer slowly opening his fists.

"I apologize, I did not mean to agitate old wounds." Vega said swiftly, once the tension of the moment had passed.

Managing to earn a light grunt in response, which in his way meant it was fine, the Slayer now over his trip down memory lane continued towards the lobby.

"And that's it." Lucifer concluded, opening his eyes once he was finished.

Over the last ten minutes Lucifer had talked non stop, only taking pauses and breaks when he needed to breathe. Because of this, even in the window of ten minutes he was able to say all that he needed to, which while liberating to him was devastating for his daughter and her girlfriend. Even though she was the princess of Hell Charlie knew just as much about the other Hells that existed as Vagatha did. So when her father, the king of the Hell she knew to be home, began describing and recounting the history of a Hell that seemed closer to that of a nightmare made real, her normally bright and warm face slowly resembled that of a corpse.

So many different emotions were swirling around inside both her and Vagatha, though certain ones like fear, disgust, and bewilderment were the most prominent. Yet among all the countless thoughts and feelings that raged on within them, there was one person who stood at the center of it all. To make matters worse neither of them knew how they felt about him now, as they were still terrified beyond belief by what they had seen earlier. But as Lucifer recounted what he called the "Slayer's Testaments", as well as his limited knowledge of the Slayer's past, there was now a version of him that neither could deny.

The Slayer, despite all his rage, power, and intimidating presence, was at his core a victim of the most vile Hell in creation's history.

"Are you two alright?" He asked, as both of them kept silent with vacant expressions on their faces.

"How...could that happen?..." Charlie asked as she looked to him.

"I'm not sure I understand..." He began to respond, but was interrupted by his daughter in an explosion of emotion.

"HOW COULD SOMETHING LIKE THAT HAPPEN?!" She shouted loudly, shutting her eyes as tightly as she could while doing so, "HOW COULD SOMETHING SO HORRIBLE BE ALLOWED TO HAPPEN?! HOW COULD A PLACE LIKE THAT BE ALLOWED TO EXIST?! AND WHY TO HIM?!" She questioned.

Though it might seem strange Lucifer was not surprised by his daughter's sudden concern and compassion for the Slayer, as despite being the princess of Hell Charlie was by far one of the most kind hearted souls he'd ever seen. Sadly this only made it harder for him to tell her the truth, for as he looked to her pleading expression begging for some kind of explanation, all he could do was be honest with her.

"I know you want some kind of answer sweetie, something to make sense of it all, but the reality is everything that happened that made him the monster he is, was entirely by chance." He told her.

"N-No! Th-There has to be a reason!" She insisted, as tears began forming in her eyes "There just...has to be a reason..." She whimpered out.

Seeing his daughter in such distress made his heart twist and tighten, as every fatherly instinct within him wanted to make her feel better. But there was no way he could do that, she and her girlfriend wanted the truth and every single word that had left his lips was exactly that, now all they could do was accept it. Yet before he could think of something to say or do to maybe comfort her in some way, he would feel a sudden warm feeling on the side of his neck. The cause of this new sensation was blood, HIS blood, for while he had been entirely focused on his daughter Vagatha had apparently summoned her spear again, before then stabbing it forward near his head.

"V-Vaggie?!" Charlie questioned, as both she and Lucifer now looked at her, noticing the look of pure hatred present on her face.

"How could you do nothing?" She asked him through gritted teeth, her hands gripping her spear so tightly they threatened to break it, "You and however many shit eating devils there are KNEW about this place and what they were doing, about what they did to him! yet you just stood by and did nothing to stop it?!" She questioned.

"What could I, or any of the other devils have possibly done?" He asked her in response, remaining surprisingly calm despite having been nearly stabbed by a spear.

"Anything would have been better than nothing..." She replied with a growl, as she leaned in so their faces could be closer, "But because you all just stood by and did jack shit, we are now forced to deal with a man who can single handedly kill us all one by one..." She said.

Even though Lucifer wanted nothing more than to put her in her place by saying something witty or sarcastic, deep down he knew that she was right. None of this would be happening had he or any of the other devils done something about Doom. But before either of them could say another word, or before Charlie could try and diffuse the situation, the sound of approaching heavy footsteps from within the hotel brought this whole ordeal to a close.

"What do you know, saved by the Slayer." She told him coldly, as she pulled her spear out from the couch and turned away from him.

Unable to keep a growl of his own from escaping his throat at that remark he still let it slide. Getting to his feet while his daughter wiped the tears from her eyes, they soon all saw the topic of their discussion turn a corner in a nearby hallway.

"Are we interrupting something?" The voice of Vega asked, both he and the Slayer immediately noticing Vagatha's spear and the small cut on Lucifer's neck.

"Yes, but it's a good thing that you did." Charlie answered, as a small smile came to her face.

Although a bit suspicious of what had transpired while they were away, they decided to let the matter rest and focus on the reason of why they all were here.

"I see, well then, shall we proceed with the matter at hand?" Vega suggested.

"Which is?" Vagatha questioned.

"The opening of the hotel." He clarified, before turning his attention to Lucifer, "I assume that is why you came here correct?" He asked.

"Indeed, I plan to make an announcement to the people, where I will not only give my support for the hotel, but I will also state that it would be in EVERYONE'S best interest to come and give it a try, once it is ready of course." He answered.

"How long until this announcement takes place?" Vega asked.

"My wife is currently reaching out to all news outlets and media platforms to get as much coverage as possible, I should actually check in with her and see how that's going, would that be alright?" He asked.

"Of course, by all means." Vega replied.

Nodding to show his appreciation Lucifer turned around and headed outside so he could call Lilith, leaving Charlie and Vagatha alone to keep the Slayer company.

Hell Hath No Fury Like A Woman Scorned

"...So..." Charlie said slowly, in the hopes it would end the awkward tension.

It had only been a few minutes since Lucifer left the lobby, despite this the amount of off putting silence and uneasiness was extremely high. Although the Slayer was just standing there menacingly, neither Charlie or Vagatha knew what to do or say in this situation. On one hand there was a part of them both that actually wanted to get to know him, for now that they knew a good chunk of who he was and why he acted the way he did, they honestly felt really bad for him. Then there was the other hand, his hand, that could punch them both so hard they would literally explode, and the fact he had TWO of them made it all the more terrifying.

But both women knew that if they were going to be spending time around him, or rather he around them and everyone else in Hell, they should at the very least make an effort to finally break the steel like ice between them. As for how they were actually going to do that without unintentionally pissing him off, neither had any idea whatsoever. Thankfully though, in the vast colorful imagination that the princess of Hell possessed, she figured out a way to get the ball rolling without having to deal with him directly.

"Um, excuse me, mister...Vega?" She called out, hoping she had remembered his name correctly.

"Yes, I am here, is there something you need?" He responded, both Charlie and Vagatha now noticing how the Slayer's visor lit up when he spoke.

"I was just wondering, what are you exactly?" She asked.

"I am an artificial intelligence miss Charlie." He answered politely, which in turn caused her to smile.

"Wait really? like in scifi movies?" Vagatha asked, now taking an interest to the conversation.

"Yes, although I am speaking to you via the Slayer's helmet, I am actually in a different location outside of your Hell." He revealed.

"REALLY?!" Charlie shouted in excitement, as a big grin spread across her face, "Would it be alright if you told me about it then? I've ALWAYS wanted to know about other places!" She told him.

"That depends, is it alright for me to share with her information regarding my current surroundings?" He asked, this time addressing the Slayer, to which he simply nodded to show his approval.

Bouncing up and down in place from how excited she was, Vagatha with an amused smile and eye roll put her hands on her shoulders, in the hopes it would calm her down a little.

"I apologize in advance if what I am about to say isn't what you are expecting, my surroundings though while different from that of Hell's are still quite scarce." Vega admitted.

"Oh don't worry, you could describe a cardboard box filled with kittens on a street corner, and so long as it isn't in Hell she'll be happy." Vagatha assured him.

"Very well." He replied, before beginning to describe his environment.

As Vega began to tell both women about what there was to see around him, Lucifer was busy trying to calm down his wife.

"THE NERVE OF THAT FUCKING CUNT!" She shouted in rage from her end of the line, as the sound of something being smashed into pieces could be heard, "WHO THE FUCK DOES SHE THINK SHE IS DENYING ME, THE LITERAL FUCKING QUEEN OF HELL NEWS COVERAGE?!" She questioned.

"Well honey...you know...this is Hell...and everyone here IS an asshole..." He told her, as yet another unknown object was destroyed beyond repair.

"OH SHE'LL KNOW WHAT AN ASSHOLE IS! WHEN I GRAB HER BY HER FUCKING THROAT AND SHOVE HER UP THE ASS OF HER CO HOST!" She responded.

"There's no reason to bring Tom into this." He said a bit defensively, as he actually liked the gas mask wearing news anchor.

"LUCIFER. NOT. NOW." She told him sternly, "AND WHY THE FUCK ARE YOU SO CALM?!" She asked.

"Because if we're both shouting and swearing then nothing is going to get done sweetie." He answered, causing her to sigh "Look, was there ANY room for negotiating, any at all?" He asked.

"Yeah, fucking bitch said that if I wanted my royal ass on TV then I would have to do it on her terms..." She mumbled.

"That's something at least." He said, choosing to look at the positive.

"I guess, still it fucking pisses me off that I have to even talk to her, let alone do things her way..." She grumbled, before an idea came to mind "Wait...maybe we don't have to do things her way..."

"I can actually hear the evil smile you have right now." He said.

"What if we got her to piss off the Slayer? then she wouldn't even be a factor anymore!" She exclaimed.

"NO!" He shouted immediately, with such volume and power it caught her by surprise, "Under NO circumstances are we going to do something like that." He told her.

"But why? it's not like if she of ALL people get's killed anyone will give a shit." She reasoned.

"Lilith, the entire reason he is called the Slayer is because demons fucked with him, how do you think he would react if he were to find out we used him to kill someone? regardless of if they are a demon or not?" He asked.

A moment of silence came between them as she considered that, and after a few seconds more went by another sigh escaped her.

"You're right, of course you're right, I just, I REALLY want her fucking dead." She said, causing him to chuckle.

"I know you do hon, but right now we need her and her news show if we're going to have the best coverage possible, so just for right now I need you to bury your murderous intent for her." He replied.

"I will, but I swear to god if she mentions my ass one more time-"

"You'll send her on a one way trip up shit street?" He asked with a smile.

"You're goddamn right I will." She told him affirmatively "Well, I'm off to have another chat with the bitch, hopefully I'll be at the hotel before too long, see you then." She said.

With that their call was finally at an end, and as Lucifer put his cellphone back into his pocket, he finally let out a sigh of his own that he had been keeping in during that entire conversation.

"Ugh this is so stressful..." He groaned, as he dragged a hand down his face, *"Is this what Charlie has been dealing with this whole time?..."* He wondered.

Thinking back for just a moment of when his daughter first came to him with her idea, a frown adorned his features as he remembered how he acted.

"Geez...I really wasn't too supportive of her was I?..." He recalled, as he looked towards the ground *"In fact...I think I laughed at her...because I thought it was a joke..."* He realized, as he moved his gaze up to the sky, "Was that another reason you decided to send the Slayer to me?" He asked, even though he knew he'd get no response.

Letting another sigh out as to try and relieve some of the tension he was feeling, he then turned on his heels and headed back inside. And while at this point the king of inferno was beginning to expect everything, not even the Slayer's arrival was as surprising as the sight that awaited him. At some point while he was outside the Slayer, his daughter, and her mouthy girlfriend had apparently decided to sit around a nearby table and talk. Though given the mute quality of the Slayer it wasn't him who was actually speaking, instead it was the other voice that spoke for him, Vergil or

something.

"Am I interrupting?" He asked as he walked over, curious as to what they could possibly be talking about.

Sadly whatever they were discussing was far too interesting it seemed, for even with him being but a few feet away when he asked the question, no one had heard him. Noticing the awestruck look present on both his daughter and her bitchy girlfriend's faces, he decided that if he was going to be ignored he might as well listen in. Yet as Vex's voice continued to speak there was something unsettling about his words. He was describing architecture from what Lucifer could gather, and while that in of itself was not really interesting, it was the details of it's design that intrigued him.

He described there being statues built into the very structures, that depicted figures who seemed to be dressed in some kind of ceremonial attire. He also mentioned many tapestries which hanged near or behind these statues, and the different patterns or illustrations they had on them. All of these things were for some strange reason familiar to Lucifer, so much so that he felt the need to speak up once again.

"Excuse me." He said quite loudly, which thankfully managed to snap them back to reality.

"Oh dad! sorry didn't notice you come in." Charlie admitted with an awkward smile.

"It's alright, you seemed to be entranced by what the Slayer's companion was saying, and to be honest I found myself quite focused on it as well." He replied, before then turning his focus to the armored human "Speaking of, what exactly were you talking about?" He asked.

"Your daughter requested information regarding my surroundings, and with the Slayer's permission I complied." Vega answered.

"You mean you're not inside his suit?" Lucifer asked, a bit surprised.

"Correct, though I am speaking to you from his suit's integrated

speaker system, it is solely because I am transmitting my voice to it." He explained.

"Isn't that amazing dad?" Charlie asked with glee, causing him to smile.

"I must admit, it truly is." He replied honestly "Even so, where are you transmitting from? it sounds very interesting." He said.

What Vega said next caused every bit of emotion and warmth within Lucifer's body to disappear, for as the last of his words sunk in he now realized why everything he had been saying seemed familiar.

"The Slayer's current place of residence, The Fortress of Doom."

Very few things could get under Lilith's skin, after all she was the queen of Hell and the wife of the first fallen angel. Yet as she stared across a table, the kind one would expect to see business executives gathered around, she couldn't shake the itchy feeling covering her body. Katie Killjoy, possibly the only face in all of Hell that was just as well known, if not more so in some people's opinions, than her and her husband's own. She had no idea how this skinny insect looking cunt managed to become the face of all news within Hell, yet here she was meeting with her a second time because of that fact.

And she could not be more pissed off because of it.

"Well well." She spoke with a smug tone, before taking in a long drag of her cigarette "Look at the queen of Hell, so powerful and scary, coming back to little ol' me." She taunted, while slowly blowing out the smoke.

"Yeah...how about that..." Lilith replied with a forced smile "So, you know why I'm here, it's the same reason why I came here before, so how about we just cut the shit and you say your terms so I can agree to them." She suggested.

Watching as she took another long drag of her cigarette, to the point where she burnt through the whole thing in one go, Katie Killjoy

would then rise from her seat and walk over to her. Having to grip the arms of her own chair just to remain composed, soon the long lanky demon was standing next to her, a disinterested look on her face all the while.

"Here's the deal." She spoke, as she leaned in so they could be mere inches from each other "I. do not. give a flipping flying fuck. about you or your daughter's stupid little bullshit." She told her, as a sinister grin spread across her face "But, if you agree that only she comes onto my show, then maybe JUST maybe I'll let her talk about this dumbass idea of her's." She said.

Feeling her right eye twitch out of the overwhelming blood lust that was just begging to be let out, it took all of Lilith's willpower and control to not stab this bitch in her neck right then and there.

"Fine, so long as Charlie get's to talk about the hotel, no interruptions, then we have a deal." She agreed.

"Great." Katie said with a smile, as she straightened herself out, "I'll get her scheduled for tomorrow then." She told her.

Breathing a sigh of relief that this was finally over, just as Lilith was standing from her seat Katie decided to get in one more jab before taking her leave.

"Oh, and make sure that you and your fruity husband stay at home, I can only handle one queer in my studio at once." She stated, as she finally let out the smoke from her cigarette, blowing it right into Lilith's face.

Feeling her entire body go stiff upon hearing that, Lilith using the last bit of composure she had waited until Katie was gone, before going absolutely ape shit. Screaming at the top of her lungs, which unknown to her caused a smile to come to Katie's face as she walked away, Lilith with terrifying strength lifted up the entire table before throwing it out of the massive window at the end of the room. Breathing heavily from the pure anger that was coursing through her veins, the queen of Hell balled her hands into fists to try and vent it, nearly piercing the flesh of her palms with her nails as she did.

"I FUCKING HATE THAT BITCH!" She screamed violently, threatening to damage her vocal cords if she continued doing so, "WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE TO WATCH HER SLOWLY. FUCKING. DIE." She stated, as she then fell to her knees.

Desperate to find SOME way to end that wretched woman's life without it affecting Charlie or the hotel, Lilith was nearly going insane trying to think of something. That's when she heard it, something that in this moment of desperation and despair sounded almost like an angel's song. And as she looked around trying her best to figure out where it was coming from, she looked out of the massive hole she had created with the table, and saw just across the street on the adjacent building an advertisement. Which to her felt like a gift from God.

"When you want somebody gone and you don't want to wait too long call the immediate murder professionals!"

All The Pieces Are In Play

"Alright, I've let this go on for long enough, I thought that if I could keep a cool head that everything would work out, I was wrong, so now it is time I come forward and be honest with you...I was the one who ate your sandwich."

"I FUCKING KNEW IT!"

The sounds of glass, wood, and other assorted materials being smashed and broken immediately followed, being loud enough to hear through the walls. And while most might be concerned about it, for the staff of the Immediate Murder Professionals or I.M.P. for short, all it meant was that it was Tuesday. The two individuals currently engaged in an almost cartoon esque squabble were the company's president Blitzo sandwich eater, and Moxxie the man with no sandwich. The two of them had a very antagonistic relationship despite working together, as whether it was intentional or not Blitzo absolutely LOVED to make Moxxie's life Hell, no pun intended.

As for the rest of the staff, who were just minding their own business as those two trashed another room, they were in the waiting area/ lobby of the building. Sadly due to the severe lack of clients as of late, the total number of employees came to a whopping four people. Which meant that the only other two members of I.M.P. were Millie, who was Moxxie's wife, and Loona, who was a hell hound that Blitzo had adopted at some point. So while Millie's husband and Loona's adoptive father were busy having their usual Tuesday quarrel over the consumption of Moxxie's lunch, they were passing the time with idle chat.

"You think he'd be used to it by now." Loona commented, as she lazily scrolled through a website on her phone.

"He keeps trying to hide'em from Blitzo, but no matter how hard he tries he always somehow manages to find'em." Millie explained.

"That's because he sneaks over to your house in the morning to see

how he's gonna hide them." Loona revealed.

"Oh, well that would explain it." Millie replied.

Hearing the sound of a chair being smashed against the wall, the women would have missed the knock at their door had it not been for Loona's ears.

"I think someone's at the door." She said, catching the other by surprise.

"You sure? could've just been the chair." Millie reasoned.

"Yup, pretty sure." She replied.

Remaining in their seats for the next few seconds as the brawling continued, Loona slowly looked up from her phone at the demon.

"What?" She asked, as she was giving her a quizzical look.

"Aren't you gonna get it?" Millie questioned.

"Why would I get the door?" Loona asked.

"Because you're the receptionist." Millie answered.

Feeling her ear twitch as this time she was sure she heard someone knocking, Loona let out a long groan as though she were in pain before getting to her feet, and as slowly as she possibly could she walked over to the door.

"What do you want?" She asked while pulling it open, doing her best to sound as uninterested as possible.

However, once she and Millie both laid eyes on who had been knocking on the door, the most shocking thing to ever happen in I.M.P.'s history happened. Loona...dropped...her phone...

"Hello." Lilith greeted with a smile, noticing the stunned expressions they had on their faces.

"Y-Y-You are..." Loona stammered, unable to process what was

happening.

"Pressed for time I'm afraid." Lilith responded, completing her sentence for her, "I came here because I saw your advertisement, and would like to hire your services to deal with an issue I'm having." She stated.

Lilith, the literal queen of all fucking Hell, just told them both that she was there for THEIR services. Upon hearing this both women with speed neither of them knew they had ran to get Moxxie and Blitzo. Throwing the door open with so much force it nearly broke the door into countless pieces, both imps who were about to stab each other with forks came to a pause.

"Millie? what's going on?" Moxxie asked, noticing how panicked his wife seemed.

"LILITH. IS. HERE." She said, causing both their eyes to widen.

"Th-The Lilith!?" Both men questioned, causing the two females to rapidly nod.

Looking to each other for a brief moment, then down at themselves to make sure they were presentable, both men immediately got to their feet and rushed out of the room. And true to the women's word, Lilith who during that whole thing had decided to have a seat, was casually looking through a magazine waiting to be attended to.

"Miss Lilith!" Blitzo shouted as loud as he could, in order to gain her attention "My name is Blitzo! the "o" is silent, and I am the founder of Immediate Murder Professionals! or I.M.P. for short, what do we owe the honor and pleasure of having you today?" He introduced, mentally cheering that he didn't fuck up his rehearsed greeting.

"Well, considering you deal in murder..." She trailed off, hoping he would get the message.

"Say no more! you tell us what prick decided to fuck with the queen of Hell and we'll have their ass presented to you on a silver platter!" He exclaimed, before then leaning over to Moxxie "Psst, make sure to buy a silver platter..." He whispered.

"Glad to hear it, is there somewhere private where you and I might discuss the details? not that I don't trust your staff I'd just rather this be...as quiet as possible." She requested.

"Of course not! right this way!" He replied, as he gestured to the room that served as his office.

Walking to the room with him right behind, once the duo were alone in his office the others instantly mashed their ears against it's surface to listen in.

"So!" He exclaimed, as he excitedly jumped into his seat and spun around one time, "Who exactly is it that has gotten under your skin? sleezy politician? competing entertainer? some loose snatched slut trying to steal your husband?" He asked her in a rapid fire fashion.

"Trust me, if it were any of those I'd handle it myself, unfortunately the nature of this particular individual is delicate, hence why I need you to handle this with the upmost discretion." She told him.

"That's fine! we can kill'em loud or quiet as a mouse! whatever way the client wants it we deliver!" He assured.

"Excellent, I'm so happy I found such capable murderers." She complimented, as an evil grin appeared on her face "Now, the person who I need you to kill is-"

"Lord Lucifer!" A soldier shouted out, gaining his and everyone's attention.

Mortal depictions of the war between Heaven and Hell are often, if not always downplayed. There may be some paintings and pictures that might show some blood, or perhaps a demon or even an angel being mortally wounded. But the reality is that war, even between two ancient forces such as good and evil, is no different than how it is for those of mortal life. On both sides countless are thrown to the front lines in the hopes of gaining some ground, for despite Heaven being blessed with weapons and powers that can strike down the corrupted, the countless Hells that house the souls of the damned

possessed their own advantage.

In the pursuit of their combined hope of overthrowing Heaven and bringing down God himself, the Devils who governed each circle agreed that quantity was better than quality. Using their combined powers they created a new circle, though this one was not meant for the housing of souls. Instead this realm was a concentration of every evil, every sin, every dark thing the Devils could conjure, and by imbuing it with their powers creatures were able to be made from this vile place. Ravenous and mindless horrors came from the darkness of it's confines, such entities that made even some of Hell's fiercest warriors wary.

Yet even as the war began to slowly tip in their favor Heaven did not falter, there was no panic among it's ranks and it's commanders were just as calm as they always were. For in light of this realm's creation God had given his servants permission to seek the aid of mortal beings, and given that Heaven's angels were just as diverse as Hells' population, this meant their reinforcements would be plentiful. But one particular race of mortal stood out among them all, chosen by a faction of angels regarded as the Maykrs, these mortals were unlike anything both Heaven or Hell had seen. They fought purposefully and without mercy, strong and durable even more so than some demons, and with Maykr aid their weapons and inventions were some of the most advanced in the war.

The Sentinels they were called, and with their holy armaments in hand they cut through both demon and beast, chanting and cheering with each successful victory. To make matters worse, their technology as said was the most advanced by far, and so even when it was recovered from battles by the unholy armies it was near impossible to re-purpose for themselves, making it useless in corrupted hands. Still they needed something to help them shift the war back in their favor, something beyond the mindless monsters they had created, so it fell to the Devil Lucifer and his army to try and make something useful of this technology. Thankfully, as if the forces that be sought to be kind to them this day, during a battle with a large battalion of Sentinel warriors one of their mobile fortresses fell, leaving it for them to examine once they began their retreat.

Though none of them, not even the great fallen angel himself, were

prepared for what they found within it's confines. Nothing about the structure made any sense to them at all, they tried their best to decipher the language but ultimately failed, and any bit of technology installed into the structure itself had been deliberately destroyed. Yet just before Lucifer, in his frustration and exhaustion could give the order to leave, one of his men apparently found something.

"What is it?" He asked in return, as he turned towards the soldier.

"We found something, deep within the fortress, but we're not sure what to make of it." He answered.

"Does it look like a weapon? or anything that is salvageable?" Lucifer asked.

"We're not certain sir, but whatever it is it still seems to function, we think we can get it to work, with your permission of course." He explained.

Even though the likelihood of the Sentinels leaving something intact was very unlikely, if there was even the smallest chance some worth could be found in what his men had discovered, he was going to take it.

"Fine, take me to this...thing, and allow me to see it for myself." He ordered, gaining a salute from the soldier.

Following him with the rest of his men in tow, they were all led deep into the structure before coming to a stop as they reached a fairly massive space. The space itself was rather odd in comparison to the rest of the fortress, it was mostly made from the stone of the structure itself rather than being made of metal, and there were various platforms and bridges strewn through it.

"Is this what you found? because all I'm seeing is what appears to be an arena of some kind..." Lucifer noted, as he continued to look about the room.

"No sir, we too were caught off guard by this room's layout, and we were about to leave until we found this in one of the walls." The

soldier explained, as he pointed towards one side of the room.

Looking in that direction Lucifer and the other soldiers found embedded in the stone a device of some kind, which seemed to have a screen you could interact with.

"Have you attempted to use it?" Lucifer questioned.

"No sir, we wanted you to see it first, so you could decide the best course of action." The Soldier replied.

Debating on whether or not it was best to try and learn it's purpose now, or risk removing it and potentially damaging it beyond repair, Lucifer though hesitant gave his permission to try and understand it's use. With their leader's approval the soldiers who were standing closest to the screen began tampering with it, doing their best to try and understand the foreign language being displayed, all the while hoping they would not accidentally destroy it. And despite all odds being stacked against them his men did seem to get it working, at first it came to life with a low hum, followed by a glowing blue light, then finally showing once and for all what it's purpose was. And for the first time in this entire war, having seen both Hellborn and Heavenborn died in many awful ways, Lucifer and his men were shaken by what they saw.

Suddenly the space around them was filled with demons, some from their own army, the rest from the other armies, but they all had one thing in common. They looked as though they had been through torture, their eyes were dead and cold, their bodies though seeming to be in perfect condition slouched and bent as if they were tired and ill, in short they appeared as if they were ghosts. Yet the moment one looked up at Lucifer and his men it's eyes lit up with life, and without warning it rushed towards one of them and grabbed on for dear life.

"PLEASE! YOU HAVE TO HELP US! WE'RE TRAPPED IN HERE! WE CAN'T FUCKING LEAVE!" They shouted out, as the Soldier they were clutching simply stood there in shock.

"W-What do you mean?..." Lucifer asked, as none of his soldiers were capable of speaking due to their shock.

"Th-This place...the Sentinels...they...they capture the souls of those they kill...and keep them in that accursed machine!" They responded, pointing to the device within the wall, "They used us for practice, tortured us for information, all the while those fucking angel bastards watched!...so please!...please...free us..." They begged, before collapsing to the ground in a sob.

Watching as this poor battered soul cried uncontrollably, while the rest around them merely shuffled about like zombies, there was only one course of action that Lucifer could see.

"Well? what're you waiting for?" He asked, as he turned back to the soldiers near the device "You heard them! destroy that fucking machine!" He demanded.

Hearing the commanding tone of their leader speak to them snapped the men out of their shock, and with a nod to show they understood they raised their weapons in unison, before bringing them down onto the contraption. Watching as with but a small explosion it died in an instant, soon each of the souls in the room began fading away, some managing to adorn looks of relief and surprise before they were gone.

"Thank you..." The demon spoke one final time, as with a smile and closed eyes they too slowly faded into nothing.

For the next few minutes everyone was still, none of them knew how to feel nor what to make of what they had just learned. However they were still in a war zone, and the chances of the Sentinels returning with reinforcements was high, so they could not stay for long. And so with this horrifying discovery burned into their minds forever, Lucifer and his men all left that fortress empty handed, agreeing to a vow of silence as to not spread panic. After this the war would continue on for a great deal more time, before eventually the combined forces of both Heaven and it's mortals brought the Hells to a surrender.

But where as everyone believed this would be the end of it, that this dark and bloodstained stretch of time within history would stay in the past, was sadly not to be. For the realm that the Devils created to

spawn beasts and creatures had become it's own Hell. Many of the unspeakable abominations managed to become intelligent, to the point where they began organizing the realm and it's legions for their own purposes. Yet these soon recognized lords of the realm were not like the rest of the Devils across the circles, they were entirely self involved and were willing to do whatever it took to gain power, even if it meant causing more suffering and bloodshed in spite of the treaty.

For this reason and many others this realm would be given a name, one that struck fear into the hearts of all life whether they be born of the circles, the Heavens, or of the mortal plane, Doom.

"Dad? are you okay?" Charlie asked, as her father had been standing there silent for about a minute.

Upon hearing Vega's response Lucifer's mind was consumed by a memory he long since buried, as the many days that followed after that horrid moment plagued every waking second he had. Not only that but his complexion had also changed, making it seem as though he had just witnessed the most horrifying thing in his life. His daughter unfortunately was already familiar with such a reaction, as he had looked much like this when she saw him in his throne room, thus causing her to grow concerned. Thankfully he would be brought out of his stunned state, as the Slayer without any warning summoned an object and used it to bring him back to attention.

It was just unfortunate that this object was a gun, a shotgun to be precise, and with but a quick use of it's pump he readied a shell and fired it off into the ceiling.

"HOLY FUCK!" Vagatha shouted out, as the sudden loud boom from in front of them caused her, Charlie, and Lucifer to all fall backwards to the floor.

"Perhaps that was a bit too effective of a solution." Vega told him, as he sent the gun away, "However it was successful in bringing Lucifer back to his senses." He noted, earning a nod in response.

"U-Um, mister Slayer?" Charlie asked nervously, causing him to slowly turn his head towards her, "C-Could you maybe refrain from doing that...EVER again?..." She asked, as she pointed to the ceiling.

Slowly looking upwards he found the very sizable hole the buckshot had created, and while he knew that's what the result of his action would be, it still didn't bother him.

"The Slayer, though not sorry for what he did, will try to lessen his destruction of the hotel in the future." Vega informed her, as he slowly looked back to her.

"O-Okay, thanks..." She replied, still a bit shaken from how loud it had been.

"Least it brought your dad back to reality..." Vagatha commented, as she looked over to him.

True to her word it seemed as though Lucifer was back to normal, though for some reason he was staring intently at the Slayer.

"Dad? are you okay?" Charlie repeated her question, admittedly more concerned after what the Slayer had done.

"Yes, I'm fine." He responded as he got to his feet, "And as for you, I do not want you doing that EVER again!" He ordered, giving the Slayer a very stern glare.

"As said the Slayer is not-" Vega tried to say, only to be interrupted.

"THAT'S NOT WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!" Lucifer shouted angrily, catching everyone but the Slayer by surprise, "I am referring to your conversation from before, you will NOT under ANY conditions speak to my daughter regarding your fortress, is that understood?" He asked.

Unsure as to how the Slayer would respond, both Charlie and Vagatha felt their hearts drop as he slowly got up from his seat. Even Lucifer, who felt braver and more confident in addressing him than he had so far felt his knees begin to weaken, as the Slayer slowly walked over to him and looked down into his eyes.

"I advise you to choose your next words, VERY carefully." Vega warned, as somehow the Slayer managed to pop his knuckles simply by tightening his fists.

"During the war between Heaven and the circles a Sentinel fortress fell and was searched by me, along with a handful of my soldiers." He explained, as he shut his eyes tightly, "For the most part it was useless, the Sentinels were smart and destroyed anything that might've been valuable, except for one particular device found within an arena..." He revealed, as he then looked back to the Slayer "Now I know you are smart, you'd have to be more than just powerful to destroy all of Doom, so I know you are aware of what device I am referring to, and if you have a device just like that within your fortress, I am asking you as a concerned parent to please not mention anything about it to my daughter or her girlfriend, they don't need to know about it." He said.

Though curious as to what he was talking about both women and even Vega remained silent, for the only one who had the right to respond was the Slayer. But before he could give the devil any kind of response or indication he understood, one of the two front doors was slowly pushed open.

"I'm sorry, did I interrupt something?" Lilith spoke, causing all eyes to turn to her.

"Mom!" Charlie exclaimed happily, as she rushed over and gave her a hug, "You have the BEST timing in all of Hell!" She complimented, as she squeezed her tightly.

"And just like that your ass got saved again." Vagatha said to Lucifer, as she walked over to try and pry her girlfriend off of her mother.

Admittedly happy to see his wife Lucifer was about to speak to her, only to be stopped as the Slayer put a hand on his shoulder.

"The Slayer would like to inform you that he understands your concern, and so I will refrain from mentioning any information that may upset or disturb both your daughter and her girlfriend." Vega explained.

A bit surprised by this Lucifer did feel a wave of relief wash over him, only to have that feeling be immediately replaced with fear as the Slayer tightened his grip.

"However, given you have just admitted to having been in contact with Sentinel technology, he would also like to inform you that if there are any secrets you have, it would be in the interest of your health that you tell him now." Vega stated.

"I will be more than happy to share with you everything I know personally regarding the Sentinels, but as for secrets I'm quite elated to tell you I have none that would be of interest." He assured.

Staying there for a few seconds more as the Slayer made sure he was telling the truth, he then released him so that he could go join his wife and daughter. Watching as Lucifer walked over while checking to make sure his shoulder was alright, the Slayer would then make a silent request of Vega.

"Understood, I will check all of the information we have regarding the war between Heaven and Hell, would you also like me to contact the Seraphim and see if there is anything he may provide?" Vega asked, earning a nod in response.

"WOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! WE'RE SET FOR LIFE!" Blitzo shouted with glee, as he popped open a bottle of champagne.

After Lilith had given him the details of the job, as well as gave him part of the payment for it upfront, she took her leave of the building to be with her family. And once he and the others were certain she was out of hearing range they all cheered in unison, rejoicing in the GENEROUS amount of cash they would be getting for this job.

"I can't believe this is actually happening! we're ACTUALLY going to make a profit for once, instead of having to pay for damages and bribes!" Moxxie exclaimed, as Blitzo messily poured the beverage into all of their glasses.

"It's still so shocking to me, like I know she's a bitch and all, but to

piss off the queen of Hell SO badly she wants her dead, man she must be an even bigger cunt in person." Loona reasoned, talking about their target.

"Oh this is going to be so exciting! not only do we get to kill a well known celebrity, but we get to do it on LIVE TV!" Millie said with glee, letting out a few excited giggles after.

"And once she's dead we can step in front of the camera and promote our services! we can even say that the royalty of Hell likes us and it won't be total bullshit!" Blitzo suggested, as he and the others then raised their glasses "So let's toast! to the biggest bitch in all of Hell! thank you Katie Killjoy, you've made us FUCKING rich!" He cheered, receiving a collective "YEAH!" from the others in response.

Lights, Camera, Action!

Nothing is more uncomfortable than an awkward car ride, the air is taken by complete silence, not even the radio is playing, and everyone in the vehicle is as stiff as cardboard. Many things can cause this unwanted tension, anything from a fight between the passengers to the reason for the drive itself being uneasy can cause it. Yet in spite of this the tension usually does not last for too long, eventually someone is bold enough to try and get things back to a comfortable atmosphere, and should they be successful then the ride becomes pleasant again. This sadly was not possible for the royal family of Hell, for they along with Charlie's girlfriend were all seated on one side of the vehicle, while the Slayer sat opposite from them.

The vehicle in question was a long stretch limousine, but the reason for why this was the vehicle of choice was not solely due to the royal family's obvious renown. For when you are dealing with an individual such as the Slayer, who even without his armor was nearly the size of two people, you needed as much space as you could get. Unfortunately this came with an unwanted side effect, though it allowed them all to easily travel to the news station for Charlie's interview, it was obvious to anyone with functioning eyes that it was their limousine. Now they of course knew that once she went live all of Hell would be watching, still they had hoped they wouldn't draw any attention to themselves before then.

But as they were all becoming quite aware of, subtlety and discretion were two things the Slayer truly did not care about.

"You know." Lucifer spoke, as he crossed his arms while looking towards him, "While I understand you still do not fully trust us, if at all, it would have been in everyone's best interest if you had just stayed behind and watched the interview on television." He told him.

"The Slayer disagrees." Vega simply responded.

"Of course he does, we wouldn't have had to take our limo if he

didn't, but you have to understand the impact you are going to have on my people, once they learn who you are and what you are capable of there will be panic, we need to ease them into this whole thing if there is any hope for success." He argued.

"A valid point, however the Slayer has dealt with corrupted souls just like you, both Hellborn and mortal, and in every single case where they tried to convince him to do things their way, it always ended with the same result." Vega explained.

"Which is?" He asked.

"They lied, caused the death of countless innocent souls, and tried to destroy the Slayer." Vega answered.

"Let me guess, none of those guys are still alive?" Vagatha chimed in.

"Correct." He confirmed.

Letting out a sigh from just how difficult it was to reason with him, his daughter noticed his frustration and decided to change the topic.

"Speaking of my interview I'm honestly kinda nervous, I've never had to say something to so many people before." She admitted.

"Oh don't worry sweetie, all you need to do is just keep your mind focused, pretend that no one else is in that room, and see the camera as nothing more than a mirror." Lilith told her.

"Plus you and I stayed up all night working on what you're going to say, just stick to what we practiced and you'll do great hon." Vagatha assured, causing her to smile.

"Thanks Vaggie." She replied, just as a thought occurred to her "Actually, would you like to see what I'm going to say?" She asked, this time addressing the Slayer.

"Why would he need to see it?" Lucifer asked, finding her question to be odd.

"Well, if he's suspicious of whether or not we can be trusted then

maybe by seeing what I plan to say, he can see that we're not up to anything." She suggested, as she then held out a few papers towards him, "Plus I gotta say, I think it's REALLY good~" She mused, genuinely proud of what she and Vagatha came up with.

Though at first he seemed to ignore her as he moved not an inch, Lucifer was surprised to see him slowly reach out and take it from her, before going on to read what was written. Yet what was even more surprising to him was how his daughter reacted, for when he looked over to her she seemed genuinely happy that he accepted it.

"She's proud of herself." Lilith whispered to him, gaining his attention "Think about it, she has seen first hand how powerful and terrifying he can be, imagine how good it must feel for her to make some kind of progress in making him less hostile towards us, to be honest I'm proud of her as well." She admitted.

Having not considered that's what she was doing Lucifer looked back to his daughter, who watched with excitement as the Slayer read her script, and had a newfound feeling of pride swell within him. However, unknown to them there was a cab driving right beside the limousine, and inside that cab were five people who just like them were also headed to the station. Yet these five people were going there for an entirely different reason, which despite the delicate nature surrounding said reason, they were quite vocal about it.

"Oh MAN I cannot wait to kill Katie Killjoy!" Blitzo exclaimed excitedly, as a big grin spread across his face.

"I thought I was going to kill her?" Moxxie questioned from the backseat, sitting in the middle between his wife and Loona.

"I mean, if you want to get TECHNICAL about it..." Blitzo replied.

"I'm literally going to be dropping a spotlight on her head, that is like, a textbook example of murder." Moxxie insisted.

"True, but this is MY plan, and everyone knows that the one who comes up with the plan get's most of the credit, like ninety five percent of the credit." Blitzo argued.

"About the plan, what exactly are me and Loona supposed to do again?" Millie asked.

"You mean you don't remember?" Blitzo asked.

"No, we remember, it's just we don't know what we're supposed to do." Loona answered.

"What do you mean you don't know what you're supposed to do?! you two have the most important jobs!" He exclaimed.

"We do/They do?" All three of them asked in unison.

Dragging a hand down his face since none of them seemed to remember the product of his genius, Blitzo let out a sigh before going over the plan again.

"Here's what's going to happen, we get in, we get our uniforms, we use these wonderful expertly made fake employee IDs I have, we get onto the set, then while Moxxie goes into the scaffolding to get into position, and I am on the ground giving him instructions via headset, you two are going to be manning the cameras." He explained.

"And that's the most important job because?..." Loona questioned.

"Two people, two cameras, one stays on the princess and our target, while the other follows Moxxie, so that way everyone will get to see just how good we are at killing people." He clarified.

"Wait, isn't this supposed to be discrete? won't having a camera follow me ruin that?" Moxxie asked.

"When queen Lilith said that she meant WE had to be discrete, not that we couldn't take advantage of the fact this will be a televised murder." Blitzo pointed out.

"Yeah, it IS kinda hard to be discrete when we're killing the bitch on live TV." Loona agreed.

"Exactly! so as long as we don't fuck this up and we make sure she dies, then once she stops twitching we jump in front of those

cameras and promote our business!" He exclaimed.

"Sounds like a pretty solid plan to me." The driver of the cab chimed in, having listened to them this entire time.

Upon saying that they all slowly looked to him, but before he could take notice of this Millie, who was the one sitting behind him, slowly began raising her hand which held a knife in it's grasp.

"Thirty minutes!" A member of the station's staff shouted out, as everyone was busy running around getting ready for the show.

As you can imagine most of the people in the building were quite excited about princess Charlie coming to the studio. Even some of the more calm and level headed people, who had been working there since it's earliest days, found themselves being swept up in the excitement. This however did not apply to the two faces of the news network, but where one wasn't getting out of sorts simply due to his experience and professionalism, the other simply did not give a single shit.

"So, the princess of Hell, pretty interesting to have royalty come onto the show huh?" Tom Trench asked his co host, still trying after all these years to establish some kind of relationship with her.

"Shut the fuck up Tom." Katie responded coldly, as she checked her makeup with a pocket mirror, "You and I both know the only reason that entitled little brat is coming onto MY show is because her mommy came and played ball, if it weren't for the fact I had the queen of Hell at my feet like a well beaten dog then she would never come within a foot of this building." She told him.

"Great, glad to see you're as charming as ever!" He exclaimed, before looking off to the side "Bitch." He whispered.

Then without warning two of the doors that led into the studio burst open, sending out a loud metal clang through the room which brought everything to a stop. And as all eyes fell onto the demon who had done it, they saw him panting and sweating on the ground,

almost as if he had just been running for his life.

"What the FUCK do you think you're doing?!" Katie asked him, nearly crushing her mirror in her hand as he almost damaged her studio with that stunt.

"Miss...miss...miss..." He wheezed out, doing his best to catch his breath.

Being both annoyed and pissed by this she rose up from her seat and walked over to him, and despite knowing what kind of person she is he still held out his hand, hoping she was going to help him. But no, instead she grabbed him by the top of his head and pulled him from the floor to eye level, so she could stare directly into his soul.

"You have exactly FIVE seconds to tell me why you rushed in here, nearly breaking two of my doors, or I will break YOU." She warned, beginning to squeeze his head as she did.

"M-Miss Charlie is here!" He said immediately, only to follow it up with a scream of pain as she squeezed more.

"And why the FUCK does her being here give you permission to break MY studio?" She asked.

"B-Because miss Killjoy she's...she's not alone!" He answered.

Feeling the last bit of care she had quickly fleeing her body, Katie was fully committed to crushing this worthless piece of shit's skull right then and there. But before she could carry out this gruesome feat, everyone including her felt a shiver go up their spines as an ominous sound could be heard. It started off low just loud enough to where they could hear it, but as it grew closer it slowly began to resemble a war drum, as there was a menacing rhythm it possessed. Unintentionally releasing the demon from her hand as she focused solely on this sound, Katie Killjoy had no idea as to why her body was acting like this.

Sadly she and everyone would receive clarity as to why, for after a few more seconds passed soon princess Charlie, her girlfriend

Vagatha, and the source of that unnerving sound came into view. Though seeming to be a man from what they could all tell, something about this stranger made them want to turn tail and run, finally revealing what had that demon so scared. Their unease though would only worsen once he was in the room, for like a predator choosing which prey to kill first he studied all of them, his eyes piercing their flesh and stabbing straight into their souls.

"Oh! there she is!" Charlie exclaimed, before hurrying over to Katie "Hello miss Killjoy! my name is Charlie which you probably knew already, and I just wanted to say how grateful I am that you're letting me speak on your show!" She greeted.

"W-Who is..." She stammered, unable to take her eyes off of him.

"This is my girlfriend Vagatha, though some of you probably already know her since it's no secret we've been dating." Charlie explained, as she then gestured to the Slayer "And this, is a new business partner of mine." She said with a bit of smugness to her voice.

Upon being introduced the Slayer walked over to them, and with each step he took Katie's heart felt as though it was about to explode.

"I know part of the terms that you and my mom agreed included me being the only one to come for the interview, but my PARTNER insisted on being here for such an important moment, that's not a problem is it?" She asked.

Given how close he was to her Katie could actually hear his breathing, even with most of his head being covered by a helmet of some kind. And if this were any other person, even someone like an angel or maybe even God, Katie would not hesitate to try and tear them down so she could assert her dominance. But this man was different, for as he stared into her eyes with such focus and malice that even she could never match, for the first time in her life Katie wanted nothing more than to disappear. And for a person such as her who not only craved power and attention, but truly needed it to even feel good about herself, that was saying something.

"N-No...that...won't be any issue..." She finally answered, doing her

best not to upset him in any way.

"That's great! now if we could just be pointed towards our dressing room so we can prepare for the show..." Charlie trailed off.

"T-To the back of the studio..." She said.

"Alright then, see you when it's showtime!" Charlie exclaimed, before walking away with Vagatha in tow.

Yet as both women left to go and find their dressing room, the man remained where he was for a full minute before he followed, having stared at no one other than Katie as he did. Waiting until they heard him go inside the room and close the door, once his footsteps stopped everyone began coughing, panting, or wheezing as they had been holding in their breath.

"WHO THE FUCK IS THAT GUY?!" Katie screamed internally, actually bending over due to how sick she felt.

However, as everyone in the studio was recovering from what had just transpired, both Charlie and Vagatha were celebrating in the success of their plan.

"That worked out perfectly!" Charlie cheered, spinning around a few times out of sheer glee.

"Man, you really are good for scaring the shit out of people, we could probably make use of that at the hotel." Vagatha complimented while crossing her arms.

Simply nodding his head in agreement, the Slayer leaned back as to rest against the door, while they went over Charlie's script one last time.

"Ngh, god what a fat bastard!" Blitzo exclaimed, as he and the others were all struggling to ditch the body of the cab driver.

Waiting until they got to their destination, once the driver pulled the car to a stop in the alley behind the building, Millie would then thrust

her knife through his seat and into his neck. Sadly the sheer amount of fat he actually possessed kept the blade from going in all the way, so as he flopped out of the car trying to escape they all had to get out and stomp him until he died. Once he was finally dead, temporarily of course, they grabbed onto his legs and arms and carried him over to a nearby dumpster. Sadly as though it was a sick cruel joke this was insanely hard, as through an unexpected combination of his weight and the dumpster's height they couldn't just simply toss him in.

"You know what? FUCK IT!" Blitzo shouted, as they all let go at once "We've got a celebrity to kill! besides who the fuck is going to give a shit that some fat guy is dead in an alley?" He asked.

"Plus from how rich we're gonna be after this, we'll be too wealthy to care." Loona added.

"Exactly Loona! I like where your head's at." He praised, before putting his hands on his hips "Now, I know it's not gonna be easy sneaking into the biggest news station in all of Hell, gonna be even harder to get uniforms, but if we all just stick together and keep our cool everything will be-"

BAM

Nearly jumping out of their skins from the sudden loud sound, they all jerked their heads in it's direction to see what had made it. Apparently something had happened inside the station, as four of it's employees had rushed out of the building and were currently puking their guts up. And while at first they all saw this as their golden opportunity to just get into the building, once their eyes fell onto what uniforms each of them were wearing, a light bulb turned on in all their heads. Not even needing to coordinate verbally the four of them slowly approached the group, still going unnoticed even as they all took out weapons and raised them high into the air.

"Five minutes!" The same employee from earlier shouted, as everyone had gotten back to work.

For a solid twenty five minutes most of the studio's staff were incapacitated, a fair amount of them rushing to the nearby bathrooms to puke due to how unbelievably nervous and scared they were. But thankfully after they all took a much needed breather, and some got rid of their breakfast, they were able to get things back on track and get everything ready. Yet for some strange reason it felt as though they were a bit understaffed, though in light of what had transpired and what was about to happen, that was truly the last thing anyone cared about.

Even Katie Killjoy, who normally was in total control of herself and the situation surrounding her, had needed to take a seat at her news desk and soothe her now jumpy nerves. But then there was Tom, and although at first he had been nervous when the man entered the room, he got used to the other's presence faster than anyone. Part of it was due to the fact he had fought and died in world war one so he was used to things like that. The other part was from how much he had shaken Katie, and after all the years of her being an unrelenting bitch to him, that filled him with a joy no one could ever hope to describe.

"Alright everyone, places!" He directed, as Katie was in no shape to do so at the moment, "Make sure that someone goes and get's the princess! also where are the cameramen? they should've been back by now." He noted, as he now noticed the two unmanned cameras in front of them.

Almost as if it were planned another set of doors that led out of the studio were flung open, but instead of a terrifying figure clad it battle hardened armor appearing, it was three red imps and a hell hound.

"Sorry we're late! traffic was HELL!" The tallest of the three imps joked, before all four of them separated to go to different positions.

Although he was fairly certain he had never seen them before Tom simply shrugged it off, as Katie fired people so frequently almost every day they had an entirely new staff. The last five minutes would go by quickly and everything seemed to be ready, meaning the only thing left that needed to be done was to have princess Charlie join the two anchors at their desk. Unfortunately for all of the demons present she would not come alone, following right beside her was

her girlfriend and the man from earlier. Thankfully though there would be some distance between them and him, for as the princess took her seat next to Katie he stuck to the sidelines with Vagatha, which allowed all of the staff to avoid him as much as possible.

"We are live in three!...two!...one!..." The employee counted down, before giving the go ahead.

However, as the cameras focused in on Katie, for the first time in her entire career she was as frozen as a deer in the headlights. This honestly caught all of her coworkers including Tom by surprise, most of them noticing how her focus didn't even seem to be on the cameras at all. Instead her eyes were fixed on the man to her right, for just as before he stared solely at her with those unblinking eyes.

"Ahem, good morning Hell and welcome to channel six six six news!" Tom Trench spoke, causing the cameramen to switch to him, "We are joined in the studio today by a very special guest! you all know her, you all love her, please welcome the heir of our damned home, princess Charlie!" He exclaimed.

"Thank you Tom, it's an honor to be here." Charlie responded, as one of the cameras moved to her.

"Please, the honor's all ours! we're grateful that you took the time out of your no doubt busy day to speak with us! right Katie?" Tom asked.

Even with the cameras moving back to her, and the heat of the spotlights focusing on her as well, Katie was as full of life as a vegetable.

"Guess Katie's here but her brain isn't huh?" Tom asked jokingly, which caused everyone to silently gasp.

Bracing himself just in case that was what managed to snap her out of it, once more the pale white demon news anchor remained unaffected, causing her co host to adorn a VERY sinister grin.

"Whelp, as they say the show must go on! even if your co host who's normally an unbearable whore is currently in a coma!" He

exclaimed, before looking back to Charlie "So princess, what is it that you wanted to talk to me and my bean pole about? does it have to do with your hotel?" He asked.

"Actually it does Tom, as you and everyone in Hell knows I have been working on a hotel to rehabilitate sinners." She answered.

"Right, the happy hotel if I'm not mistaken?" He asked.

"Mhm! we plan on opening our doors to the public soon, and we hope that every demon in Hell will at least give us a chance." She answered.

As the princess and the anchorman began having a conversation regarding the hotel, one of the cameras slowly moved away from them and tilted up towards the ceiling.

"Oh man...this is really high..." Moxxie groaned, as he looked down at the room below him.

"How ya doing Moxxie? not pissing your pants are ya?" Blitzo asked.

"No sir, I am NOT pissing my pants." He replied.

"You sure? cause I'm PRETTY certain I see a spot near your crotch, and it's growing and growing and-"

"WILL YOU JUST GIVE ME THE DIRECTIONS?!" Moxxie shouted at him, though making sure to do so as quietly as possible.

"Geez, just because you pissed your pants doesn't mean you should get pissy with me..." He told him, as the sound of shuffling papers could be heard "Okay, so you are near the spotlights correct?" He asked.

"Right behind'em." Moxxie answered.

"Okay good, step one is a success." Blitzo replied while turning a page "Step two, locate a panel that controls the movement of the lights." He directed.

"Um...oh! okay found it." Moxxie replied, as he looked to his right

and saw it setup nearby.

"Step three, on the panel near the bottom there should be a line of buttons, each button controls a clamp for each of the spotlights, once pressed the clamp will unlock allowing you to remove it from the row, after that just get into position and let it fly." Blitzo explained.

True to his word, as Moxxie began looking over the panel he found the very row of buttons his boss described, and so after determining which was above Katie he pressed the button to unlock the clamp. Moving as slowly as he could to make sure he wouldn't shake it loose by accident, once he reached the device he slowly reached out, carefully grabbed onto it, and began raising it from it's place.

"So princess, I think I speak for everyone including my toothpick full of hatred when I say that this idea is pretty far out there, not saying it's not possible of course, but just that it's HIGHLY unlikely that anyone will seek redemption, what are your thoughts on this?" Tom asked her.

"I'm glad you asked Tom, I know the idea of redemption seems unlikely if not impossible to practically everyone in Hell, but if we want to keep more and more demons from being slaughtered every year, I truly think that this is the only way we can-"

"ALRIGHT! ENOUGH ALREADY!" Katie shouted at the top of her lungs, as she suddenly shot up from her seat "WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?! AND WHY THE FUCK ARE YOU STARING ONLY AT ME?! WHAT ARE YOU SOME KIND OF PSYCHOTIC STALKER OR SOMETHING ASSHOLE?!" She questioned, having reached her wit's end.

In that moment a series of events unfolded, happening in relation to each other like a domino effect. The first was Katie's unexpected outburst, which was so loud and powerful it managed to shake everything around it. The second involved Moxxie, who had been caught off guard by her shouting thus causing him to stumble back and lose his grip on the spotlight. This led to the final event that gained everyone's attention, for the same spotlight he had been holding onto a mere second ago was now falling rapidly to the stage,

but it wasn't going towards Katie.

"CHARLIE LOOK OUT!" Vagatha cried out, hoping to warn her before it hit it's mark.

Unsure as to what she was talking about the princess of Hell felt an abundance of heat approaching her from above. And as she looked to the ceiling to see what was causing it, she saw mere inches from her face the blinding illumination of the spotlight. But then it went dark, but not because it had managed to hit her, it went dark because the spotlight in it's entirety had been crushed like a soda can, as the Slayer faster than it could fall rushed forward and grabbed it. Feeling her eyes widen in shock as the realization hit her, Charlie slowly moved her gaze from the destroyed appliance to the Slayer, expecting him to look at her with that unwavering glare of his.

But he wasn't, instead his eyes were looking upwards towards the ceiling, specifically the scaffolding above the stage.

"My scans show the clamp was manually released, this was not an accident." The voice of Vega spoke.

Tossing the now destroyed equipment to the ground, the Slayer held out one of his arms and summoned a weapon. At first glance the weapon might seem primitive due to it's design, but as he readied a shot that was comprised of some kind of energy, it was clear this was not the case.

"Destroyer Blade fully charged." Vega informed him, to which he responded by firing.

A massive horizontal blade of red energy shot out from the gun, yet it did not hit the scaffolding itself but rather the cables that held it above the room. Hearing someone scream as countless pieces of equipment fell to the floor, the Slayer just as he had done before rushed towards the falling objects and grabbed something as it was in midair. Though this was not another piece of equipment, it was in fact the very person who had just been screaming, though now they were silent due to the overwhelming fear that filled their person.

"He is not an actual member of the station's staff." Vega revealed, as he in an instant had already scanned the entirety of the other's person, "His identification badge is a fake, and there is fresh blood present on his clothes, though it does not belong to him." He explained.

"W-Wait I can-" The imp tried to say, only to be silenced as he was thrown into the wall.

Feeling every bone in his body threatening to shatter completely, before he could move or do anything at all he felt a hand be wrapped around his neck. It honestly seemed impossible, no person whether they be demon or otherwise should be able to move that fast, yet somehow this man who also possessed terrifying strength was that swift. And as he began slowly squeezing the imp's neck, clearly intent on popping his head off like a toothpaste cap, a new voice crying out from behind the Slayer would cause him to pause.

"NO PLEASE! DON'T KILL HIM!" A woman shouted towards him, followed by running footsteps.

Turning his head so he could see who was coming, he found another imp of the same size and type as the one he was choking coming towards them.

"PLEASE! PLEASE DON'T KILL MY HUSBAND! I'M BEGGING YOU PLEASE!" She pleaded, her eyes overflowing with tears.

"M...Millie..." The imp in his grasp wheezed out, his body in far too much pain to try and struggle.

Looking back to the imp he held against the wall, for the first time in his life the Slayer was hesitating to kill a demon. But it wasn't because he didn't want to, oh no he most certainly did, but the words of his companion rang loud in his mind.

"These new demons are mostly human."

This was the reason for his hesitation, even though it was clear that something was going on, the fact is this imp and his wife were not like the imps he knew. They were beasts, monsters, like everything

else in Doom they only existed to destroy and consume, going so far as to abandon all sense of self preservation just so they could kill. But these imps were far different, going beyond appearances and the fact they could speak, she showed genuine concern for him and fear that he may die, while he despite being at death's door looked to her instead of him. In light of this the Slayer had to make a decision here and now, what was it that he would fight for, would he choose to kill every soul even if they showed such emotion and empathy, or would he be willing to for the first time in his life let his guard down and trust it was the right course of action.

Both choices had their pros and cons in his mind, but seeing as how he had given his word he would try to do things their way, he in the end let the imp go. Letting him fall to the floor where he began coughing violently and wheezing, the Slayer took a few steps back so his wife could be at his side.

"MOXXIE!" She shouted out, through tears and relief as she embraced him in a hug.

Watching as she began to sob uncontrollably into his shoulder, the imp even in his battered state looked towards the Slayer, and did something that he would have never believed possible for a demon to do.

"Th...thank you..." He wheezed out, as he hugged his wife.

Even though a large part of him was still against letting him live, the Slayer decided to end things there and take his leave. That is, until Katie Killjoy, who just like everyone else up until now had been watching this unfold in stunned silenced, decided to speak up in protest.

"WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?!" She asked, causing him to stop "THAT LITTLE BASTARD ALMOST FUCKING KILLED ME! WHY THE FUCK ARE YOU LETTING HIM LIVE?!" She questioned.

Looking at her for but a moment before looking away, it was clear he no longer cared to be there, and so he continued heading towards an exit. Whether it was simply a lapse of judgement, or perhaps she truly didn't care anymore, Katie Killjoy decided that if he wasn't going

to kill them she would. Sprouting four additional limbs ending in blades from her abdomen, she rushed towards them with murderous intent. If there was somehow anyone left in the room who wasn't afraid of the Slayer, that immediately changed, for without even looking he raised his arm again and summoned a new weapon.

Much like before the weapon from but a quick look was primitive in it's design, seeming to be nothing more than a double barreled shotgun, but just as she was upon the two imps a hook shot out from it, embedding itself within her body before pulling her towards him. To say that she was killed, decimated, or even erased from creation would all be understatements, as the moment she was brought to the gun's barrels her body pressing against them, he pulled the trigger and the demon once known as Katie Killjoy, was now but a red mist. Only a few meaty pieces remained to accompany the mass of blood, and with his lust for carnage now satiated because of it, the Slayer with smoking shotgun in hand made his way out of the building.

And while it may seem as though this is how things ended, that this unprecedented situation was contained within the confines of this news station, remember that during all of this the cameras had been rolling, broadcasting a still live signal to every television in Hell.

Curtains Drawn, Time To Face The Crowd

Imagine if you can your entire world falling apart right before your eyes, all happening so suddenly and so fast you can't do anything but watch. The pain you would feel, the trauma it would cause, and the overwhelming emotions that come with it all would be enough to break anyone. Truly the only way something of that nature could ever be worse is if it was your fault, if the blame for this devastation to all you cherished was due to your actions. This was something the king and queen of Hell were experiencing, as they had just watched what could have easily been their daughter's death.

Even though for the denizens of Hell death was only permanent should they die at the hands of the exterminators or the Slayer, they still did not want their daughter to ever go through that kind of agony. But the reasons why both felt responsible for what had happened were not the same, Lucifer felt guilty for it was his poor leadership that led to the Slayer even being sent here, where as Lilith felt her guilt due to having hired the people who nearly ended Charlie's life. Yet neither of them said anything about this to each other or even their daughter, for after the insanity had finally come to it's end with the death of Katie Killjoy, they rushed to the studio to make sure she was alright. Which thankfully did not take very long, for while they could not be in the studio per the former news anchor's terms, this didn't mean they couldn't stay in the lobby and watch the interview from there.

Sadly their princess was currently in a state of shock, one so extreme that even with Vagatha by her side trying to snap her out of it, she remained wide eyed and silent. This only made the guilt each of her parents had in their souls worsen, resulting in a completely silent ride back to the hotel once they all managed to get her to the limo. As for the Slayer and where he was none of them knew, though as one could expect that really wasn't the biggest concern on their minds right now.

"There you go, just have a seat there and I'll get you something to drink." Vagatha said in a soft and gentle way, as she helped Charlie

sit down.

Although not in a comatose like state nor being completely unresponsive, Charlie still did very little in the way of moving or reacting, which only made all three of them more concerned.

"Do you two want anything?" Vagatha asked her parents, looking to them as she did.

"No...but thank you for asking..." Lilith barely responded, as both she and her husband were too fixated on their daughter and their own thoughts.

Simply nodding for she wasn't really in the mood to talk herself, Vagatha left them alone to make some tea in the hopes it would soothe Charlie's nerves. Now alone with their daughter they both wanted to sit beside her, to do everything they could possibly think of to try and bring her out of this state, and tell her how sorry they were that things got to this point. Yet they didn't, whether it was due to their guilt or just the weight of facing their failure they stood right where they were, nearly as silent and motionless as she was. For the next several minutes with Vagatha out of the room there was just silence, the kind one would find in a graveyard in the dead of night.

And it was because of this silence that when a knock was heard from the door, it sounded as though someone were banging against it's surface, at least to Lucifer and Lilith's ears.

"I'll get it." Lucifer volunteered, for after staying still and quiet for so long he needed some distraction.

Walking over and opening the door the king of Hell wouldn't even get a chance to ask who it was, as the moment the door was open a microphone was shoved into his face.

"Hello there princess Charlie! my name is-" A voice sounding as though it were coming from a speaker began to say, only to stop once it's owner realized who opened the door "Oh, why hello there Lucifer."

Recognizing that voice as no other denizen of his Hell possessed it,

Lucifer slowly looked beyond the microphone to see none other than the man known as "The Radio Demon" standing before him.

"Alastor." He greeted, as he pushed the microphone away from his face, "What are you doing here?" He asked.

"Why, I've come to speak with your daughter Lucie!" Alastor answered, as he positioned his microphone cane in front of him, "I was minding my own business walking through the city, when I happened to walk by a store window and saw your daughter talking to that gas mask wearing masochist Tom Trench!" He exclaimed.

"Um...alright? I still don't see how that explains you coming here to see Charlie." He countered.

"Well, to tell you the truth I was going to keep walking, but then HE appeared!" Alastor exclaimed with a grin, causing the other's eyes to widen "His speed, his strength, his BRUTALITY, it was all so extraordinary! so I was hoping your daughter could introduce me to him and we could discuss some things!" He explained.

Upon hearing this Lucifer pushed Alastor back from the door and walked out as well, closing the door behind him as he did so.

"Alastor, listen to me." He began, adorning the most serious expression he could muster, "Ever since you first arrived and you made a name for yourself you have had my respect, as well as my wife's and every other high ranking demon in Hell who you did not kill, which is exactly why I am going to tell you out of respect to WALK. AWAY." He told him, trying to be as firm as possible.

"My my Lucifer, I've never seen you so worked up before." Alastor noted, as another grin spread across his face "This must mean whoever your daughter's business partner is, he's something special." He reasoned.

"Alastor I am telling you this for the sake of your health, if you do not want to die, and I mean ACTUALLY fucking die, then you will forget you ever saw what you did, you'll go find something else to entertain you, and you will never come back here EVER again." Lucifer warned.

Remaining silent for a moment as to think it over, Alastor was noticing how genuinely panicked he was getting as this conversation continued, which was something he'd never thought he'd see from the devil. Sadly this only intensified his interest, for Alastor was the very definition of chaotic evil and even if it went against the will of Hell's own ruler, he would still pursue it to satiate his need for fun.

"Tell me something Lucie, who is he?" He asked, as he leaned in so they could be closer, "You seem to know a lot about this individual, and whoever he is has managed to get under your skin, and despite what some people say you do have VERY thick skin, so what could he have possibly done to make you so upset hm?" He asked.

Starting to get annoyed even though he was well aware of his persistence, Lucifer feeling his hands ball into fists out of frustration was running out of patience swiftly. But before he could try to reason with him again, or perhaps even let his irritation out and shout at the demon, both men would come to a pause as the sound of a speeding vehicle approaching them could be heard. Looking at the road they found a channel 666 news van coming towards the hotel, arriving within a matter of seconds due to the speed it was travelling. Continuing to keep their focus on the vehicle as the doors opened and several people poured out, they were both soon approached by none other than Tom Trench himself.

"Lord Lucifer!" He greeted, as he hurried over and grabbed onto his hands in order to shake them, "Allow me to be the first one to tell you how GRATEFUL I am to you and your family!" He exclaimed.

"...What?" Lucifer asked simply, allowing the news anchor to shake his arms as though they were limp noodles.

"Your daughter's business partner, the man with the guns and the green armor? he did us a HUGE favor!" He answered, as he finally ended the one sided handshake.

"By killing that horrid woman I presume?" Alastor questioned, putting himself into the conversation.

"Of course! that bitch made all of our lives a living Hell! no pun intended, and I wanted to express our gratitude to him, her, and

you!" He explained.

"Oh...well, thank you I guess, but this really isn't the best time..." Lucifer tried to say, as the other members of the station were busy setting up equipment.

"I know I know your daughter's interview was ruined because of Katie, and also because of her she almost had a spotlight dropped on her head, which I cannot stress how sorry we are for that." He replied, before gesturing to the van "But that's why we're here! I and the rest of the crew out of appreciation want to finish the interview! and if possible take a tour of the hotel to help promote it!" He explained.

For a moment Lucifer was at a loss for words, as he never would have expected this kind of reaction to what the Slayer had done, in fact he expected the literal opposite in every way possible. But the surprises would not stop there, for before he or Alastor could say something else a new voice would speak up, one he immediately recognized as they had been in the studio during the interview.

"E-Excuse me, Lord Lucifer?" A female imp, the wife of the man who almost killed his daughter asked, as she poked her head out from within the van.

"What. is she. doing here?" Lucifer asked slowly, as his anger quickly began to return.

"Lord Lucifer, try to remain calm." Tom Trench spoke, as she got out of the van and cautiously walked over.

"Remain calm?! her husband nearly killed my fucking daughter!" He shouted in response, with such ferocity and fury it brought everyone else to a halt.

"That's why I came here." She replied, gaining his attention.

Looking down at her Lucifer walked passed the news anchor and stopped right in front of her, so that way they could be staring into each other's eyes.

"You have one chance to not die here and now, do not waste it." He

told her, his glare nearly as intense as the Slayer's in this moment.

"You have every right to be mad with me and my husband, I know that if someone tried to kill him I'd be furious too, but that's exactly why I am here, that man could have killed my Moxxie, and he would have had every right to do so for we nearly killed your daughter, but he didn't and for that me and my husband are grateful beyond words, which is why we want to be the first residents of her hotel." She explained, hoping that would be enough for him.

Waiting in suspense for what his next action would be, where as everyone else was hoping he wouldn't kill her, Alastor on the other hand was hoping for the opposite, as he'd never seen Lucifer use his powers and was quite excited at the idea. And while yes, Lucifer did want to kill her, he wanted to kill both her and her husband and make sure their souls would linger in endless torment for what had happened, but this was the fatherly side of him, and he could not give in to it. For he could see in her eyes that this wasn't some kind of trick, that she wasn't just lying out of her ass to try and save their lives, she was as genuine and sincere as anyone could possibly be and if he were to kill her it would insult the whole purpose of the hotel.

"I'm not going to forgive you, I can't, not yet." He told her firmly, as a sigh escaped him "But, if you are serious about coming to the hotel, to try and redeem both of your souls in order to ascend, then I can at the very least welcome you to do so." He said while closing his eyes.

After his sentence was through he would suddenly feel something press against his legs, and as he looked down to see what it was he found her hugging him, tears threatening to overflow from her eyes as she did.

"Thank you lord Lucifer! I promise we won't let you down!" She assured him, before letting go and running back to the van to call her husband.

Once again stunned enough to the point he was at a loss for words, in spite of his anger he couldn't keep a small smile from coming to his face due to her response.

"I'm surprised Lucifer." Alastor spoke, having walked over to stand beside him once that was over, "I know how much you care for your daughter, and how you would do anything to protect her, so why let them live?" He asked, as everyone else got back to work setting up the equipment.

"Because Alastor, if we are going to make this hotel work we have to be willing to give people a chance, no matter how much we may be against it or how likely we believe they are to succeed, we have to be willing to try." He answered.

"You don't honestly believe that is possible do you? for even I know that there has never once been a redeemed soul in the history of Hell." Alastor said.

"Before yesterday I would have agreed with you, I would have said this entire thing was a waste of time, and that my daughter needed to learn and accept that." He replied, before turning to face him, "But then her business partner arrived, and if you are going to be so determined to speak with him then you can learn for yourself why I have completely changed my stance on this matter, but right now I need to go back inside and check on my family." He told him, as he walked away.

Leaving the red clad radio demon by himself, Alastor put a hand to his chin in contemplation.

"Whoever this mystery man is he's getting all of Hell in a buzz, even that little imp thinks highly of him, truly something that is certainly worth my time~" He thought to himself, as yet another big fang filled grin appeared on his face.

When one thinks of space the first thing that comes to mind is the lack of gravity, and how everything despite it's weight on a planet can be light as a feather in it's endless domain. And while the idea of having no weight to one's self, being able to flip and spin so carefree in the air sounds appealing, the truth is it can be just as equally terrifying. For imagine if you were suddenly thrust into this situation, without any warning and without any indication of where you were,

your mind would be overtaken by panic and fear instead of joy and amazement. To make matters ever worse however, is if you soon were to realize you were not alone in this void.

This was the fate for a demon once known as Katie Killjoy, the last thing she remembered was feeling a great deal of pain as something pierced her flesh, before everything then going numb as a loud booming sound suddenly rang out. A few moments after this she found herself waking up in a true nothingness, there were no lights, no sounds, no objects or environment of any kind. Even as she tried her best to scream nothing came out, when she tried to walk or move in some way she simply remained where she was, and so after spending who knows how long struggling to do anything, she was left to break down in an entirely silent sob of frustration and despair. That is when they appeared, at first they seemed like distant lights in the darkness, but soon they grew closer and she saw they were actually flames, burning inside flesh of horrors she had never seen before.

They varied in size and appearance with very few having any similarities to another, and as they drew closer to her she could feel their overwhelming power begin to come over her. And with it came the most horrid and agonizing sensation she had ever felt, a feeling of burning that was unlike anything a typical fire could cause, it made her entire body bend and contort as she cried out in suffering, though just like her tears they were all but silent. Then a new light appeared and it was different from theirs, for the moment it came forward these monsters returned to the darkness from whence they came, leaving her alone to be embraced by it entirely.

"Soul transference is complete." A voice, one she could vaguely recall spoke, as it was soon followed by several other noises all reaching her ears.

But it would not just be sound that would return to her senses, as soon she could feel something cold almost freezing pressing against her, which in light of the burning she felt just moments before was truly like heaven.

"It may be some time before she is stable enough to speak, even though her interactions with the others was brief, their power was

still far too much for her to handle." The voice spoke again, seeming to be talking to someone.

Doing her best to try and open even just one eye to see what was going on and where she was, she was still far too weak from the torment she had endured and thus remained still.

"As for the other demon who arrived yesterday they have also been unresponsive, should I put them back with the others?" It asked.

Expecting to hear the voice of whoever they were talking to, Katie was met only with a chilling silence before they spoke again.

"Understood, would you also like me to add him to the Ripatorium's selection? or would you rather he stay in stasis?" It asked.

Once again being responded with a chilling silence, with the one sided conversation coming to a conclusion, the only thing that was left to be heard was the sound of footsteps walking away.

"W-Wait...is...that..." She tried to remember, only to fall into slumber due to her exhaustion.

No Rest For The Wicked

"Good morning miss Killjoy." The voice of Vega greeted, as the demon slowly woke from her slumber.

One would assume that being killed would create sensations and emotions that could never be replicated under any other circumstances. But for a person such as Katie who needed to do many things in order to rise to the top, she had quite a selection of past experiences to compare her current one to. Her entire body ached, she felt incredibly nauseous, and everything around her including her own small movements seemed to be in slow motion. If her memories of what had happened to her weren't still fresh in her mind, she might've assumed this was just a hangover or some drugs wearing off.

And while at first it seemed like she wouldn't respond due to her current state, slowly did she force herself into an upright position, doing her best to form some kind of sentence.

"Wha...what...what the fuck..." She groaned, her body seeming to fight against her as if to prevent her from doing anything.

"You are inside of a holding cell within the Slayer's domicile, he is currently dealing with other matters but shall return after he is finished to deal with you." Vega explained.

"Is...that what he's called?..." She managed to get out.

"Yes, I would explain why, but I believe you learned why when he killed you." He replied.

Upon hearing that for but a brief moment her death flashed in her mind, causing her to grip her abdomen and scrunch up her face as the pain was still so clear in her memory.

"Forgive me." He apologized, noticing her reaction, "Despite your death having occurred some time ago the pain must still feel real, this is to be expected given you were killed by the Slayer's personal

favorite weapon." He admitted.

"What kind of weapon could cause this much pain?!" She asked with no issue, indicating her recovery was progressing.

"It is referred to as a super shotgun, and while it's name might not seem all too impressive to some, it is by far one of the Slayer's most devastating armaments, especially when utilized at it's most effective range, which is as close to the intended target as possible." He answered.

"If it was a shotgun then how did he stab me? I know I felt something stab me before..." She trailed off, not wanting to remember that specific moment a second time.

"That would be the meat hook attachment to the weapon, it allows him to pull himself closer to his enemies, however this is only when he needs to stay mobile in combat, you did most of the work for him by lunging at the two imps in your studio." He explained.

Falling silent for a moment to simply process what she had just been told, the more she learned about that...THING, the more terrified she became.

"...Where did it come from?" She spoke after a few minutes of thought, looking towards the glass door of her cell, as she didn't know where else to look.

"Are you referring to the super shotgun or the Slayer?" He asked.

"I guess both, but I want to know about the weapon first, because he pulled out another gun I think, some kind of crossbow looking thing..." She tried to remember, finding that her memories even those moments before her death were a bit fuzzy.

"That would be the ballista, an energy based weapon specialized in dealing massive damage to airborne targets, or clearing groups of demons in a single destructive wave, the latter of which he used to make the scaffolding above your studio fall, as for how he summoned both weapons that is made possible due to one of the functions of his suit." He explained.

"What does it do?" She asked.

"To put it simply, this particular function allows him to store things by breaking down their molecular structure, allowing him to carry a great deal of weapons and ammo, additionally this same technology allows him to create specific additional items, such as grenades or holograms, to grant him even more aid in any given combat scenario, it can also be used for general storage of items and materials that do not require much of this function's overall storage, the process is simply reversed when he wishes to summon something." He answered.

Once again falling silent due to the sheer amount of information that was just given to her, while there were many questions she still wanted to ask this voice, one in particular stood out from the rest.

"Hey wait, why're you answering my questions?" She asked with a raised brow, "Everything you've told me so far seems like it'd be pretty important to keep secret, yet here you are just nonchalantly responding to everything I say." She pointed out.

Being met with a small surprise as this time he didn't immediately respond, her surprise would only grow as the door to her cell suddenly opened.

"Miss Killjoy, please step outside your cell." He instructed.

The first thought to come to mind was that this was some kind of trap, or perhaps some way for him to humiliate her for daring to ask such a question. Remaining still and silent on the floor as to call his bluff, the door remained open regardless of how much time went by, meaning that whatever was going on was in fact the answer to her inquiry. Slowly getting to her feet as it had been a good long time since she last stood, once she was certain she would be able to walk without falling over she approached the opening. However, just as she was but a few short inches away from it did she stop, as she wanted to be cautious in case this was still something devious.

Reaching out through the opening to see what would happen, what met her eyes as her arm went through caused her entire body to go numb. Her arm, the moment it was through the doorway, began to

disappear. Screaming in horror at what she had just seen she immediately drew her arm back to look it over, finding it completely reformed once it was back inside.

"Miss Killjoy, you. are. dead." Vega told her regaining her attention, "This means that you do not have a body, which might seem obvious especially with how little was left of you, but even so you need to understand that the only reason you are semi corporeal is due to your cell, it allows your soul to be safely housed and without any effort from you take on a form of your choosing, which in most cases is simply the appearance of your previous body, however at any point in time should you leave your cell you will lose your form, if you leave the cell entirely then nothing will be keeping you in this part of the fortress, the soul harvester connected to the ripatorium will automatically take in your soul and you will be confined to the space you were in before you were placed in this cell, you do remember that don't you?" He asked.

Although in a state of shock due to what she had just seen, his words were not lost on her as he spoke. But it was the very last thing he said that truly stuck with her, for while her death was a memory she wished to have burned away from her mind, she would take that a thousand times over the horrifying creatures she saw after, and the god awful fire that came with them.

"NO! PLEASE! ANYTHING BUT THAT!" She shouted out, her eyes as wide as could be with tears teetering on their edges, "DON'T SEND ME BACK THERE! PLEASE! FOR THE LOVE OF FUCKING GOD PLEASE DON'T SEND ME BACK TO THOSE FUCKING MONSTERS! I DON'T EVER WANT TO SEE THEM AGAIN SO LONG AS I FUCKING LIVE!" She insisted.

"Do not worry, so long as you remain in this cell then you have nothing to be concerned about." He assured her, managing to calm her down near instantly with that statement alone, "However if you truly wish to avoid that outcome, I advise that you cooperate with the slayer, showing him that you are of no threat and have no ill intentions will fully ensure your safety." He told her.

"How do I do that? what does he want from me?" She asked.

"I'm not entirely sure, this is the first time that he has ever allowed any demon to remain in a cell rather than just be confined to the soul harvester, however if I were to guess of the possibilities, I would say the likelihood of him wanting you to participate in the hotel's rehabilitation program is quite high." He answered.

"You can't be serious, why of all things would he want me to do that? he fucking killed me for shit's sake." She said.

"True, however he did this solely because you tried to kill the imps he had spared, if you hadn't done that then you wouldn't have been killed, and thus wouldn't find yourself in your current predicament." He reminded.

Feeling a tinge of anger spark inside of her despite his response not being intentionally mean both in tone and it's wording, she quickly extinguished it before it could grow and worsen her already precarious situation.

"Alright fine you've got me there, still does he really think that glorified pet project of that dyke is ACTUALLY going to work?" She questioned, finding that hard to believe.

"If the reasons behind his presence in your Hell to begin with were different then no, but due to the request of a trusted associate he is willing to restrain himself for the time being to see if it is plausible." He told her.

"...Wait, what do you mean by my Hell?..." She asked, as that part specifically stuck out to her.

Unfortunately for the white skinned demon the time for conversation was at it's end, for both of them could hear the slow yet powerful footsteps of the Slayer approaching, resulting in both of them going quiet. Unable to keep herself from feeling fearful and nervous as he approached, there was a small part of her deep in the back of her mind that believed in spite of what the other person had said, there was a strong chance even with cooperation she would be sent back to that dark place. But then her mind went blank, every emotion gone from her soul, and her entire being froze like a statue, for the moment he reached her cell he stopped right outside it's door and

just stared at her. For what seemed like an eternity they both stood there, their eyes locked, neither of them moving or even seeming to breathe as if time had been brought to a stop.

Then without warning her cell's door opened and he stepped inside, causing her in response to back away until she was pressed against the wall, and as he came even closer she wished with all her might that this was actually a nightmare, and that she would wake up at any second. Now standing in front of her just as close as he had been back in her studio, the Slayer's unblinking gaze of malice and hatred stared at her with such intensity, that she felt as if it alone would be enough to kill her a second time.

"The Slayer does not trust you." Vega spoke, serving as a translator of sorts for her sake, "He believes it would be best to put you back with the others, regardless of whether or not you are a natural born hell spawn or a human sent to Hell." He explained.

"N-No...p-please...don't s-send me back..." She barely managed to whimper out, her entire soul being crippled by immeasurable fear.

"However, due to his agreement to Lucifer, as well as another party, your fate as it stands is not entirely his decision." He revealed.

In response to this the Slayer held out his hand to her, and in his palm he summoned an object that seemed to be a collar of some kind.

"This is a new device the Slayer requested I develop, although it is the first of it's kind it is a portable version of the technology installed within your cell, if you wear this then you will be able to maintain a semi corporeal form anywhere you go, unfortunately this does not mean you are safe yet, as it will be be the decision of Lucifer, his wife, and their daughter if you deserve a second chance." He explained.

"You...you can't be serious..." She muttered with widened eyes.

"He is, the fact is miss Killjoy your actions in the studio nearly led to the princess's death, combine this with your reputation, your attitude towards the princess and her family, and the attempted murder of

those two imps, it only makes sense that either they or the royal family have the ultimate say on what happens to you." He told her.

Although lacking a body Katie still felt her entire being tense up, she began breathing rapidly despite not needing to, and the room began to grow fuzzy around her.

"He needs an answer now miss Killjoy, otherwise he will walk out of this cell and he will not be coming back, and neither will you." He informed her.

"I...I...I...I can't...I can't think..." She stuttered out, her mind reaching it's breaking point.

If this had been any other situation, if she had been anything other than a demon, and if the person who held her life in their hands was anyone other than the Slayer, then perhaps they might've given her the time she needed to think things over. But this was her reality and so was it the Slayer's, which is why after hearing her say that he turned around and began to leave the cell, no sympathy or pity to be given.

"W-WAIT!" She shouted, lunging from the wall as to try and grab him.

Stopping a foot from the door he barely looked over his shoulder back at her, planning only to listen to what she said next before he continued to leave.

"I...I'll do it..." She told him, as her arm fell back to her side.

The Strawberry Pimp Makes His Move

Echoes of footsteps were the only noises made by either the Slayer or Katie Killjoy as they made their way through his domicile, with the light hums and whirs of the structure around them providing an oddly comforting atmosphere. A part of her knew she should be afraid right now, a part that screamed at her to get her mind straight and begin formulating some kind of plan to get out of this situation, but it was ultimately trumped by the sheer awe and amazement she had at the sights around her. Hell was one thing, but everything that surrounded her in this moment was truly unlike anything she'd ever seen. A perfect melding of earthly stone and futuristic technology was in of itself astounding, but taking in the finer details such as the statues, the tapestries, and all of the little unique things that gave it personality is what truly pulled her in.

Yet as they continued to make their way to whatever destination he had in mind she did notice a few oddities, clear personal items he himself decorated the space with yet she had no idea why. Some of these items were posters framed carefully on the walls, each containing a variety of different pictures that ranged from simple and even silly, to ones that rivaled even the greatest works of art with their detail and commanding imagery. But then there were the other few things she managed to spot as they walked which she truly didn't understand, such as how every so often she'd see some kind of pellets scattered about in certain places. And while that on it's own was very peculiar as she didn't think there'd be any other living thing here with him, what made it even stranger was how none of the piles they were arranged in were disturbed, in fact some seemed to have dust on them.

However she was in no position to voice any questions or curiosities to him, in fact she dared not even look at him with more than a passing glance, by this point the Slayer had become the most terrifying entity in existence to her, and she sought more than anything to not gain his attention more than what was intended. Despite this, she could not hide her amazement any longer once they reached a new hub like area, for among the countless new

things that continued to peak her interest, it was what she saw across the room that brought her to a full stop. Through what she assumed was glass she saw on the horizon two things she never thought she'd see again, the first being the blackened void of space illuminated by distant burning stars, the second a planet that could not be mistaken for any other.

"Is that...earth?" She asked unintentionally, unsure if it was real or perhaps was an image of some kind.

"Yes, that is indeed an Earth." Vega confirmed, as the Slayer walked to the center of the room where a number of screens rested.

"An Earth? is that like what you said earlier, about how I came from MY Hell?" She questioned.

"Correct, though this planet is identical to the one you are familiar with it is not the same for a number of reasons, most of which being the way certain events in the course of it's history played out." He explained, as the Slayer began interacting with one of the screens.

"Like what?" She asked.

"I'm afraid I cannot answer that." He responded.

"Why?" She pressed, as that only worsened her curiosity.

Upon hearing this question the room would fall silent, yet it was not due to Vega refusing to answer, but because the Slayer suddenly stopped moving. Taking immediate notice of this Katie's mind began screaming with worry, fearing that her interest in whatever information she could gather had just screwed her. Thankfully though it would not last long, for after a few seconds the Slayer slowly nodded his head, meaning that Vega had permission to answer her.

"That is the Slayer's home." He clarified, as the Slayer resumed his work.

Having her eyes widened once that reached her ears, Katie looked back to the planet with even greater fascination.

"It looks so normal though..." She noted, before cautiously moving her gaze to him, *"How could someone like him come from a planet so similar to mine?"* She wondered.

Unable to move her gaze away from him now as so many questions came to mind, she would be brought out of her thoughts as the sound of metallic clicking and whirring filled the air. Looking for the source of the sound she would soon see some kind of structure forming at the end of a long walkway, which was connected to the area the Slayer stood in.

"Miss Killjoy, if I may have your attention." Vega spoke, causing her to look back towards the Slayer, "Before we leave there are a number of things I must explain, are you ready to hear them?" He asked, receiving a silent nod in response "Very good, firstly although you have spent a great deal of time here, a few days to be precise, in your Hell it has only been an hour and ten minutes, the short explanation is that time is relative to the location, next there is the matter of your collar, and while there is no chance of it malfunctioning nor of it becoming broken should an accident occur, you should be aware that beyond a means to stabilize your soul for you it also serves as a means for me to monitor you and keep track of you for obvious reasons, however I can also speak to you through it as I do via the Slayer's suit so if you ever have any questions or concerns you are able to ask me directly, lastly there is the matter of your conduct should the royal family be willing to grant you your second chance, while you are not a slave nor a prisoner in this outcome you are to respond to any and all instructions or suggestions given to you by them or the Slayer, however in the event that they might be needlessly cruel towards you the Slayer in spite of your previous actions will intervene on your behalf, while distrustful of you he still firmly believes that no one, not even you, if given a chance for redemption should be belittled or degraded in order to achieve it, do you understand everything I have said?" He asked.

For a moment Katie was left stunned, as the idea that the Slayer in any context would actually be on her side was something that seemed impossible. But after that small bit of shock subsided she once again simply nodded her head, almost as if the Slayer's own

mute nature was beginning to rub off on her.

"Good, then let us return to your Hell." He told her, as the structure from before which by now had finished coming together, came to life as a sapphire colored portal appeared within its center.

Taking one last look at the fortress as she believed this would be the last she'd see it, and another at the planet resting on the horizon, she would then follow the Slayer to and through the portal, it closing behind them once they were gone.

"Are you sure you're okay to do this? we can tell them to go if you still need some time." Lilith told her her daughter with a concern filled look.

Out of everything to bring the princess of Hell back from her shaken state, no one not even Vagatha could have guessed that this would have done it. Yet the moment her father came back into the hotel from outside, and explained to all of them what was going on, the seemingly distant and dreary daze Charlie had been in up to that point was washed away by her expected enthusiasm and abundant energy. And while at first they all thought it was her just trying to do so for their sake, as well as the sake of everyone in Hell to avoid incurring the Slayer's fury, as she continued to bounce about the lobby making sure everything was presentable they knew this wasn't the case. This didn't mean they weren't still concerned of course, all three of them worried that she might be overdoing it given what she had just gone through.

Yet they couldn't bring themselves to fully assert any kind of authority as just seeing her be herself again brought peace and comfort to their minds.

"Yes mom I'm sure, I mean this is the BEST opportunity we could ever hope for to show off the hotel right? all of Hell will be watching after all!" She replied, humming lightly to herself as she straightened some things.

"Publicity isn't worth your well being though sweetie, just a few

minutes ago you were practically a statue just sitting there on the couch, now you're back to normal and while that is of course wonderful, we're just worried you might be pushing yourself a bit too much right now." Lucifer chimed in.

"Yeah your dad's right." Vagatha agreed as she walked over to her and grabbed onto her shoulders, "Just because the hotel is our best shot at keeping everyone in Hell from being turned to paste doesn't mean you should strain yourself, if you want we can handle the press while you go recover." She offered.

Much to her surprise however, and Lucifer's disdain due to their recent altercation, Charlie gave her a quick kiss on her lips followed by one of her trademark smiles.

"I appreciate the concern Vaggie, same goes for you too mom and dad, but I really am fine, though if you're really worried about me how about after the interview's done I promise to go upstairs and take the rest of the day off, will that help you all relax?" She asked.

Taking a brief moment to look between each other to see if they all agreed, they all then looked back to her with smiles of their own present on their faces.

"Your peppiness is contagious you know that?" Vagatha said, causing Charlie's smile to grow into a grin.

"Let's hope it spreads to all of Hell then!" She exclaimed zestfully, before practically skipping her way towards the front doors.

"No musical number though! that's the one rule!" Vagatha shouted out to her, causing her to roll her eyes.

Once at the doors Charlie without hesitation grabbed onto their handles and pulled them open, though slowly as admittedly she was still feeling a little sluggish.

"Welcome everyone!" She greeted with arms spread wide, catching the attention of every person present, "It is my pleasure and honor to welcome all of you to the Happy Hotel!" She exclaimed.

In response to this the news crew all suddenly applauded her, half of

the reason due to her "partner" having killed Katie, the other half because they were genuinely glad to see their princess was back to her normal self. Unfortunately though out of every response she had expected this was actually not one of them, causing her to be a little embarrassed as it felt like she might have been a little too into it.

"Princess! it's so good to see you back to your colorful self again!" Tom Trench said, as he walked up to her and shook her hand, "And let me just say how BEYOND sorry we are for what happened at the studio, honestly I'm surprised you've managed to bounce back from it so quickly." He admitted.

"Thank you Tom, and please there's no reason for you all to feel bad, it's not like you're the ones who planned to kill Katie...right?" She asked, causing him to chuckle.

"Sad to say we gave up on that dream a LONG time ago, after the first few times she just shrugged it off we were starting to think she was immortal..." He grimaced, before gaining a smile of his own, "But now that dream is a reality thanks to your business partner! speaking of he wouldn't happen to be here would he? everyone is dying to know more about him!" He said.

"Um no, sorry he's not here right now, in fact he's off...making sure things are...not...on fire?" She lied terribly, as she truly had no idea how to even begin explaining anything about her "partner".

"Ah, well that is a shame, guess we'll just have to chat with him some other time huh?" He said, as he then ended their handshake "Anyways, how about we quit standing around and see just what the Happy Hotel is all about?" He suggested.

Simply nodding in agreement Charlie turned on her heels and went back inside, leading the way for Tom and the rest of the crew to follow. This of course included a particular red clad demon, who while following behind them all at the very back, was arguably the most curious about the hotel and her mysterious partner.

"You'll have to forgive the lack of decor, we're actually still putting the final touches on the building as a whole, and we weren't really expecting any people to come here so soon..." She sheepishly

admitted.

"Oh it's no problem your highness, believe me we've been to way worse places for stories not even half as interesting as yours." Tom assured her, as the cameraman panned around the room to get everything.

"Well, that's good I guess." She replied, taking any positive feedback given "So, what would you like to see first? the rooms? the kitchen? maybe some of our luxury relaxation options?" She suggested, only to have Vagatha wave her hands wildly at her "Er, maybe not the last one...at least not right now..." She corrected, as apparently they weren't ready yet.

"If it's alright with you princess, could we actually stay in the lobby for a few moments so you can better explain how the hotel plans to rehabilitate the people of Hell? we unfortunately couldn't really get into that as well...you know." He replied.

"Oh sure! that sounds perfect actually!" She agreed, as she hurried over to a nearby couch.

Following after her Tom would sit across from her on another sofa while the camera man stood off to the side for a good angle, while everyone else just stood around them or looked at the lobby on their own. As for the strawberry themed deer demon, he planned to go and explore the hotel while everyone's attentions were elsewhere, only to be stopped by the hand of Lucifer gripping his arm.

"Don't." He said sternly, giving him a slight authoritative glare.

"Tsk, spoil my fun why don't you?" Alastor replied, as he reluctantly stood beside him.

"So princess, what kind of activities or goals are the guests of the hotel expected to partake in and work towards in order to be redeemed? or is your plan to help redeem them simply to keep them from doing evil things while here in Hell, while at the same time seeking some kind of atonement or repentance?" He asked.

The very moment she opened her mouth to respond she would be

kept from doing so, but not because someone had interrupted her or even answered the question for her, it was due to the entire room being basked in a blue light as a portal opened in it's center. And from this sudden portal came forth the man on everyone's minds, along with a person that they all assumed they'd never see again. Yet surprisingly no one said anything, no shouts were let out, everyone just stared with widened eyes and still hearts as the Slayer and Katie Killjoy were now standing among them.

"Forgive the interruption." The voice of Vega spoke as the portal disappeared, "We did not think you would be partaking in an interview so soon given what transpired earlier." He explained.

For the next several minutes everyone remained as they were just staring at the duo, far too many emotions and questions all swirling around in their minds to do anything. Except for Alastor, who would be the first to break the tension as he truly did not care.

"Why hello there good sir!" He exclaimed with merriment, gaining the Slayer's attention, "My name is Alastor! and I was wondering if I could have a moment of your time?" He asked, as with a pep to his step he approached the other.

"Alastor don't." Lucifer told him, yet remained where he stood as he didn't want to be dragged into whatever he was planning.

"I'm afraid the Slayer does not speak, if you wish to be responded to then it would be best if you spoke to me." Vega informed him, only worsening his intrigue.

"And who exactly am I speaking to hm? and HOW am I speaking to you?" Alastor questioned.

"I am Vega, the Slayer's personal assistant, I am speaking to you via the Slayer's suit." He explained.

"My my my, isn't that a neat trick? what else can this suit do?" He asked, while lightly poking at the Slayer's chest with his cane.

"ALASTOR." Lucifer repeated, though this time far more sternly with just a touch of threatening.

"I'm afraid I cannot disclose more information until the Slayer allows me to do so, as he is still uncertain of whether or not you're a threat." Vega answered.

"Me? a threat? HA!" Alastor said, before moving his cane to point towards the other's arm, "Look at these muscles! they're so big that his suit can't contain them! how could I POSSIBLY pose any threat at all to such an imposing and clearly powerful person hm?" He inquired.

"Appearances can be deceiving, something the Slayer is all too familiar with." Vega told him.

Coinciding with that response the sound of his knuckles cracking could be heard, causing everyone to look towards his hands and see them balling into fists.

"It would be in your best interest to clarify your intentions, the Slayer is growing tired of your musings." Vega warned him.

"Straight to the point eh? I'm liking you more by the second!" Alastor exclaimed, as he moved his cane to the floor so he could lean on it, "To keep this nice and short for your preference oh great and powerful Slayer, I am a demon who seeks entertainment, for what's the point in dying if you can't have a little fun eh?" He asked, only to be met with silence "Exactly! glad to see we're on the same page!" He jested.

Responding this time to his words the Slayer stepped closer to him, and for but a moment in his entire damned life Alastor felt a slight twinge of hesitation pull at his heart, but it was so brief he barely noticed it.

"Right, my point, apologies." He said, before pointing his cane towards Charlie "Now, I know that you are working alongside our beloved princess, but I have a proposition that could benefit all three of us!" He exclaimed.

"Wait what? how?" Charlie asked instead of Vega, as such a claim was enough to involve her in the conversation.

"Simple, you want to redeem the damned souls of our fiery home! and while that is a COMPLETELY absurd idea, I could lend you my personal aid to perhaps compel Hell's denizens to give it a shot, but I would need the help of your partner to do so." He answered.

"What would you want the Slayer to do?" Vega asked.

"Well, you clearly have a gift for killing, that much was made clear from the broadcast earlier! speaking of fantastic death miss Killjoy." He complimented, receiving a glare from her "As such, I believe the best way to compel the people of Hell to try and get into Heaven is if you, and forgive my wording here, put the fear of god into them!" He explained.

"You want the Slayer to kill Hell's residents?" Vega questioned.

"Yes, but actually no." Alastor said "Allow me to clarify, I'm not suggesting nor asking you to go on a murderous rampage through the streets, even though that WOULD be incredibly entertaining, I'm saying that even in Hell there are some TRULY vile and horrendous individuals that even our dear king Lucifer would want to see dead, right Luci?" He asked.

"Do not involve me in this." He responded plainly.

"In short, I provide you with the information you would need to find these individuals, the worst of the worst, the scum of the earth who have seeped down here into Hell, if YOU show the people you will not tolerate such cretins then that would go a long way into convincing them to repent as to avoid becoming the next tally on your body count, much like miss Killjoy." He explained, this time earning a middle finger from her.

"And how exactly would you provide such information? how would you even acquire it to begin with?" Vega asked, causing him to chuckle.

"Let's just say that I have been around long enough to acquire my own repertoire of reliable contacts, as well as accumulate a vast number of people who owe me many favors, believe me when I say that if there is a single soul in Hell you want to know about, or in this

case find and slaughter in a gruesomely bloody fashion, I am the demon you want to see." He answered, his words accompanied by a fang filled smile.

Silence would once again take hold of the air as everyone waited for the Slayer's response, or at the very least some kind of physical reaction. And to their surprise, after only a few seconds of thinking it over did he extend his hand outward to shake Alastor's, causing the other's smile to grow into a grin. Yet as their hands locked together and an agreement was made, the Slayer pulled him towards his body to the point they were nearly pressing against each other, so he could see the full intensity of his gaze.

"Although it should be obvious, the Slayer would still like me to clarify for you that if at any point there is any kind of deception, whether it be a small lie or perhaps a conspiracy to try and use him for your own agenda, you will get to experience first hand the reasons behind why he has his name." Vega told him.

Upon hearing this that same twinge of hesitation returned, though as he continued to stare into his eyes, it quickly turned from hesitation to genuine fear. But just as before it was so brief he paid it no mind, which he showed as he stepped away from him seemingly unchanged and unshaken.

"But of course! I'd expect nothing less from a man so fiercely intense as you!" He assured, as he placed his cane behind his back, "I'll be back later once you're done with this interview and what not, probably some time tomorrow, until then!" He exclaimed before promptly taking his leave.

Watching as he walked out of the lobby and shut the two doors behind him, everyone's eyes fell back onto the Slayer and Katie, though after that entire thing it was mostly on Katie this time, which she took notice of.

"Um...I think they're waiting for an explanation..." She whispered to the Slayer, feeling uncomfortable for the first time in her life at being the center of attention.

"Of course, my apologies." Vega replied as the Slayer turned to face

everyone "So, who would like to voice their question first?" He asked, only to be met with practically everyone raising their hand into the air all at once.

Keep Your Enemies Close

(A/N: For those who might have wondered why this next chapter took so long, I was waiting for more information regarding the first expansion for DOOM ETERNAL to come out as to confirm or debunk certain speculations, but as it stands from the trailer that was released just recently it seems 99% probable that Samuel and The Seraphim are indeed one in the same, with that in mind I do have an explanation at the ready for how in this story's alterations to the lore that can still be possible, so with that out of the way let's get into it)

"Phew, that should do it." Vagatha said proudly as she put her hands on her hips to admire her work.

Although it was not their intention, the sudden appearance of the Slayer and Katie Killjoy caused the formerly peaceful and orderly setting of the hotel lobby to be turned into a circus. And while at first it seemed as though things would be under control, once the first few questions were spoken it became a free for all for answers. This led both Lucifer and his wife to insist that until they received answers first everyone needed to wait outside, of course though given how frenzied everyone was their voices were as loud as the squeaking of mice. This in turn would lead Vagatha, who admittedly was quick to her temper, to begin forcefully moving everyone towards the doors before opening them and kicking them out, and to be certain they would not come back in she barricaded them for peace of mind with nearby furniture.

Now with the lobby returned to a fairly peaceful state, the only thing left to do was to address the massive bombshell that stood in its center.

"Again, I would like to express our apologies for causing such a commotion." Vega said causing the Slayer to cross his arms "Correction, my apologies." He added, earning a nod in approval from him.

"If that were the case then SHE wouldn't be here." Lilith replied as she looked towards Katie, anger and disdain already present in her tone.

"I agree with my wife, why is that horrendous whore back in Hell?" Lucifer questioned supporting his spouse.

"To partake in the hotel's rehabilitation program." Vega stated causing their eyes to widen.

"WHAT?!" Everyone shouted at once, causing Katie to wince slightly due to how loud it was.

"It is true, when presented with her options she chose to seek redemption, it is as simple as that." Vega told them.

"No way, there's no way in Hell, ANY Hell that she'd ever agree to this! I KNOW she wouldn't." Lilith insisted.

"Not unless she had some kind of motive, like a snake in the grass." Lucifer added.

"That's funny coming from the only person here who actually WAS a snake at one point." Katie countered.

Tightening his fists as that comment made his blood boil near instantly, before he could try and approach her he would be stopped by his daughter.

"Everyone please just calm down!" She exclaimed doing her best to take control of the situation, "I'm sure that this is as simple as it looks, she didn't want to spend the rest of her life wherever it is the Slayer sent her, so she instead chose to try and rehabilitate herself." She reasoned.

"Charlie, WHY are you defending her?! you of all people should want to see her head be twisted off and mounted on a spike! while the rest of her is slowly torn apart by rabid badgers!" Lucifer exclaimed.

"Gee, tell me how you really feel." Katie remarked causing his eye to twitch.

"Look, I know that she is...not the first person we'd think of to be a resident at the hotel, I know that you and mom especially hate her beyond belief, but the whole reason we're doing this is to show that no matter who you are or what you've done, you can comeback from it and be a better person." Charlie said.

"That is true, but not her." Lilith spoke walking up to stand beside her husband, "After everything she said and did to me, after the things she said about your father and you, and the fact that in general she has been nothing but a self serving spiteful bitch who can't think about anyone else less they can be used in some way, the fact is her soul is one that could never be redeemed, and I know this because I have seen so many like her before." She explained.

Silence then took hold of the air as Charlie didn't know how to respond, for while she did want to try and see the good in everyone, and did truly believe anyone even Katie could become a better person, she couldn't deny the fact her parents had seen every single soul to ever come to Hell, so they would know a truly evil soul if they saw it. In spite of this she found herself looking back towards the Slayer, and while there was still so much she didn't know about him there was one thing that was painfully clear, no one in Hell or otherwise hated demons as much as him. Yet for some reason even after having been the one to kill her, he chose to give her the option to come here instead of leaving her wherever it is she went. And while it could just be that he felt obligated to do so, for as her father had told her he was here by the request of a Seraphim, she still found it curious that he'd even bother to give one soul this choice when there were still so many left in Hell.

"Then why don't we ask him?" She proposed as she turned to face him, "The Slayer is the one who brought her back right? but why would he do that if he didn't think there was some chance she could be redeemed? I mean there's PLENTY of horrible, rotten, evil people living here, and he saw first hand how cruel she could be, but still he let her come back." She said.

"She does have a point." Vagatha agreed taking her side, "There's no one here who'd want to just kill a bunch of demons without remorse more than him, so why not just see what he has to say?" She asked.

"If I may." Vega interjected bringing all of the attention towards them, "The Slayer did debate if this was a good idea, even though he has agreed to help you try and save the souls of Hell's denizens, he would much prefer to default to his standard methods, however it is the fact that miss Killjoy and most of the residents of this Hell are humans that swayed him on the matter, they are not mindless monsters or fiends who do horrid things just because it's in their nature to do so, he has seen both humans and natural Hellspawn commit acts of pure evil, yet only in humans as he ever seen the possibility for acknowledgement and in turn the desire to repent, so he decided that she should at least be given this option, though ultimately as Lilith has stated she has shown no kindness to your family, and so it comes down to all of you whether or not she stays." He explained.

"So WE decide her fate then?" Lucifer questioned to be absolutely certain, a truly wicked grin coming to his features.

"Yes, the three of you must reach a unanimous decision, the Slayer will not return her to her imprisonment nor allow you to try to remove her from the premises until that happens." Vega clarified.

"Does Vaggie get a say in this? because she should." Charlie asked causing her girlfriend to smile.

"If that is what you want, yes." Vega answered.

"Well in that case I side with Charlie." Vagatha immediately said before walking over and standing beside her, "Even though Katie is...pretty much the reigning queen bitch of Hell, I do agree that even someone like her should be given at least ONE chance, if she screws it up though then you can take her back." She explained.

"I assume your stances are against it?" Vega inquired addressing Lucifer and Lilith.

"Yes." Both said together not needing to even consider it.

"Then it appears we are at a stalemate, how do you propose we address this?" He asked.

Once more silence came over the room, for neither pair had any idea of how they would convince the other to take their side on the matter, without getting angry or potentially even physical. But then to everyone's surprise the cause behind this disagreement stepped forward, approaching Charlie with the clear intent of saying something.

"Okay...so...listen..." Katie spoke in such a way she seemed timid and even scared, which caught all of them off guard, "I know I've been a bitch, there's no disputing that, do I regret saying what I did to your mom? or what I said about you and your father? of course not, I'd be lying if I told you straight to your face if in the blink of an eye I was just suddenly a different person because it doesn't work like that, you have no reason to trust me or believe me or even give two shits about me since I sure as shit didn't about any of you, but..." She trailed off for a moment as her face slowly adorned a look of genuine terror, all the while she looked to the floor "I have seen things...things that you'd see in your nightmares and even then it's worse, things that made me scream and cry like I never have before, they were horrible fucking monsters who relished in my suffering, but it wasn't the kind of satisfaction that you'd expect like whenever I did something to Tom during our broadcasts, it was this...primal almost animal like gratification, to where it felt that was the ONLY reason they existed, to just do that to you over and over again, I have no idea what the fuck they were nor where they came from, but if you don't give me this chance to be a better person...to try and save myself...then he's going to put me back there with them and I just...I can't deal with even the mere thought of that happening..." She told them before returning her gaze to Charlie, surprising them once again as there were actual tears in her eyes, "So please...I know I don't deserve it...but don't send me back there...I...I can't go back..." She pleaded in almost a whimper, her body even beginning to involuntarily shake ever so slightly.

Left without words no one could believe what they were seeing, the once mighty commanding ruthless presence and composure of Katie Killjoy, was now on the verge of breaking down into a sob, even her knees threatened to buckle under the weight of whatever it was she feared. And while Charlie and Vagatha couldn't even begin to imagine what could have done this to her, both Lucifer and Lilith

knew exactly what she had been a victim of. The denizens of Doom, though all deceased as it was by the Slayer's hand their flesh was torn asunder, would still be lingering somewhere in creation in the most basic form of any creature, the soul. But only now as they listened to Katie's words and saw the true state she was in, did it occur to them that to ensure those horrors would never be seen again, of course the Slayer would keep them sealed away in a place he could monitor them.

Yet they never would have expected him to take Katie's soul as well, let alone put her in the same space as them and allow them to do with her as they saw fit. This caused the king and queen of Hell to look at the former news anchor with a newfound sympathy, for all though they were still angered by her comments and her actions, NO ONE deserved to be left alone with those abominations, not even her.

"...Alright." Lucifer spoke gaining everyone's attention, "If she agrees to abide by every rule, and I do mean EVERY. SINGLE. RULE. that the hotel has, along with any given by Charlie, then...I will relent and allow her to stay." He said.

"As will I." Lilith agreed before then looking towards Katie, "Even though you have insulted me and my family, and I still do want you to be punished for it, even I am not so cruel as to send you back to those things, as that is truly the worst fate any soul could ever fear to have." She explained.

"So it is settled then? miss Killjoy will be allowed residency here at the hotel?" Vega asked for confirmation, to which he received nods from both of them.

Before more could be said however, Katie would walk away from Charlie and over to them, stopping only once she was but a few inches away.

"Thank you..." She said in a low soft volume, a small smile of appreciation appearing on her face, "Really...thank you so much...for not sending me back to them..." She managed to get out, before her will finally gave and tears began pouring from her eyes.

Hiding her face in her hands as she didn't want to be seen in this state, she would jump slightly from surprise as she felt a hand be placed on her back.

"Miss Killjoy, would you like me to show you to a room? so you can have some privacy?" Charlie offered using it as a sort of official peace between them.

"Y-Yes, thank you..." She replied as they then walked away "Also...you can just call me Katie..." She told her causing Charlie to smile.

Waiting until they were out of sight further into the hotel, once they were gone the Slayer would then turn to the front doors and walk towards them.

"Where are you going?" Vagatha asked as he walked passed her.

"With miss Killjoy's situation settled for now, the Slayer has one other situation to remedy before we refocus back onto the Hotel and it's plans going forward." Vega answered.

"And that would be?" She followed up.

"Questioning the two imps who tried to assassinate miss Killjoy, it is very unlikely that they were operating on their own, someone had to have hired them and if that is the case, the Slayer would like to meet with them." He explained.

"I'll come with!" Lilith suddenly shouted causing the Slayer to stop.

"Oh? and why would you want to accompany the Slayer in this matter?" Vega questioned as the Slayer looked back at her over his shoulder.

"Yes dear, why is this a concern to you?" Lucifer asked genuinely confused as to why she'd volunteer for such a thing.

"Er, because, we can't have the Slayer at least not right now walking around Hell unsupervised, especially not after that whole spectacle that was on the news, the moment he steps out into Hell he'll be swarmed by our people or will just cause unintentional problems, so

it would be best if I go with him to keep everything under control, as well as make sure he finds his way to the hospital where that one imp currently is, plus I don't know even after everything that just happened if I'll be able to control myself around Katie, so it makes sense for me to go with him while you stay here, sweetie." She explained though in such a way that she seemed panicked.

"Well, I suppose that does make sense, after all he did blast her to pieces with that shotgun of his, so either everyone's going to be scared shitless or they're going to want to speak to him, there might even be some morons who want to try and fight him..." Lucifer admitted much to his dismay, as he hated just how many idiots there were in his Hell specifically.

"Exactly, so I'll go with him and make sure that doesn't happen, but we better get a move on because Alastor said he'll be back later! and we don't want him lingering around here longer than he needs to." She replied as she hurried over to the doors.

"THAT I agree with completely." Vagatha chimed in as the radio demon made her skin crawl.

Watching in his standard silence as Lilith began removing objects from Vagatha's makeshift barricade, to which the grey skinned woman came over to help her with, Vega would speak to him discretely via the speakers inside his helmet.

"You're suspicious of her correct?" He asked earning a barely noticeable nod in response, "Would you like me to monitor her for you? so you can keep your focus on your surroundings?" He asked only to receive the same response.

After a minute or so the barricade was finally done away with allowing them to exit, the Slayer letting her take the lead so both he and Vega could keep a watch on her.

When one thinks of Heaven they typically imagine a blinding radiance unlike any other, a bright shining pure light that dispels any darkness and brings comfort to those in its warmth. But with there

being just as many sections of Heaven as there are of Hell as a whole, this meant that like their darker counterparts each section was distinct from one another, usually if not always representing the race of Heavenly beings who populated it. This is why if one were to venture into the home of the Maykrs, they would not see a bright white light washing over every surface or person, nor would they find golden gates or people standing atop of moving clouds. Instead what they would see is something beyond mortal comprehension, a piece of reality that is comprised of not only beautiful and breathtaking celestial bodies and energies, but architectural wonders that went beyond what many mortals could even imagine in fiction.

Through an unprecedented union of science and magic the Heaven known as Urdak looked like a dream, beautiful yet practical everything within it's domain existed to serve some kind of purpose. And every denizen that thrived within it, from the common drones to the angels and of course the Khan herself, carried out their tasks and obligations without delay or fail. Yet this did not keep those who knew this place as home from having their own ideas, their own machinations that they sought to see realized, but none ever dared cross the line that would go against the laws and rules established by the creator of all, as well as their own leader which was the collective consciousness of all the preceding Khans.

For continuing in their separation from most other Heavenly bodies, the Maykrs believed and committed to the idea of repeated reincarnation. In simpler terms, when a Khan had served their time their sentience would then be added to the collective, which would then determine which among them was meant to be the next Khan, guided and advised by the souls of all that came before. Yet it had been some time since there was a new Khan, the current one had been in her position longer than any Khan before her, though only those of Urdak origin knew and were aware of this fact, including her closest ally and most trusted Maykr Samur.

"Is everything in order?" She asked him as they both looked down over their Heaven, specifically at all of the drones and angels who went about their business.

"Yes, as we have planned the redemption of Lucifer's Hell is

underway, only so far have two demons been killed by the Slayer, yet surprisingly the latter has been allowed to return in the hope that she can be redeemed." He answered.

"Really? The Slayer allowed a demon culled by his sword to return? how unusual, what do you think it could mean?" She asked.

"I believe he showed her mercy as she was once human, though it could have just as easily been due to my request he restrain himself, if only slightly." He replied.

"I think it would be best if we kept an eye on this demon, see if he has actually managed to reach her, and who knows, she could prove useful in some way later." She suggested.

"I'll make sure that a drone monitors her then." He replied.

"Very good, are there any other matters that we need to discuss?" She asked.

"The archangel's investigation is proceeding as expected, no doubt there will be another meeting held soon, and there is a strong possibility he will request the presence of the Slayer." He answered.

"If that should happen then it can't be avoided, we're already keeping much from him and the others, we can't afford any more suspicion or prying eyes." She told him.

"Do you think this will work? will our plan proceed without issue?" He asked her.

"It's impossible to say, I have complete faith in our champion as I always have, but there's no telling what demons lurk in Lucifer's Hell, and what possible schemes they might come up with as time passes, but I doubt it would be to a degree that we could not handle, or he for that matter." She answered.

And with that their conversation came to it's end, Samur would take his leave of her company to do what was needed, leaving her to be alone with her thoughts.

Investigations And Machinations

"Open wide Moxxie~" Millie said with a slight hum, before then putting a spoonful of gelatin into her husband's mouth.

You would think that in Hell of all places one thing that would suck above all others would be the healthcare. But seeing as how such things were overseen by Lucifer and Lilith equally, it was actually quite remarkable how nice certain public services were. Of course this was still Hell though, so even if say the medicine and the resources available were nice, there was still a VERY high chance your doctors and nurses were all shameless assholes. Yet in a twist of ironic beauty the reason for why the imp named Moxxie was even in a hospital to begin with, set up in slings and countless casts no less, was the very reason for why he and his wife had been treated so well.

Every single soul even those that wallowed in filth on the street saw that news broadcast, they saw the meanest toughest bitch in all of Hell be turned into meat confetti, and they knew EXACTLY who had done it. Though his name and actual identity weren't established his actions alone gave him a rep unlike any other, even demons with countless influences and power at their disposal were finding themselves looking over their shoulders a bit more. This is how Hell, at least Lucifer's circle of the realm as a whole, saw the single most peaceful day in quite possibly it's entire history. People weren't getting stabbed or shot to pieces, buildings weren't being blown up or burned down for shits and giggles, and the dying wails of some poor schmuck who was just minding his own business weren't coming from nearly every alley.

All because of that one guy on TV, a man who seemed to be human yet even through the screen of a television instilled fear, every demon who laid eyes on his visage felt as if they should be ashamed they were demons, and if they didn't then the next one to be made into red ribbons of flesh would be them.

"Thanks hon." Moxxie replied after he swallowed the bite, his wife

putting the now empty bowl down on his bedside table, "Honestly surprised it even tastes that good, last time I was in here tasted like someone peed in it." He admitted.

"Yeah everything's been looking better for some reason, in fact when I was headed to the cafeteria to get it for ya, I saw the janitor ACTUALLY cleaning the floors! he wasn't just screwing around on his phone or screwing someone else either!" Millie recalled.

"I wonder what's causing everyone to start giving a shit all of a sudden? it's so unlike them." Moxxie questioned.

"Well whatever it is best not to go poking around for an answer, might ruin it before you can get out of here." She said.

Letting that be the end of their conversation, the two imps were about to simply sit there in silence and enjoy each other's company, but were startled as the sound of screams and yelps came from outside the room. At first they wondered what was going on that was making so many people, almost like a chain of dominoes actually, shriek and wail one after the other. But then they heard it, once everyone who was nearby went quiet the sound of something heavy hitting the floor reached their ears, and it didn't take long for them to figure out what it was. Footsteps, carrying a terrifying amount of weight and power behind each one, and due to recent events there was only one person coming to mind as to who they belonged to.

Yet much to their own surprise they didn't feel scared, they didn't even feel worried or concerned, for even as the footsteps got ever closer showing that he was headed their way, they knew that if he wanted to kill them or even just Moxxie he would've done it back at the studio. It is for this reason that as the footsteps ended just outside the door, followed by it being slowly pushed open, that they felt only curiosity fill their minds as the expected figure stood there staring at them.

"What're you doing here?" Moxxie was the first to ask, honestly baffled that the man who had held his life in his hands not too long ago, would be the first one beyond his wife to come and see him at the hospital.

Before they could get a response however another sound would come from the hallway, it too being a set of footsteps that were approaching the room. Though unlike the Slayer's which were slow yet powerful, these ones were clearly running and were barely hitting the ground because of it, making it sound more so like someone was bouncing a ball.

"WOULD YOU WAIT UP FOR ME?!" Lilith shouted aloud as she came into view next to the Slayer, immediately leaning against the doorway while panting like a dog.

"I apologize for the Slayer's refusal to stop, it seemed as though you would be occupied for quite some time and this is a matter that requires urgent attention." A voice, that while familiar as they had heard it in the studio, was still unknown to the two imps as they didn't know who or where it was coming from.

"He could have at least helped me! I may be the queen of Hell but right now he's a walking bonfire and every demon wants to swarm him like coked out moths!" She exclaimed while still trying to catch her breath.

"Um...excuse us." Millie spoke which thankfully got their attention, "I don't mean to interrupt your conversation, but would you mind explaining why the two of you are here?" She asked.

Realizing that they had just burst into the room with no introduction or explanation as to why they were there to begin with, Lilith quickly regained her composure while the Slayer continued to stand in silence.

"I'm sorry, that was rude of me." She began as she straightened her dress, "I'm also sorry that we came here to speak with you without seeing if it was alright, if you're in too much pain or if you'd rather be left alone we can leave." She apologized.

"Correction, you can leave but the Slayer will stay." Vega stated causing her to close her eyes.

"I know he wants answers, but considering the fact that HE is the reason for them BEING here in the FIRST PLACE then PERHAPS

he could be a LITTLE understanding..." She replied clearly irritated, partly because he had left her to deal with a crowd of curious demons, the other because she didn't want him to learn anything.

"Oh no it's fine, after all I uh...well...I'm sorry..." Moxxie meekly apologized as it was technically his fault he was injured.

"You have no reason to be sorry, TRUST. ME." Lilith told him with a stern stare, trying to get across to him subtly to stay quiet.

"Moxxie's right, even though it wasn't our fault entirely we still almost hurt or even killed your daughter miss Lilith, you have no reason at all to apologize to us, if anything it's an honor to have you and uh...um...say, what's your name again?" Millie asked while turning her focus to the man.

"He is referred to as the Slayer, however the voice you've been hearing isn't his, it's someone who speaks for him." Lilith answered before Vega could speak, as it would only lead to more confusion and questions.

"Why doesn't he speak himself?" Moxxie asked.

"He's mute, plain and simple." Lilith replied.

"Makes sense, you definitely do look like the strong AND silent type, especially with how powerful you seemed back at the studio." Millie complimented.

"Yes yes he's very amazing and awe inspiring yada yada yada..." Lilith said with an eye roll, "Can you just hurry up and ask your questions so we can get back to the hotel? I'd rather not be swarmed by lunatics a second time today..." She requested with a light twirl of her hand, trying to get through this very precarious situation as fast as possible.

"Very well, miss Millie is it?" Vega spoke causing the two imps to look back at the Slayer.

"That it is mister...uh...disembodied voice?" She replied with an awkward smile, as this was the first time she'd ever talked to a mouthless voice before.

"The Slayer would like to know the details of your assassination, who hired you, who orchestrated the plan, and any other information that could be of use to him in tracking down the guilty party." Vega explained.

Feeling their eyes widen for a brief moment the two imps slowly looked over at Lilith, who had already been staring at them with even wider eyes filled with anxiety.

"Well...um..." Millie hummed as she looked off to the side, as both she and her husband just now realized how delicate this situation was.

"Miss Millie, while the Slayer has no intentions of harming either of you, I must warn you that he is quite insistent you provide all information that can be of use to him, if you refuse to do so he will have to resort to certain methods of interrogation, that both you and your husband would most likely find unfavorable." Vega explained.

"Wait, he could interrogate us without hurting us? like at all?" Millie asked as she found that hard to believe.

"Though violence is his preferred method of making uncooperative demons comply, there are other ways he can coax information out of you should you refrain from sharing it, so I will ask you again to please share all information that can be of use to him." He responded.

A few incredibly tense seconds passed by with not a single word being spoken, in fact the only sound that kept it from being completely silent was the light cracking of the Slayer's knuckles as he tightened his fists.

"...Alright, I'll talk." Moxxie spoke with a sigh, causing all eyes to fall onto him.

"Moxxie? are you sure?" Millie asked surprised, serving not only as her voice but Lilith's own as she couldn't say anything at all.

"Yup, there's no point in keeping it from him, he spared my life, least I can do is be honest." Moxxie answered as he looked to the Slayer

"So here's the thing, me and Millie are assassins obviously, but we don't work alone, we work for this guy named Blitzo, he's an imp just like us but WAY crazier and has no sense of boundaries, for the longest time he's tried coming up with ways to get us more business, first it was this AWFUL jingle that he wrote for some stupid commercial, but then he had us do a bunch of other stuff which didn't work out, finally he had the bright idea to kill Katie Killjoy on live television, because if we could take out a demon whose had as many attempted assassinations and death threats as her, that would easily cause our business to sky rocket and a wave of new clients to come in, so having heard that the princess was going to be there for an interview he decided that there'd be enough commotion to cover us sneaking in, and well, you know how things played out from there." He explained.

Another lull in the conversation occurred as the Slayer and his disembodied voice seem to be thinking over what he said, which only worsened Lilith's anxiety as she didn't think he'd believe it.

"Where is your boss now?" Vega asked.

"Don't know, he hasn't visited me at all since I came here, and he hasn't called or anything either." Moxxie answered.

"Do you know where he might be then? most likely he won't be at your place of work as that would be suicidal." Vega questioned.

"The only place I can think of he'd go after what happened would be to a demon named Stolas, from what Blitzo as said before he's a really powerful demon, in fact he's part of the reason we even have an assassination business to begin with, though he's also got a lot of influence from what it seems like, so if you try seeing him he might not roll out the red carpet for you, just a fair warning." Moxxie said.

"That will be no issue, it's the exact kind of welcome the Slayer is used to." Vega told him as the Slayer turned to leave.

"Wait!" Millie quickly exclaimed causing him to stop, "Are you...are you planning to kill Blitzo?" She asked.

"That depends, what are your thoughts miss Lilith?" Vega asked as

the Slayer looked to her.

"M-Me? why would you ask me?" She replied in a slight stutter, as she hadn't expected to be brought into the conversation.

"It was your daughter who was nearly injured during their assassination, so just as with miss Killjoy you have a say in what happens to him." He explained.

"O-Oh, right, of course..." She said as she took a quick breath to calm herself, "If it is possible I'd rather you bring him back to the hotel, not for the sake of rehabilitation, at least not immediately, but because this is a decision that as you said should be considered by not only myself, but my husband and daughter as well." She told him.

"Very well, the Slayer will try to capture him alive." Vega informed them as the Slayer then left the room.

Remaining as still and as quiet as they could until his footsteps were no longer heard, they all let out a near breathless gasp of air as they felt they could finally breathe normally.

"Oh...holy shit...that was terrifying..." Moxxie breathed as he tilted his head back.

"Yes it was...but excellent improvisation with your response...it was very convincing..." Lilith complimented.

"Maybe we should've just been honest with him though? I mean you are the queen of Hell miss Lilith, while Blitzo is..." Millie trailed off, trying her best to think of something nice to say about her boss.

"A thick skulled idiot who is responsible for getting us into this mess..." Moxxie said a bit spitefully, for if the plan had been better then this wouldn't have happened.

"I'd like to think that would be the case, but to be honest me and my husband are still trying to figure out our guest in every respect, he's as mysterious and perplexing as he is soul wrenching..." Lilith explained.

"Still, I hope he doesn't kill Blitzo, or rather Blitzo doesn't make him..." Millie admitted as she was genuinely concerned for him.

You know, it truly says something about human beings when even in a place like Hell there can be slums. You have murderers, rapists, crime lords, terrorists, all kinds of evil vile people bumping into each other in the realm of damnation, and yet somehow even in a circle as "civilized" as Lucifer's there could be such places. And while for the most part the kind of folks you'd expect to see in these parts were exactly that, just a bunch of assholes or psychopaths looking to screw around for their own amusement, it was those that were hidden in the shadows that were the REAL residents of these parts of Hell. Though not having renown or wealth like that of the noble class, these demons still had quite a few resources and connections of their own to secure a small piece of Hell as theirs.

Yet every year when the cleansing of Hell's overpopulation would occur, which actually took place but a few days ago, quite often these masterminds of malice would make up most of the bodies piled by the exterminators. This in turn would cause a power vacuum amongst the lower demons to occur, every two bit gang or well managed syndicate would wage wars for more turf and product, hoping to maybe one day be recognized as a noble themselves. Such was the case for a black scaled snake like demon named Sir Pentious, for as of right now he and his henchmen were preparing to wage war. Unbeknownst to the finely tailored villain however, was that he would be given a guiding hand in his pursuit of power, though it certainly wouldn't be divine intervention.

"Hurry it up yolksss for brainsss!" He hissed impatiently at his egg shaped cronies, who hurried about the warehouse they operated out of, "That bitch Cherry Bomb's already claimed a territory from some two bit dipshits! if we don't make our move sssoon then she's going to have more turf than me! and I'll never hear the end of it!" He shouted angrily.

Amidst the sounds of his underlings hastily working the serpent would hear a very peculiar sound, almost as if it were directed towards him. As he began focusing on this sound to try and figure

out what it was, he would feel a slight chill run down his spine as he realized what it was.

"What are YOU doing here?" He asked as he turned around, only to be met with the sight of a certain red dressed deer demon approaching him, all the while an aggravating tune was hummed from his throat.

"It's nice to see you too Sir Pennies." The radio demon responded with a smile as he drew closer.

"IT'S SIR PENTIOUSSS!" He hissed out of frustration, still baffled by how he couldn't remember his name.

"That's what I said isn't it?" Alastor asked in his usual cheeky manner, as he finally came to a stop just inches away from him "Now, I've come to talk with you about something." He revealed as he set his cane down in front of him.

However, instead of receiving a response from Sir Pentious he would get one from his egg like minions, who had pulled out their weapons and were now pointing them at him once they noticed his presence.

"You've got a LOT of nerve coming to MY warehouse deer boy!" Sir Pentious told him as he stared him down, "Give me one good reason why I shouldn't have you stuffed and mounted on my wall!" He demanded.

"Oh my, that would be interesting..." Alastor admitted as his smile turned into a toothy grin, "But if you shoot me where I stand, then how will you know about the ambush?" He asked.

"...What ambush?" Sir Pentious questioned, immediately leaning in to show his interest.

"Being the radio demon has many perks you know, such as being able to hear whispers when people think no one's listening, such as that delightful little one eyed demon, Cherry Bomb I think? she has plans to level your warehouse, this entire city block, and put a line of toilets all over it so everyone can take a shit on you, her words not

mine." Alastor informed him.

"WHAT?!" Sir Pentious shouted whilst reeling back, completely appalled by what he was hearing, "That worthless whore is planning to turn MY TURF into a literal shit hole?!" He asked.

"I believe she already THINKS it's a shit hole, hence why she wants to put toilets here, to make it look the way it's supposed to." Alastor explained.

Feeling his eye twitch out of anger Sir Pentious was about to scream, only to stop as an obvious thought came to mind.

"Wait...why are you telling me this?" He asked with a raised brow, "What possible reason could you have to do anything nice for me? what are you playing at..." He interrogated with narrowed eyes.

"Oh I'm not doing this FOR you, I'm doing it for ME, I just LOVE when all the gangs and crime lords of our fiery home kill each other in displays of genocidal carnage, nearly on par with that of the exterminators, makes for a good show wouldn't you agree?" Alastor answered.

"Okay...that still doesn't explain WHY you are helping me." Sir Pentious pointed out.

"Because there's no fun in a show if you know how it's going to end, if I didn't tell you about this ambush she probably would have killed you before you knew it, and that would have been so boring to see, this way not only will you have a fighting chance but I'll get a better show because of it!" Alastor explained with zest.

Taking a moment to study his face to see if he could spot any deception, admittedly even if Alastor was lying through his teeth there was no way Sir Pentious would have been able to detect it. So assuming he was telling the truth, the dapper reptile turned to his subordinates with his arms raised out to his sides.

"Well you heard the man! that pale skinned slut's going to be coming here to try and get the drop on us! don't just stand around being useless we've got to get ready!" He ordered, causing them all to

lower their weapons, give a quick salute, and then get back to their assigned tasks.

With this information Sir Pentious's focus would go entirely to preparing for this ambush, meaning the radio demon was being completely ignored. Though this didn't seem to bother him in the slightest, in fact as he turned on his heels and began leaving, though neither Sir Pentious or his men had seen it, somehow Alastor's toothy grin managed to get ever so bigger.

"It'd be such a shame if someone were to tell Cherry Bomb about his preparations, a terrible shame indeed~" He said softly to himself, before disappearing into the shadows.

Along Came A Spider

For most people, finding themselves in a life or death situation would place enough stress and panic on them to give them a heart attack. The fear that this could be your final moment breathing is crippling all on it's own, but then as your mind races and you realize all that you will lose and all you've yet to do it only worsens it. Yet for some reason that no one around him could understand at all, Blitzo despite being in this exact situation at this time was just laid back on a couch. With his arms behind his head, his eyes closed, and a smile that oozed both confidence and pride, this fairly lanky imp seemed to be as carefree as any one soul could be.

This however was a stark contrast to his adopted daughter Loona, who while not a frantic mess for the first time in her life was genuinely unsettled, so much so to the point where all she was doing was just staring at the floor with not a thought to be had. The cause of such a state within the young Hell Hound was the talk of Hell, the man in green who was oh so mean, the silent slaughterer who wielded a shotgun, and had also put one of their friends/ coworkers in the hospital. They, or at least Loona, worried that since he nearly killed Moxxie, only to change his murderous intent onto Katie Killjoy, that he might come after them next if he figured out they were also a part of the failed assassination. Now as said this was the first time in her life where Loona was actually unnerved, normally she faced life in general with an attitude and personality that could even make the fiercest of demons piss their pants.

But the sheer aura that mysterious man gave off, it was so blistering and unrelenting, almost as if it were trying by itself to tear apart everything that was around him. So where could these two go if that was such a potential outcome, where in all of Hell could they hope to hide from the man who may be hunting them like game? The answer was both simple yet also incredibly complicated, in short they had "connections" with a fairly high class demon noble, a fellow who resembled an owl by the name of Stolas would welcome them with little to no question, why that was is where the complicated part came in to play. But thankfully one element, Stolas's wife, was not

present at their home at the moment, which was good for many reasons but the biggest was that she would have made Blitzo into a fleshy garbage bag for shit.

This still though left quite a few complications to be dealt with, such as Stolas's daughter who wasn't aware of the most glaring issue with them staying there, which was the fact her dad and Blitzo did the nasty. And thus this was their current situation, Blitzo bafflingly cool as a cucumber, Loona on edge and uncertain of what was happening, the staff of Stolas's manor all just as nervous as she was, Stolas though wise to what was transpiring was fairly calm as well, and his daughter Octavia who was busy keeping track of the news via her phone.

"Any more news dear?" Stolas asked as Octavia looked intently at the device.

"Not really, he was last seen somewhere near the middle of the city, but that was nearly twenty minutes ago, nobody seems to know where he is now..." She answered as she scrolled, slowly but surely becoming just as invested into this guy as all of Hell was.

"Hm, that's strange, you'd think someone like him would have a near impossible time avoiding any attention." He replied.

"I'll keep checking for updates, but if he's managed to avoid anymore detection for this long it's probably because of...well...you know..." She told him as she slowly looked over at the imp.

"I can feel you looking at me you know~" Blitzo mused keeping his eyes closed, now moving one of his legs to rest atop of the other.

"Why are you so calm? HOW are you so calm? the WHOLE reason you came here is because you were worried about this guy coming after you." She pointed out.

"True, but he'd have to be pretty friggin stupid to come here, it's not like we're hiding out in some sleazy two bit motel where hookers get their brains blown out regularly, we're staying with you guys and there's no way he could A. figure out where we are, and B. even if he did he'd have to be insane to try and come here, right Stolas?"

He asked.

"Er...yes...of course Blitzy..." Stolas answered, though due to his pet name for the other he received a questioning look from his daughter, "I-I mean Blitzo." He corrected to avoid suspicion.

"Wait, don't tell me YOU'RE scared of him?" Blitzo asked.

"What? of course not, me scared of lunatic with a shotgun? what do you take me for?" Stolas asked in return, before looking over at his daughter's phone to see a picture of the man "Although, I can't deny that there IS something about him, something that is rather...naturally off putting, even through a picture..." He commented.

"You should've been there in person..." Loona muttered wide eyed as she kept staring at her feet, "It was like nothing I've ever felt before, doubt anyone has, sometimes when you're around someone you just get this natural feeling about them, like they're some stupid shithead or some asshole who's gonna piss you off, but he was...it was like...I...I can't describe it, it was just really not normal at all..." She described as best she could, truly incapable of figuring out the right words to do that horrid feeling justice.

"Aww, don't be so nervous Loony, everything's gonna work out just fine, trust me!" Blitzo exclaimed as he finally opened his eyes, not wanting his fur covered daughter to be so stressed.

If this was any other time in Loona's life she would have been annoyed by his nickname for her, but as strange as it was hearing him say it this time actually did make her feel better. The reason though would quickly worsen her worry, for the reason why it briefly made her feel better was because she feared, truly without question feared, that if things turned out as bad as they could, that may very well be one of if not the last time she heard it.

"I'll ask you one last time, where is the demon known as Stolas?" The voice of Vega repeated itself, to a frightened beaten demon who was being held in the air by his throat.

Just as Lucifer had dreaded back at the hotel, the moment the Slayer began walking around the city streets, using alleyways and backways to keep from sight, eventually he ran into a group of demons who saw him on the news and wanted to pick a fight. But as expected like every other fight the Slayer had ever been in this was over the moment it began, though restraining from murder per his agreements and because these demons were still technically human, he simply incapacitated them instead of spreading them across the ground. However even when showing mercy he was remarkably brutal, the demons totaled in a number of four and each of them was stopped in their own way. The first that charged at him was grabbed by his head and smashed into the nearby building wall, knocking him out but also giving him a severe concussion and some bleeding.

The second and third thought it'd be best to try and take him from both sides, so he responded by grabbing them both by their arms and slamming them over his shoulders into the ground. This on it's own might've kept them still as the pain was immense, but just for good measure he crushed both their knees under his foot to keep them from getting up, then topped it off with swift punches to their faces to knock them out. That left one demon remaining for him to deal with, and at first it seemed as though he wouldn't be an issue, as he was frozen in place by fear which showed due to his trembling form. Sadly like a fool the moment he felt the Slayer's gaze fall onto him he tried to run, only to feel a sharp intense pain in his backside as a hook dug into him, before then pulling him backwards.

Upon reaching the Slayer he would then be grabbed by his neck, ripped painfully off the hook which caused him to scream, but would be silenced as the Slayer tightened his grip.

"I...I TOLD YOU...P-PLEASE...I...I...I DON'T FUCKING KNOW A STOLAS..." He gurgled out.

The moment he said this however his body would tense up in agony, as the Slayer expertly tightened his grip enough to where although he could barely breath, he still could and it was beginning to feel like his neck may snap.

"We know you are lying." Vega revealed as the demon's face began

changing color, "Although I cannot read your thoughts I can take a scan of your body's vitals, your heart rate the first time you said that for a moment began to slow down, indicating that you were beginning to calm down despite the situation you are in, but then elevated once again as the Slayer began applying more pressure, I must warn you this is your last chance to be honest otherwise this will not end well." He explained.

"P-PLEASE...Y-YOU...YOU DON'T...K-KNOW WHAT HIS KIND ARE LIKE!" He exclaimed, gaining a slight bit of breathing room as this was new information, "D-DEMONS LIKE HIM...THEY HAVE PEOPLE...P-PEOPLE EVERYWHERE...A-AND IF YOU...START TALKING...ABOUT ANY OF THEM...THEY'LL FUCKING HAVE YOUR SKIN AS THEIR BATH ROBE!" He explained.

"You either provide the information we need, or the Slayer renders you incapable of breathing without the aid of a machine, those are the only two options you have." Vega told him.

A few brief seconds went by as the demon contemplated which was worse, talking about a fairly well known and well connected noble class, or the roided out fucking lunatic who could clearly break his neck like a stick.

"F...F...FINE!" He shouted out causing the Slayer to drop him, letting him cough and gasp for a few seconds once he hit the ground "He...he...he's near the...fucking rich dick district...you know all those...those pompous fucking assholes...who'll fucking pay to watch you eat your own shit..." He said.

"Directions." Vega replied simply.

"Towards...towards the center of the city...everything outside the center is literal shit...like hot steaming shit...you'll know when you've reached it...when every fucking building is just screaming money..." He explained.

Right as he finally was getting his breathing back to normal, the demon was met with a swift kick to his face, effectively knocking him out like the others and sending him skidding up the alley a fair bit.

"Based on the scans I've conducted of the city, I've charted the quickest route to the general search area, once you begin reaching more populated districts I would advise taking to the rooftops, as even the alleys and side passages will most likely be fairly crowded." Vega told the Slayer, as he turned around and began leaving the alley.

Leaving the four beaten pain riddled demons to reflect on their stupidity, the Slayer felt comfortable enough to be out in the open for the time being, for just as the demon had so beautifully put it they were in what was essentially the slums. In fact, as he began walking down the sidewalk he looked around him to see just how many demons there actually were, only to find every so often a demon lying motionless due to either inebriation, overuse of drugs, or even just as a corpse having been killed by someone else. It would actually be an entire block and a half of just unconscious or dead demons before he'd run into one that wasn't in such a state, and it would actually be literal in that sense.

"Oof!" A voice male sounding in tone let out, just as it's owner collided with him and fell to the ground as he turned the corner.

Looking down at who had bumped into him, the Slayer would see a demon mostly covered in white fur or hair that had spots of pink and red breaking it up around their head. But what was most glaring of a detail was how they were dressed, covering their torso was a white and pink striped suit jacket that went with the bright red gloves they wore on their hands. While their long unusually shaped legs seemed to be adorned with something that resembled boots, though it was possible it was just a part of them. Topping it all off like a cherry on a sundae was the accessories on it's neck, for some reason it wore both a bow and a choker, combine these details with the rest of their appearance along with where they currently were, and it was clear to the Slayer they were likely a prostitute of some kind.

"Hey jerkoff watch where yer going!" He spoke with some kind of accent, potentially Italian from what both he and Vega could guess, "Do you know how much these clothes cost? probably more than your whole fucking life!" He shouted as he looked up to see who had knocked him down.

As he did so two things happened, firstly the Slayer and Vega saw that his eyes were different from each other, as one was normal with a red iris and black pupil, while the other was completely black with just one big red pupil at it's center. Secondly, while this was the last detail they made note of as they looked down at the demon, the demon in question once realizing who he was, reacted in a way that was completely different from his initial outburst, though neither the Slayer or Vega were prepared for it.

"Whoa hey! it's you! the guy who splattered that loud mouth Katie Killjoy on live TV!" He exclaimed, before quickly getting up to his feet and dusting himself off, "All of Hell's talking bout you ya know, in fact my last gig even stopped during the middle of it because it was so shocking!" He admitted.

With his clothes all sorted out the demon then refocused on the Slayer, and unlike every demon that they had met before instead of being afraid or violent, he began walking around him in awe.

"Holy shit! look at your clothes! or is this armor?" He asked as he lightly tapped his shoulder with his fist "Yup, definitely armor, sounds and feels real sturdy too, where'd you get it?" He asked as he went behind him, "Oh and look at this thing! what is it a miniature cannon? that's fucking awesome!" He complimented before slowly moving his gaze downward, "Doesn't hug you too bad either, just saying." He added with a smirk, before walking around back to his front.

Continuing to look over all the cool details of the Slayer's armor and clothes in general, both he and Vega remained silent as they would have never expected a demon to be so friendly like this.

"Wait a second, where's yer guns?" He asked as he looked at his sides and behind him, "I saw you shoot some kind of crazy laser shit and then a shotgun, are you just not carrying them?" He questioned.

Choosing to respond before Vega could the Slayer would surprise both him and the demon, as he summoned the aforementioned shotgun to his hands.

"WHOA!" The demon exclaimed while taking a step back, before a

big toothy grin appeared across his features "Now THAT'S fucking cool! can you just summon guns like some kind of badass magician?" He asked.

Once again responding before Vega could, the Slayer would quickly cycle through his entire arsenal to show it off for the demon, not because he was trying to impress or entertain them, but to try and get across just how dangerous he was. Yet this was completely lost on the demon, for as it went from one shotgun to another, an assault rifle to a chain gun, some futuristic looking gun to that big ass crossbow from the broadcast, and finally ending on the single most badass rocket launcher he'd ever seen, he responded similarly to how a child might when going into a toy store.

"Holy fuck all of those guns are insane! some of'em I've never even seen before! what'd you like make them yourself or something?" He asked in amazement and splendor.

"All of the Slayer's armaments were made to his specifications, all except for the super shotgun which he has had longer than any other." Vega responded this time as the Slayer sent away the rocket launcher.

"The Slayer? you refer to yourself in the third person?" The demon questioned.

"No, I am Vega, I speak on the Slayer's behalf, he is mute and does not communicate verbally, I am speaking to you from his suit, it's one of the many functions it possesses, much like the system that allows him to summon all of the weapons you just saw." Vega explained.

"Man, you just keep getting cooler and cooler the more I learn about ya, and that's saying something as I am not that easily impressed." The demon praised just as another question came to mind, "So what're you doing out here in the slums? figured you be busy signing autographs or eating gift baskets, lot of folks REALLY hated that bitch Killjoy, surprised the whole city didn't just throw you a parade!" He exclaimed.

"I'm afraid that information cannot be shared, it's sensitive and you

despite this interaction are still a complete stranger and potential threat." Vega responded.

"ME a threat? nah, not unless you try to stiff me on my pay, or say that I don't look stunning~" He mused as he ran his hands down his body "As for who I am, name's Angel Dust, I'm sort of a celebrity myself, been in a few films and some other stuff, and believe me when I say that if you're looking for a threatening demon I'm the LEAST psychotic lunatic around here, there are some REAL fucked up people who live in this part of the city." He introduced.

"So you know the locals quite well then?" Vega asked.

"Oh yeah, believe me when I say you'll have a hard time finding anyone who's not as well versed in who's who around here than me, whether it's your run of the mill tough guys, guys who talk a big game but usually have a small dick, guys who try to prove they don't have a small dick but then get kicked in said dick, drug dealers, pimps, gang leaders, point is if you're looking for someone I'm your guy." He answered.

A moment of silence came between them as both Vega and the Slayer had one of their usual silent conversations, debating on whether or not the obvious suggestion would be wise to put forward. But seeing as how he was a local, he clearly knew his way around the city, and he was the first demon who was actually friendly and cooperative with them, this Angel Dust became the first demon of this Hell to be labeled as: "Acceptable Threat".

"Mister Angel Dust, out of curiosity how well do you know the city? in regards to it's streets, notable locations and districts, and the best way to navigate through all of it?" Vega asked.

"Well, while I don't claim to be some walking GPS I do know how to get around, you kinda have to when you're in the middle of screwing and some angry husband or wife barges in and tries to kill ya, gotta know which window to jump out of to get to the fire escape if it's in an apartment, gotta know which alley and sideways street leads where, so I'm pretty good at getting where I need to be as quickly as I can." He explained.

"Do you know where the city's most notable demons live then? those that would fall into the higher class or even upper echelon of Hell's hierarchy, excluding the royal family." Vega continued.

"Oh yeah without question, I can't tell you how many times some rich guy paid me to call him daddy then told me to scram before the missuses or the maids saw me, so I know that part of town like I live there." He replied.

"Then could you guide the Slayer? he has business with a demon named Stolas who lives in that area, and he needs to get there while drawing as little attention as possible, none would be most preferable." Vega explained.

"Seriously? you want ME to guide you?" He asked.

"Is there an issue?" Vega inquired.

"No not at all! just can't believe you'd actually want my help is all, but fuck yeah I'll be glad to show you the way no problem!" He exclaimed as a grin came to his face "However, I don't typically lend my services out for free, if you want me to help ya I'm gonna need some form of compensation~" He mused.

"The Slayer will not be paying you with any form of currency." Vega stated.

"Oh no that's not what I meant." He replied as he walked up beside him, "All I want in return for showing him where he wants to go is for him to show me those guns again, I wasn't kidding when I said they were the coolest fucking things I've ever seen, but I only got to look at them for a second or two, just let me look over the guns as we walk, don't have to give'em to me or anything, and we call it a deal." He explained.

"I see, if that is what it will take then the Slayer agrees." Vega replied.

"Great!" Angel Dust exclaimed before wrapping his arm around the Slayer's, "Just follow me and we'll be there in no time at all, twenty maybe thirty minutes tops." He said as they began to walk.

With their deal struck and their introductions out of the way, the unlikely duo of the Slayer and Angel began their trek to the center of the city, with the former immediately filling the air with chatter and more questions as they went.

(A/N: So, I know octavia has yet to be shown in an episode, and really the only information available regarding her is what is currently written on the wiki as well as one clip from a stream that can be found on youtube, as such when that episode eventually does come out I will make changes to how she is presented and her knowledge of her father's relationship with blitzo if my blind guessing is wrong, other than that hope you enjoyed and until next time, peace)

A Ballet Of Bullets And Bloodshed

"You know, I've never seen one this big before, so large and heavy, and it's so smooth too, it's...honestly the sexiest thing I've ever seen in my life~" Angel Dust swooned with delight, as he with the aid of several new arms he could apparently grow, held close to his body the Slayer's rocket launcher.

The more time the Slayer and Vega spent with this particular demon the more intrigued they were, as he truly acted nothing like any demon nor person they had ever encountered. One minute he was a normal person just chatting away, the next he would laugh and grin as he recounted the tale of some unfortunate soul being murdered in some comical fashion, he would even have brief moments where as he talked about himself he seemed slightly vulnerable, only to then immediately change the subject to avoid going into further detail. But if there was one thing the spider demon loved to do more than any it was FLIRT, nearly every sentence or comment he made about himself, the Slayer, or even the Slayer's guns as he looked them over was drenched in innuendos or just blunt sexual statements. In typical fashion however the Slayer didn't react at all for obvious reasons, though Angel Dust had no way of knowing, so as he continued to say certain things and act in a certain way towards him, he simply assumed the Slayer just wasn't so easy to fluster and seduce.

Yet it would surprise all but himself and Vega that the Slayer was not bothered by such a clear and obvious advance, if anything he actually welcomed the uniqueness of the horny Hellspawn's interaction with him as it was a breath of fresh air. At this point the Slayer had been alive longer than any mortal being in the entirety of all reality, and while there were many memories before he became what he was now, the bulk of his thoughts and emotions were nothing but anger, pain, and even despair. Combine this with the fact that the only people he has had contact with since this began after his own died were the Maykrs and Sentinels, all of whom now revered and praised him as a righteous crusader, having someone treat him no differently than they would anyone else was genuinely

nice. Though admittedly another reason he was enjoying the other's company was due to his appreciation of his weapons, for to the Slayer and Vega's surprise he actually had an eye for deadly armaments.

"How many different rocket launchers have you interacted with previously Angel Dust?" Vega asked, no longer calling him "mister" on his request.

"Eh, I honestly can't recall, you'd be surprised how many different turf wars and just general mass acts of carnage happen here, excluding the exterminations of course, sometimes it gets so fucking crazy you'll be taking cover and a gun LITERALLY falls right into ya lap, sure it's usually got an arm or two still holding on, but they come off pretty easy." Angel Dust answered as he continued to admire the rocket launcher, "Seriously though the craftsmanship on this thing is insane! like I've never seen a rocket launcher look so beautiful before, could frame this thing and stick it on yer wall!" He praised before adorning a quizzical expression "Although, I don't really see where the rockets go, how do you load it?" He asked.

"It doesn't use conventional ammunition, instead it uses energy for it's projectiles, concentrated and ejected at a high velocity it's impact and the resulting devastation are unmatched by any other weapons of similar design." Vega explained.

"Holy shit really?! that sounds fucking awesome! can I see it shoot?" Angel Dust asked with eyes as wide as a puppy's.

"Our agreement was that you would only look and hold the weapons, no firing would occur at any point." Vega reminded.

"But...it's so cool..." He said in a sad tone, trying to use his charm and good looks to persuade them.

Sadly just as all his approaches had been thus far to get a reaction from the Slayer so was this one met with nothing, and as they continued to walk through wetted alleyways he with a defeated sigh would hand it back over.

"Ya know, you're a real tough nut to crack, and I would know

because I have experience in nut cracking in both senses." He remarked as the Slayer made the weapon disappear.

"The Slayer very rarely ever responds himself, having me handle all verbal responses and most of the exchanges which happen from physical altercations, but in the moments where the other party insists on getting a rise or a response from him, then he shall respond in a way that is universally understood." Vega said.

"Which is?" He asked.

"The subduing or complete destruction of said party." Vega answered.

"Huh, yeah that makes sense, given how you splattered that bitch from the news, man I've NEVER seen someone just be made into itsy bitsy little pieces like that before, at least not so fast." He replied.

"The Slayer is quite efficient." Vega stated.

"Even so, what happens when someone doesn't annoy the crap out of ya? you know like if they walk up and try to sell ya something, or if they just want to shake yer hand or take a picture maybe, do you grab'em and crush'em like a soda can?" He asked.

"It has been a very long time since the Slayer has found himself in an environment where that could ever happen, in a time before he and I ever met in fact." Vega admitted.

"I see..." He said slowly as he looked off to the side, before a smirk appeared on his face "So, if I were to say, do something like this~" He mused as he slowly ran one of his hands up the Slayer's left bicep, "He wouldn't feel ANYTHING?" He asked.

"He would feel the sensation yes, but nothing else would come from it." Vega answered.

Whether he saw that as an invitation to challenge or he simply was this abundantly sensual, Angel Dust would respond by stepping in front of him and wrapping his arms around the Slayer. A pair around his neck, a pair around his sides, and a third pair that was dangerously close to where the Slayer's back pockets would be if he

had them.

"Then what about this hmm? surely you're not so stoic and jaded that THIS doesn't get a rise out of you~" He teased seductively while pressing himself against the other.

Before either Vega or the Slayer could respond, or Angel Dust could look passed his visor and into his eyes to see how he was "reacting", all three were jolted from this sudden embrace by an explosion so powerful and so loud, it not only shook the ground beneath them but broke nearly every bit of glass around them.

"HOLY FUCK!" Angel Dust shouted as he let go and took a few steps back, "Where the fuck did that come from?!" He shouted in shock.

"We have a problem." Vega spoke addressing the Slayer only, just as the inside of his visor was filled with information, "That explosion didn't happen elsewhere in the city, meaning for us to have heard it at such a volume and for the resulting shockwave to have this effect we must be close to it's origin, I am currently scanning to see where it could be." He explained.

Whether it was good or bad luck was entirely up for interpretation, for as Vega relayed this to the Slayer the sounds of guns being fired and smaller explosions going off, came from just a few blocks over to their right. Yet as he was about to turn and head towards the unexpected conflict that was breaking out, he was halted as Angel Dust began speaking again, and what he said was surprisingly important.

"Wait!" He exclaimed as he walked back up next to him, "This part of town's mostly controlled by a pal of mine named Cherri Bomb, so if a fight's breaking out then she's probably in the middle of it, hell she may even be the cause!" He informed him.

"While this information certainly is useful, how exactly does it have any bearing on the current situation?" Vega questioned.

"Uh, EVERYTHING OBVIOUSLY!" Angel Dust shouted while putting his hands to his chest, "I'M LIKE HER BEST FRIEND! and I KNOW

for a fact that if YOU go over there you're probably gonna start shooting whoever else is there without caring of who it is, and while normally I'd be down for that as everyone in Hell loves some good carnage every now and then, my point is that I can't have you turning Cherri Bomb into jam like you did Katie Killjoy! you can kill anyone else you want but let me talk to her before you get all trigger happy, I swear I can convince her to stop blowing shit up especially since I know she had to have heard by now who you are, and what you'll do to her if she doesn't knock it off!" He reasoned.

Normally the Slayer would just ignore the words of anyone who tried to convince him to not end an ongoing fight with his unrivaled violence. But the fact was Angel Dust had proven in a short time that he could be trusted to a certain degree, and if there was a possibility he could help lessen the destruction by just talking to one of those involved, then he should at least be given that chance.

"Very well, the Slayer will allow you to try and convince your friend to cease her destruction, however you will only have the one chance to do so, if she ignores you and continues to be a problem then she will be dealt with, are you going to understand and accept this outcome should it happen?" Vega asked.

"It won't come to that, I promise ya, despite her name Cherri Bomb's actually a really chill girl, I just need a few seconds with her and we'll get this ALL sorted out, I promise." Angel Dust responded.

"Hopefully you're right, however it would be best if you described her to us as we make our way to the fight, that way the Slayer doesn't kill her first by accident." Vega said as the Slayer brought forth his assault rifle into his hands.

"Sure thing, but let's do it on the way, more time we spend here shooting the breeze the more they shoot each other, and while she is tough I still don't want her accidentally catching a bullet." Angel Dust said.

Agreeing with a silent nod the Slayer and Angel Dust would begin running from their current alley towards the sounds of combat, with the latter making sure to describe his gal pal in as much detail as he could.

Whether it was due to the populace that inhabited Lucifer's Hell, or the fact that it was literal Hell that they lived in, the citizens of both the city and the circle as a whole rarely ever flinched when large scale violence occurred. And it didn't matter to them either what was used in said conflicts, it could be simple machine and handguns, massive vehicles like tanks or even airships like you'd see in movies and wars, or just some lunatics who had a bundle of grenades and were bored out of their minds, for Hell it was just something that happened in their everyday lives. So even as countless bodies were sent flying in all directions in countless pieces, all from explosions caused by just one person, the only people who batted an eye were the ones responsible for this display of discombobulation. Speaking of, the two head honchos, the masterminds of mayhem, the conductors of chaos that were behind this particular eruption of destruction, were well established gang rivals Sir Pentious and Cherri Bomb.

As for the people who were being blown apart by the latter's explosions, that would be the seemingly never ending soldiers of the sinister snake, who for some reason only known to him were all sentient egg creatures.

"WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU MORONS DOING?!" He yelled at his minions as another batch of them were obliterated, "HOW HARD IS IT FOR YOU TO NOT GROUP TOGETHER AND MAKE IT EASIER FOR HER TO BLOW YOU TO BITS?!" He asked.

"Well sir, the thing is even if we didn't group up together she has those clever cluster bombs of hers, so no matter what we do we'd be dead regardless." One of his underlings replied in a sincere somewhat peppy way.

Responding to this by simply grabbing onto him and breaking him open like an actual egg, Sir Pentious with no remorse or emotion tossed both halves to the side before then clapping his hands together.

"Okay, so, Cherri Bomb is currently blowing apart every square inch of my property that surrounds this warehouse, if you don't kill her in

the next ten minutes before I finish preparing my latest invention, I will cook all of you and have you for dinner, do you understand?" He asked in an eerily calm way.

Exchanging a quick nervous look between themselves his henchman all simply nodded before then rushing out of the building, each armed with a gun of some kind that he had also invented. Letting out a sigh of both relief and frustration, now that he was no longer surrounded by idiots he could continue getting his creation ready, which he knew for a fact would be able to deal with that horrid woman when inevitably his legion of dipshits all died. But even if they did all perish at the hands of the colorful bomber, which was all but a certainty, they were so plentiful and served so well as distractions that they at least had some actual use.

Though from where Cherri Bomb was currently standing and exploding everything around her, it seemed like all they were good for was making her laugh her ass off.

"MAN, I knew snake boy had some stupid henchmen, but this is just ridiculous." She admitted while lazily throwing a bomb of hers up and down in her palm, "I mean seriously, you think they'd all stop running at me, almost like they WANT to die." She added before then chucking that bomb with such power and precision, it managed to take out nearly twenty of them in one blast.

Letting out a hearty laugh as shells and yolks went flying all around her, she continued to unleash bomb after bomb upon the dimwitted dunces that tried to kill her, each one exploding with it's own unique colors and patterns which matched her own "explosive" personality. In the midst of this chaos however two new faces would enter the fray, though because Cherri and the eggs were so focused on each other, they thankfully were able to approach unnoticed.

"Oh, sir Pentious, yeah that makes sense." Angel Dust admitted as he crossed his arms, "And here I was describing how she looked like a dumbass, when she's LITERALLY the only non egg looking thing out here!" He exclaimed with a groan.

"These creatures are not very durable it would seem, most likely due to the odd design choice of making them so close to eggs, however

their numbers are immense and they seem to be coming out of that warehouse without end, so it would be best to not focus on clearing them out entirely but just enough to make a path." Vega explained.

"Yeah, while you go scramble some eggs I'll go talk to Cherri, though if I might make just one suggestion, try to show off how good you are at killing things, if you do that it'll help me out." Angel Dust told him.

Simply nodding in response the Slayer wouldn't allow anymore words to be exchanged between him and Vega, for all he needed to know was where they were coming from and what he had to shoot. Rushing forward into a landscape filled with debris, eggshells, and the still living eggs he got to work quickly announcing his presence. Using the scope that was attached to his rifle he'd shoot exactly one bullet per egg, landing each one with unheard of precision and consistency that made it seem like he was incapable of missing. This in turn caused Angel Dust for a moment to be kept where he was, as he couldn't take his eyes off of how well the Slayer moved and shot his gun, it was like he was watching some kind of ballet with bullets and bloodshed.

But he still had a job to do, and given the sound of explosions going off all around them was still being heard, it was clear that Cherri Bomb had yet to see this display, so the spider demon snapped from his daze and began making his way to her, which wasn't hard as literally everything around her was already dead.

"Yo Cherri!" He called out hoping she'd hear him, which somehow despite the sounds of her bombs detonating was achieved.

"Huh? oh Angel!" She greeted as she turned to see him running towards her, a smile spread between her cheeks as he did, "Come to have some fun too? don't worry, there's still plenty of these suckers waiting to be slaughtered!" She exclaimed.

"Yeah, about that, I kinda sorta need you to well...stop." He told her bluntly once he finally reached her.

"Wait what? why would I stop? I'm having so much fun!" She replied as she once again lazily tossed a bomb up and down in her palm,

"And why of all people would YOU be telling me to stop? you LOVE fighting ol' top hat with me, shooting up his eggs and everything." She pointed out.

"Yeah true, and if this were any other day under any other circumstances I'd just whip out my gun and start shooting, but thing is I've got this new friend of mine and he's well...how should I put this...not too keen on the whole senseless murder thing." He explained.

"Pfft, geez Angel when'd you start hanging out with pussies?" She asked him with a smirk.

The answer to her question would not come from Angel however, instead both would find themselves looking towards the warehouse as a cacophony of screams was suddenly belted out, and once they saw why that was they understood immediately. Normally Sir Pentious's eggs were far too incompetent or blindly loyal to ever be afraid or realize that they were just disposable assistants, but when a massive tank of a man was literally plowing through them with just his shoulders and his fists, even a brainless entity like a rock would be terrified. As for why the Slayer was choosing to be so physical with them as opposed to shooting, it was because for him they were so weak, so pathetic, so hilariously easy to predict and kill, that he didn't think they deserved to be killed by any of his weapons. Now you might think to yourself that mass murder which involves egg people wouldn't be disgusting, least not in the visceral sense of guts and blood flying about everywhere, and in truth you'd be right.

But imagine if you saw one man, just ONE single dude, ramming his way through a literal army of said egg people with seemingly impossible strength and speed, he wasn't getting winded, all of their guns were useless, and all the eggs could do was scream in horror before he reduced them to near nothing. Even for a demon such as Cherri, who relished in chaos and the sheer spectacle of wanton destruction at her hand and her bombs, was brought to a complete stop as she watched this living force of nature unleash itself.

"You know, if THAT'S what you consider to be a pussy, then I might just have to try going straight for once." Angel Dust told her with a smirk, lightly jabbing her in her side with his elbow as he did.

"That's...that's the guy from the news...the one who wasted the anchor..." She muttered in disbelief, just as the Slayer splattered a dozen of the eggs with one swing of his arm.

"Mhm, I happened to bump into him as I was on my way to buy drugs, here are some fun facts, he's called the Slayer, he's got this cool robot dude who talks for him cause he's mute, oh and he's probably the single most unrivaled murder monster Hell's ever seen and you'd better stop blowing shit up or otherwise he's gonna turn on you." Angel Dust explained ending with a warning.

Falling silent as he just continued to absolutely decimate every single egg that was near him, all the while getting ever closer to the warehouse where they were pouring out from, Angel was honestly getting a bit worried as he'd never seen her act like this.

"Um...Cherri?" He spoke with a raised brow "You uh...you doin okay? you're normally not this quiet, or at all for that matter." He said.

Without warning Cherri would actually respond to his question, though she did so by grabbing onto his clothes and pulling him as close to her as he could possibly be.

"I. HAVE. TO MEET HIM." She told him sternly, her one fairly large eye as wide as he had ever seen it.

"Er, what?" Angel Dust responded as he was completely lost.

"LOOK AT HIM ANGEL! HE'S FUCKING SWATTING THEM LIKE FLIES!" She shouted in amazement as she turned her focus back to him "Sure, they're just walking talking chicken crap, but even from here you can see the LITERAL SHOCKWAVES his punches and arms are making when he swings them! he's managing to break so many just because they're NEAR his attacks, he's fucking incredible!" She exclaimed.

"Uh, yeah I guess that's true, but ya know if you wanna meet him you gotta not blow stuff up for a bit." He told her.

"Fine! whatever! I can go a couple days and not blow shit up that's

fine, but you SERIOUSLY HAVE to introduce me to him, he's so fucking cool!" She replied.

"Sounds fair, alright it's a deal." He agreed.

Then it happened, as their deal was made with nothing but their words and trust something truly shocking was seen. From within the warehouse a laser was fired from some unknown device, it came barreling outwards with such force and power it cut through both the building and the ground it struck, creating a burned singed rut that ran the entire beam's length. And while that on it's own was terrifyingly impressive for the fairly small time inventor, whose ambitions were bigger than his hat, what really made Angel and Cherri's jaws drop was that it had hit the Slayer, and from what they could see it had killed him. For when the beam ended after ten straight seconds of firing, they looked for him amidst the scorched earth and found only blackened ash.

"YESSS! I FINALLY DID IT! FUCK YOU CHERRI!" The voice of Sir Pentious cheered aloud as it's owner slowly slithered from the building, "NOW THAT YOU'RE NOTHING BUT THE REMAINS OF AN ASH TRAY, I SIR PENTIOUSSS, SHALL TAKE OVER YOUR TERRITORIES AND BEGIN MY RISE TO POWER!" He shouted as much as he could.

Continuing to slither out into the open until he was a good distance from the building, as the smoke began to clear and he could see just how much damage he had done, he found two figures standing not too far from him that he unfortunately recognized.

"Huh?...wait...WHAT THE HELL?!" He shouted out, as once the smoke cleared a bit more he could see it was Cherri and her slutty friend who was also a porn star, "How in the FUCK are you still alive? and when did you get here?!" He asked.

"He...he's dead..." Angel Dust muttered beneath his breath, truly dumbfounded that anything could have killed him, especially something that this jackass had built.

"What...what did you do?..." Cherri responded with a question, just as shocked as he was that the Slayer was dead.

"Um, excuse me, I ASKED MY QUESTIONS FIRST!" He shouted at them angrily as he placed his hands on his hips, "I KNOW for a fact I hit someone with my weapon, but if it wasn't either of you assholes who did I shoot then?" He questioned.

As if on cue, or perhaps simply waiting for the best time to reappear, from behind Sir Pentious the Slayer though covered head to toe in ash was still alive, and he seemed to be thrusting something towards Sir Pentious's backside. But before they could question as to what this mysterious also ash covered item was, and even before Sir Pentious could realize what was about to happen, they all heard the metallic heavy roaring of a chainsaw engine rev to full power in an instant, followed by said tool going through the snake demon's torso. Immediately his eyes shot open and pain filled his body as the sharpened teeth of the chainsaw began tearing him anew, but due to it having impaled him and the fact that it was slowly being dragged upwards made it impossible for him to scream, and so all he could do was watch in horror and agony as he was slowly split in half from the torso up. With one final pull that was as impressive as it was messy, the Slayer brought the chainsaw up through his head and hat in a swift motion, slinging blood everywhere and sending the now dead demon to the ground, his innards and blood spilling out around him.

Now, Angel and Cherri of course during that entire sequence had their eyes glued to Sir Pentious as he was mercilessly yet efficiently slaughtered, and they kept watching as his limp corpse hit the dirt, but once they caught a glimpse of the Slayer their focus went back to him. The reason as to why was twofold, first off the blood of Sir Pentious having splashed onto the Slayer, combined with his already darkened appearance because of the ash, made him look like the single most badass mother fucker Hell had ever seen. The second, was that while Sir Pentious's weapon hadn't killed or even wounded him, in fact from what they could see it seemed only successful in pissing him off, there was one other major thing it managed to accomplish. The Slayer, long hidden behind the protection of his helmet, now had his face exposed for all of Hell to see.

And from where Angel and Cherri were standing, he looked GOOD.

"Holy fucking shit he's hot!" Both demons unknowingly thought at the same time, as their eyes and minds went to work processing every last feature and detail of his face.

No Turning Back

It's amazing how many things are taken for granted once they happen so less frequently, and for the current inhabitants of the happy hotel, they were realizing that what they had taken for granted was normalcy. The Slayer at this point had been gone for almost two and a half hours, with Lilith having returned a little after the first one had passed by. And while there was still the awkward tension lingering in the air from Katie having returned and been made a resident, to everyone's surprise even after she came out of her room to join them in the lobby, no spiteful or antagonizing words were spoken by her or Charlie's parents. They all just sat around relaxing and recovering from how much had already happened, even managing to strike up a few nice albeit brief conversations with each other.

And while they were all far from being the best of friends, it still was surprising how calm and peaceful things had been. Admittedly however, though none of them except for maybe Charlie would ever say it, while things were more peaceful it was apparent that the Slayer though chaotic had also made their lives immensely more interesting.

"Think he's killed'em yet?" Vagatha asked suddenly, catching everyone even the formerly murder happy Katie by surprise.

"No, if he did we would have heard about it by now, it's one thing for some imp to get his head blown off, but seeing as how a noble is the one harboring him, it'd be the literal talk of the town if his home or even himself were attacked in some way." Katie answered.

"True, though I do hope Stolas isn't a fool and actually tries to put up some kind of resistance to him, if that should happen that'll be the third demon he's killed since he came here." Lucifer said.

"Third? who was the first?" Charlie asked, as she knew Katie was obviously the second.

"A member of my staff, his name escapes me at the moment

because of everything that's happened, but he had to go and run his mouth off like an idiot which then caused said mouth to be blown to bits." He explained.

"Right, that was just before you called us and asked us to come home, it seems so long ago even though it's only been a day..." Lilith recounted.

"A day? oh, right." Katie started to question, only to stop as she remembered what Vega had said about the difference in time passing.

"Um, you okay there?" Vagatha asked having noticed how strange that was.

"Yeah just...it's hard to explain..." She replied while averting eye contact.

Raising a brow as that was incredibly suspicious, before Vagatha could press her anymore someone else would speak up, but who it was no one was expecting.

"Hello, can all of you hear me?" Vega asked as his voice came out of Katie's collar.

"Vega? is that you?" Charlie asked as all eyes fell onto the device.

"Indeed miss Charlie, one of the functions of miss Killjoy's collar is that it serves as a means for me to monitor her, I not only keep track of her location and several other important details regarding her person, but am also here in case she has any questions or perhaps just wants someone to talk to." He explained.

"So wait, you're like ALWAYS watching her then?" Vagatha questioned.

"No, I respect her privacy, when she is inside her room or is using any other private facility, I will only interact with her should she initiate said interaction." He clarified.

"Thanks for that by the way." Katie said genuinely, as it was one less thing she needed to be worried about.

"You're welcome miss Killjoy, however I'm afraid the reason I am speaking to all of you via her collar is because something unexpected has transpired, as a result the Slayer has been forced to return to the hotel and wait to question the imp Blitzo at a later time." He informed them.

"Oh no what happened? how many people did he kill?" Lucifer asked immediately assuming the worst.

"You will be happy to know that the total number of deaths is simply one, not counting all of the mass produced egg like creatures his victim was responsible for." Vega answered.

"Egg like creatures?...wait, did he kill Sir Pentious?" Katie asked.

"Correct." Vega answered simply.

"You know who that is just from the egg creature part?" Vagatha asked.

"Yeah, he's this...or I guess WAS this really weird inventor who thought he could conquer all of Hell with his little gadgets and endless supply of self made eggheads, which is what we decided to call them at the station, since he was constantly in the news due to all the turf wars he got into." She explained.

"Oh right Sir Pentious, he actually sent us a few death threats and promises that one day he'd rule instead of us." Lilith recalled.

"ANYWAY." Charlie said quite loudly as to get things back on track, "Why did the Slayer kill him? did this Sir Pentious try to prove how powerful he was by picking a fight with him?" She questioned.

"Honestly wouldn't put it passed him, he was a class A dipshit." Katie commented.

"Actually no, the Slayer was in the process of acquiring information regarding the location of the demon Stolas and his domicile, this is when we encountered a demon local to the area the investigation was taking place in who offered to guide him, but as we were in transit an explosion occurred suddenly not too far from our current position, and upon investigating it we found two demons, the

deceased and another notable name in the community Cherri Bomb, currently engaged in combat." Vega explained.

"Wait, they were fighting over turf?" Katie asked before frantically looking around the lobby, "Is there a TV in here? we need to turn on the news." She said.

"Allow me." Vega replied as a stream of light came forth from her collar.

Being sent into a stunned state of silence everyone watched in amazement as a projection of the news broadcast was formed in the center of the room, showing yet another amazing feature Katie's collar apparently had to offer.

"Hello ladies and gentlemen, I am Tom Trench sole news anchor for channel six six six news now, and we are coming to you with a breaking news bulletin!" Her gas mask wearing former co anchor announced with zest.

"Great, I'm dead for a couple of days and his ego's already inflating..." Katie muttered to herself, still confusing Vagatha who overheard her.

"Although we are still getting all the details of what exactly happened, it would seem as though an expected turf war broke out yet surprisingly was short lived, this is happening just two days after the last annual extermination so that is nothing abnormal, but what IS strange is several eye witness reports of what took place in this former rundown part of our city." Tom Trench stated before it then cut to a montage of different interviews, all of which had been edited to where only one or two sentences were kept in.

"I swear it was the craziest fucking thing I've ever seen in my life! both before and after I came here, that guy Sir Pentious was trying to take out Cherri Bomb with those retarded eggs of his, but then that guy from the news, the one with the guns and everything showed up, and he fucking DESTROYED everything in his path, was like a fucking bulldozer!"

"Normally I just sleep through all these damn turf wars cause they

happen all the fucking time, but this time I couldn't look away, that big dude from earlier, you know the one that put that skinny bitch in her place? yeah, he just absolutely flattened all those egg things, and then he tanked a fucking laser beam like it was NOTHING!"

"I've seen a lot of crazy shit after all the years I've been here, but seeing some space marine looking dude get hit by a laser, then get up from said laser, and split that fucking snake dude in half with a chainsaw, man, that shit is straight from some action movie or something."

"HE WAS SO FUCKING SEXY!"

"And those are just a few of the people who have come forward who managed to witness this particular skirmish, and while we're still trying to figure out exactly what happened, one thing that is as clear as day is that this mysterious armored man, who continues to fascinate and baffle every soul in Hell, is clearly not just some lunatic playing dress up but is a man on a mission, we will have more details regarding this turf war and hopefully in the coming hours or even days more information regarding this stranger." Tom Trench informed everyone as it cut back to him, before then going to a commercial break.

Having received all the information that was important Vega chose to end the projection, for if they had any more questions he would be fully capable of answering them. However as he expected they were currently trying to process everything they had just been told, for admittedly even by the Slayer's standards it was a lot to take in.

"So...let me see if I have the series of events figured out here or if I'm just crazy..." Lucifer began as he gestured with his right hand as if he were laying it all out, "You and the Slayer were trying to find Stolas, a turf war broke out, he then murdered a bunch of egg people, before getting hit by a laser, and finally he brought the whole thing to an end by cutting Sir Pentious in half with a chainsaw, not some over the top weapon, just an ACTUAL chainsaw..." He listed.

"Yes, that is in fact the series of events simplified." Vega confirmed.

"...I need a drink." Lucifer said plainly before leaving the lobby and

heading to the kitchen, fully intent on grabbing every bottle of booze his daughter had it stocked with.

"When he said laser...does...does he mean an ACTUAL laser, like pew pew and everything?" Charlie asked.

"Indeed, though not deadly or even mildly harmful to the Slayer in any way it was at the very least powerful enough to destroy his helmet, albeit that is the least durable piece of his armor as a whole, but still it managed to break it into several pieces." Vega answered.

"Wait, so he doesn't have his helmet right now? you mean we're ACTUALLY going to see his face?" Vagatha asked, which in turn caused all of their eyes to widen.

"Correct, the Slayer is nearly back to the hotel, in a few moments he'll be coming through the doors, speaking of miss Charlie might I make a request of you?" He asked.

"Oh? you need something from me?" She asked in response.

"The Slayer though not harmed was covered in a great deal of ash and blood, none of which is his own, would it be possible for him to take a shower in one of the hotel's rooms?" He inquired.

"Why doesn't he just go back to his fortress?" Vagatha questioned.

"That is the second part of my request, he would like you to offer temporary residency to two demons that are currently in his company, one is the aforementioned Cherri Bomb from the broadcast, the second is a supposed celebrity among Hell's citizens who goes by the name Angel Dust." He explained.

"ANGEL DUST?!" Both women shouted at once, catching Lilith and Katie by surprise.

Perfect timing seemed to be a reoccurring theme that kept happening throughout this day, for the moment they shouted his name the two front doors were flung open, thankfully with not enough force to damage them, but still enough to where they slammed into the wall to announce an entrance. Yet as all eyes went to the opening they would widen in unison with mouths falling

open, as the sight of the Slayer as they've never seen him before came into view. From head to toe he was as black as a shadow, only small bits of his peach colored skin and his green armor could be discerned, as both were covered in a heavy thick mixture of ash and still fresh blood. But what they were all focused on wasn't how he appeared to have just come from a warzone, what really shocked the four women was his once hidden face that was now on full display.

Starting with it's general appearance his head had a peculiar shape to it, almost cube like in a way, but this was due to the incredibly powerful and strong looking jawline and just general structure of his skull that could be seen. Then there were his cheeks and his forehead which to their surprise were actually quite clear, the only blemishes or damages to them were light scars some of which were very faded, showing just how long he must have had some of them. Sitting on top of his head was hair that was cut very short but not so much it looked shaved, the color it possessed seemed to be a mix of gold and brown, not too dissimilar from wheat. Lastly there was the detail that stuck out the most, the eyes that they had all seen countless times as they had either casually looked at them or stared at them with raw emotion, they had a similar color to them that his hair had, though they leaned a bit more towards golden and were as commanding as the rest of his features were.

All together the Slayer's face did not disappoint from what they had all expected, just from looking at him he instilled this feeling of an immovable object, an unwavering resolve and determination that only furthered the belief that he was a righteous soul who stood alone against all evil. And in truth, they all would have continued to stare at him in shock and amazement that he was without his helmet, if it hadn't been for two other people who came barging in from behind him.

"So THIS is the hotel you were talking bout huh? it's a small Hell after all!" Angel Dust exclaimed as he walked in, immediately seeing Charlie and Vagatha once he was inside "Hey girls, guess who I ran into!" He added as he pointed to the Slayer with his thumb.

"You...you know him Charlie?" Lilith asked as she looked towards her daughter.

"Damn, this place is nice, way better than where I'm currently crashing, I could get used to this~" Cherri mused as she looked around the space with a smirk on her face.

"Remember, neither of you are to cause trouble while you are here, you are guests and any damages caused by you will be met with punishment by the Slayer." Vega warned them, though this time speaking from the Slayer's suit.

"Punish you say?" Angel Dust questioned with a grin, "What kind of punishment we talking about, cause I might just take him up on that~" He teased.

"ANGEL!" Both Charlie and Vagatha shouted in disapproval, as the Slayer was the LAST person he should be flirting with.

"Oh calm down, me and the Slayer here are good pals, he even let me hold his guns!" He responded proudly.

"Excuse me." Vega spoke interrupting them to regain attention, "I don't mean to disrupt your conversation, but miss Charlie you never gave me a response of whether or not the Slayer could use one of the rooms." He told her.

"O-Oh right! yes of course that'll be no problem at all." She replied as she went behind the check in desk and grabbed a key, "it'll be the second room you reach down the hall, the first one's Katie's." She said as she walked over and gave it to the Slayer.

With her permission and a room key in hand the Slayer still silent as ever walked passed all of them and into the hall, disappearing once he turned the corner. However, everyone present didn't say a word or made a single move, not until they heard through the silence the sound of him unlocking the door, opening it, and stepping inside. Still keeping still and quiet for a few seconds afterwards just to make sure he wasn't coming back out, before any of them could say a word Lucifer would appear having returned from the kitchen, his arms filled with anything he could find that might give him a buzz.

"...Did I miss something?" He asked once he arrived, noticing not only the two new faces and the still open doors, but how shocked

and taken aback everyone seemed to be.

It was a rare occurrence whenever a meeting was held in Heaven's domain, for everyone knew of their tasks whether it be regarding their Hells or their own personal lives, so there was never a need to gather and discuss such matters less it was of great importance. But this was something that had never happened in Heaven's history before, a matter so grand in regards to it's impact on all of creation, that not only was more than one meeting being held to talk about it, but from what everyone could gather perhaps even more at later times. For the current talk of both Heaven and Hell, not just Lucifer's circle, was the mortal now a god who had the clear intent to purge all unholy corruption from reality, through might and metal the being known as the Slayer continued to grow in reputation. Yet even with the subject of these meetings being about him he had yet to be summoned to stand before Gabriel, as the purpose of the first meeting was merely to bring the current situation to light, where as this one was meant to go over the findings of his investigation.

And as before where all other angels and holy beings were gathered in audience, the Khan Maykr and her seraphim were the only two who waited to be addressed by the archangel, still showing no signs of nervousness or tension.

"I am pleased to see that all of you are not at each other's throats as you were before, no doubt you settled your arguments and disputes once that meeting had ended." Gabriel spoke as he rested his hands atop of his desk, **"As for why we are gathered again so soon, it is because in my search for answers regarding the revelations of the last meeting, I was met with them near almost immediately not only from the Maykrs themselves, but our creator as well."** He revealed, which caused a small commotion of startled whispers and murmurs to come from the gallery, **"However, I will not be sharing this information with you, instead I shall have the Maykrs themselves state it for the record, in addition to answering new questions that have arisen because of it's discovery."** He explained as he looked down to them **"Khan Maykr, you may begin."** He instructed.

"Thank you Archangel." She responded politely with a slight bow of her head, before turning around to face her fellow Heavenborn, "Now, as you all know the Slayer was once a normal human, though as revealed in our last meeting his soul was remarkably pure, so much so that it greatly resembled ours, while I cannot provide further clarity on that matter specifically, as we ourselves are still actively looking to understand it, I shall go into great detail on how his crusade began, how he came to both the Sentinel people and by relation our kind, and what transpired after this which is where his legend as the Slayer truly began." She explained, before closing her eyes in order to focus.

To begin, the history of the Slayer starts when he was but a normal man, at least that is how he appeared, but as events beyond his control would unfold it would soon be realized that perhaps even in his earliest days, the Slayer was anything but. His people had advanced a fair amount in regards to their technology, now able to reach the other worlds that filled their solar system with relative ease, one of the first being the red giant known as Mars. On both it's surface as well as it's moons an organization known as the UAC, would set to work in not only establishing facilities meant for research and invention, but also experiments that were deemed too dangerous to be conducted around civilian populations. One such experiment would be the tearing of reality itself for the achievement of teleportation, it would allow them to travel from their facilities across the system, to earth, and to undiscovered realities within an instant.

The Slayer, though long before he would be given that name, was but a soldier serving in the division of the UAC that focused on security and military, he was assigned to the facility on the Phobos moon after assaulting his superior, who had given him an order to fire upon unarmed civilians. This is where his crusade against the legions of Doom would begin, not long after his arrival would a portal be opened, and while it was by pure unfortunate accident it was still all that was needed for the demons to be unleashed. All mortals whether they be man or woman were slaughtered near instantly, by the flames of imps who scorched their flesh, by the tusks of Pinkies

who gored them without pause, and by the might of the Barons who led the initial charge with green fire engulfing their hands, it took less than an hour for all life to succumb to them. Except for him, he had been sent away from the facility to patrol it's outer reaches, and upon returning he would be greeted by a horde of imps and possessed soldiers all aiming to end his life, armed with his bare fists and a mere pistol he would begin dispersing them without hesitation, the sole survivor of this tragedy.

Yet as he continued to cull the legion one by one, acquiring more armaments as he progressed, he would soon realize the horror of his situation as the entirety of the moon itself was being pulled into Doom's domain, for their hunger was ravenous and they themselves were never satisfied. This did not falter his advance however, if anything it only stoked the resolve that burned within him, compelling him not only to do all that he could to survive this ordeal, but to get revenge on these horrors and keep them from his world. Of course we know that he would not succeed, as no one before him had ever managed to truly defeat Doom, for even though he had returned to his world and had closed the initial portal, the invasion of his people had begun with one of the countless casualties being the one soul he held closest to him. In an expected display of repulsive spite and aggression, they had taken his loved one and mounted her head on a wooden spike as retaliation for his resistance, and as you all know this would be their greatest error.

A newfound fire burned inside of him after that moment, no longer was it a desire for survival nor the protection of his people that pushed him forward, it was rage. This showed especially in how he fought the demons, before he would simply kill them and be done with it, leaving their damaged corpses behind and pressing forward. But now he would not allow even that much to remain if he had the choice, he would shoot them or with his bare hands rip and tear them apart piece by piece, using each one that dared to fight him as an example to the others of what was to come should they not run when they had the chance. Not as if it would matter though, for even after he crossed the threshold of his world and entered theirs, even after he slayed Doom's greatest powers including the very Icon Of Sin itself, he never tired, never faltered, never feared.

This is when we Maykrs began to notice him, for Doom was our Hell to govern and so as he crossed into it's plane of existence, we watched in amazement as he with nothing but fist and firearm dispelled them from creation. It would not be until he began his approach to what was known as the "Mother Of All Demons" that we would finally lend him aid, though not directly interfering we still inspired by his actions crafted a weapon that might prove useful, one of such great power we dubbed it after our own namesake, the Unmaykr. In the end however even our divine assistance was little needed or used for that matter, for as he reached the foul creature and brought it to it's cursed ground, he stood over it and began pulling and breaking every bit of flesh and bone it possessed, his mind consumed entirely by his rage as all he could say was rip and tear. It is here that we would send the Sentinels to intervene, they would unfortunately be forced to restrain him via chains for the time being as he simply lashed out at anything near him, but after they returned and we treated his wounds, is where he would become the Slayer.

We explained to him who we were, both Maykr and Sentinel, we showed him that we would train him and offer him support against Doom's legions, and so while hesitant at first he accepted our proposition, training began immediately and to no surprise he excelled from the start. The greatest benefit the training had on him was the focusing of his rage and power, before he could be compared to a beast simply destroying all that stood in his way, but with direction and discipline from the Sentinels he soon began showing promise to be the greatest warrior ever trained in their world. This would be when the higher powers that ruled Doom would learn of his location, and began sending demons and even titans to the Sentinel world to try and destroy it with him inside, of course we assisted the Sentinels in defending against these assaults, but even we struggled as it was clear the demons would do all that they could just to kill this one man. At this time the Slayer's training was nearly at it's end, and thus when another titan approached and attacked with an army of demons the capitol city of Taras Nabad, it was he who would be the first to rush into the frontlines with nothing but his fists and armor to defend it.

Yet even with his mind and body now better focused to deal with his

enemies, and his strength even greater because of the training, there would be little he could have done against the titan itself without the proper weaponry. So we gifted him a blade made from our holy energy, a weapon that could only be wielded by souls who were as pure as one could hope, it would only ever show it's blade against those who sought only to bring ruin. And from it's hilt the blade would come forth in never before seen radiance, the heat of it's energy so scorching that as he cut apart the titan's flesh and eventually embedded it into it's chest, it burned it to such a degree some parts began to crumble into ash. This was the first indicator that his soul was unlike any we had ever seen, but after the siege had been repelled we brought him into our inner most sanctum and exposed him to our purification machine.

Unlike those that had entered it before him however the machine did not detect any impurities, not a single one within his soul, and as previously stated when exposed to it's holy energy instead of cleansing him his soul absorbed the energy, as if he was always meant to ascend into something greater. After this moment he could no longer be considered a mortal man, he could no longer be considered a simple crusader, his speed and power were beyond comprehension, and for the first time in all of creation's history he did the one thing that no one else could have ever accomplished. He brought fear to the hearts of Doom, even the darkest most abyssal of souls now grew terrified of him, for it was clear that he was their long awaited punishment, and that he would bring an end to them all. For the next several years he with little aid from us or the Sentinels would go into Hell on his own, always coming back with little wounds to be seen yet covered in blood, a welcome of cheers and praises from both species always at the ready to meet him.

It seemed as though this would finally be the end of Doom as a whole, and the dark lords who oversaw it knew this better than anyone, which is how they came to devise a plan that while not capable of killing him, as that had been realized to be impossible, would still save them from his endless wrath. It began by slowly corrupting three of the Sentinel people, notable figures within it's society known simply as the priests, once their hold on these fools' souls was absolute they commanded they betray the Slayer by closing his portal, effectively stranding him in their circle.

Unfortunately we were preoccupied with matters of Heavenly importance, so by the time we learned from the Sentinels of this treachery, even if we were to open another portal we would not be able to retrieve him. Not that it would have been possible either way, for their scheme as said was not to kill him but to keep him subdued, and so after dropping one of their largest temples on top of him to keep him in place, the most powerful of Doom's arcane users would use the stones that surrounded him to encase him in a sarcophagus.

Inscribed with an immense number of imprisonment and binding runes, wrapped in the sturdiest of iron cast chains, and stowed away in the farthest corner of Doom's circle, for a time the demons had won and we had lost. For countless centuries we would send expeditions into Doom to try and find him, or at the very least learn of any information of his whereabouts to free him, but the demons were clever and made sure that any intrusions by us were met with full force, as to keep us at bay as much as possible. Was this truly to be the Slayer's end, not in battle nor by his will but forever lost and unconscious as Doom's possession, this outcome was what we feared and despised the most. But then it happened, a miracle in the form of a vision granted to us by our creator, though brief it showed another world in another space that was the same as the Slayer's, to the degree that even the UAC were present, it was clear thanks to the guidance of our creator that they in some fashion would be the solution.

So I had my seraphim, Samur, take on the guise of a mortal being via the process of reincarnation, though instead of being born anew in their world we merely crafted him a vessel to inhabit, he was then given the mortal name of Samuel Hayden and inserted among the populace. And although it would take a few more years of work to get him within the organization, and for us to ensure no questions or suspicions fell onto him in regards to his history and origins, eventually he would find himself as it's director and would begin work on finding the Slayer, to which he would prove successful. The first few expeditions conducted under his direction would place him in a section of Doom known as the Ka'Dingr Sanctum, a place where even Doom would make space for it's greatest champions and enemies, it is here that the demons would fight him and his men with never before seen ferocity, showing that something of great

importance was present. And thus everything he could do was given to this one location, countless soldiers and inventions were used to push further into this sanctum, until finally a sarcophagus was found and extracted, our champion was returned to us at last.

From there on the rest of this history played out as you could expect, Samur would free him from his prison and reveal to him his identity, the suit and weapons he had once used to fight the hordes of Doom were upgraded and improved, and with the final addition to his arsenal being an artificial intelligence, modeled after the collective consciousness that is at the heart of our species, he was ready to exact his final revenge. That is the history of the Slayer, all that I could share beyond this are the battles that ensued after he was freed, for the only other moment of significance that occurred was, as you all already know, when he finally brought Doom to it's end, bringing us back to our present time.

Opening her eyes once she was finally finished, the first thing the Khan Maykr saw from her fellow Heavenborn was wonder in their expressions. Even those that had initially protested against the Slayer and their actions were left in a state of amazement, for never before now had any of them heard even a fraction of the full story. But this was not the end of this meeting, and to no surprise as she turned to once again face the great archangel, she saw he was the only among them beside her and Samur, who was not affected by all that she had said.

"Was that to your expectation and liking great angel?" She asked.

"Indeed, I expected no less than an entirely accurate recounting of these facts, you did not disappoint." He replied.

"You humble me." She said with a slight bow of her head.

"However, before this meeting can be brought to an end, as stated before new questions have come to light because of this information, I need you to answer them so my investigation can continue, and perhaps the next meeting which I plan to have later may be our last on this matter." He explained.

"But of course, ask away." She responded.

"I have but only three that need to be answered immediately, certain suspicions and curiosities I have of my own require more information before I present them, the three questions I ask you Khan Maykr are as follows, what is the true end goal of the Slayer, does he truly seek to destroy not only Hell in it's entirety but all corruption in creation? Why was no one including the governing angels of Lucifer's Hell informed that you would intervene and guide him to that circle? and why of all Hell's circles would you choose this one, for although Doom was without dispute the worst of them all, there are still circles present that are far more diabolical than Lucifer's, if anything his is of the more tame and civil, do you not think the Slayer's presence could be more detrimental than beneficial?" He questioned.

"In the order that they were asked, yes, I do believe it is the Slayer's intention to rid creation of all that would be deemed corrupted, however it should be stated for the record that he for the time being is restraining himself, as we are aware of the countless repercussions to a proposed mass cleansing of any more circles would have, we chose not to inform the angels of Lucifer's Hell not out of disrespect or oversight, but because they have always handled the culling of Lucifer's Hell and yet even still it faces overpopulation, we believed by announcing the Slayer's arrival and our assistance they would see it as an insult to their capabilities, and lastly I must inform you great angel that you have already answered your question, it is because Lucifer's Hell is of the more docile that we chose it, for so long our champion has been exposed to endless violence and depraved madness that we believed it would be good for him, it would also help to show him that perhaps some corruption, in this instance the purpose of Hell and it's circles, is needed for the balance and operation of creation in it's entirety to function." She explained.

Following her response a long silence would come over the meeting, so quiet and still that even the lightest of whispers between a few of the angels, were heard as if spoken at full volume. Yet even now as Gabriel considered her answeres neither she nor Samur had their

composure falter, though the latter was now looked at by all present with a newfound curiosity and intrigue. Did one of their own even if they were a Maykr actually live among humans, was his holy soul really within flesh no different than that of a mortal? These were but a few of the questions the gallery of divine beings had fill their thoughts, but after a near ten minutes of contemplation the meeting would resume as the archangel spoke again.

"This will be my final word, after I have shared my thoughts the meeting shall be adjourned and we will wait to reconvene at a later time as before." He began as he looked to the two Maykrs, **"Khan Maykr and Samur Maykr, you and your kind have accomplished more than what could ever be expected of any Heavenborn, and for this you have my commendation and respect, however it has been made clear to me that while you have not broken or violated any of our sacred laws or rules, there has been much you have done either in total secrecy or without bringing it forward to myself or any other higher angel, as such a new investigation must be held into your domain of Urdak, I will require you to make all archived information you have ready for inspection as well as all information kept by the Sentinel people and even the Slayer, should he be in possession of anything not present in yours and theirs, additionally on the matter of the Slayer he will need to be informed of these proceedings, and have it made clear that regardless of personal agenda or emotions he will be in attendance at our next meeting, if not solely to hear what I have to say on this matter and not to answer any questioning, lastly you from this point onward will be required to be transparent and cooperative with the angels of Lucifer's Hell, you have already kept much from them as well as have ignored their position as the governing Heaven of that circle, if you cannot abide by this then you will remove the Slayer immediately or you will face punishment for refusal to comply, is this all understood?"** He told them ending with a question.

"Yes archangel, your words and will are understood completely, we shall obey your ruling though I request some time be given for us to inform the Slayer of these developments, so that he is aware he too will need to be mindful of the other angels." She replied.

"Granted." He said simply followed by the hit of his gavel on the desk, officially bringing this meeting to a close.

Nothing Like A Nice Conversation

"So...you decided that out of every sinful soul in Hell...the best candidate to be the first resident...was a pornstar prostitute..." Lilith summarized in a drawn out fashion, trying her best to understand her daughter's logic behind such a decision.

After Lucifer was brought up to speed of all that has transpired in his brief absence, the conversation then refocused onto the new demons present in the lobby. Though admittedly they were almost entirely focused on Angel Dust, who had been revealed and since explained by Charlie to be the first resident of the hotel, before the insanity of the last two days. Yet even with an explanation put forward her parents and Katie as well, were trying their best to figure out why she would decide to go with someone who, as said by Lilith, was not only a pornstar/prostitute but also had a public friendship with a known gang leader. Speaking of, during this whole period both Angel and Cherri were helping themselves to the items Lucifer brought back from the kitchen, for he had foolishly placed them on the check in desk thus making them fair game.

"I mean...he was the only one who didn't laugh..." Charlie replied though a bit quiet and withdrawn, for while they were happy for anyone to come to the hotel, there was no denying Angel was truly the ONLY demon who even heard them out.

"Yeah, that makes perfect sense." Katie said nonchalantly, earning her glares from Lucifer, Lilith, and Vagatha, "I wasn't trying to make her feel bad I swear, just stating an obvious fact about pretty much everyone down here." She clarified.

"Still, while I understand it would be difficult to find anyone to give the hotel a try, did you really have to settle for him?" Lucifer questioned while looking over at Angel Dust, who was currently being cheered on by Cherri to down an entire serving bottle of booze.

"Well...I did come to you to ask if you could maybe help...but you

laughed too..." Charlie said as her expression changed to one of sadness.

At first Lucifer tried to say something immediately, partly because he wanted to defend himself but also because he didn't mean to upset her. But there was literally nothing he could say after that, for he hadn't just chuckled or chortled when she came to him with her "dream", he straight up fell down in his throne while holding his sides as tears fell down his face, all from one of the biggest bouts of laughter he ever had. And so for a moment an incredibly awkward silence came over the room, Charlie feeling slightly embarrassed and hurt, while Lucifer felt guilty and stupid for not remembering that before he said anything. As for the others, Lilith and Vagatha both also adorned saddened expressions, because they didn't like seeing Charlie upset like this, while Katie just averted her attention elsewhere because she was not about to deal with any family drama.

Thankfully though much to his name Angel intervened, yes it was by coming over already reeking of booze despite it only being a few minutes, but still it was the much needed break that the tension required.

"What's with the sad mopey faces all of a sudden? what did someone die?" He asked with a laugh, before then holding up his several different bottles of alcohol with his arms, "We've got a shit ton of booze, fully loaded kitchen where it came from, and the single sexiest stud that's ever come down here! what more could you ask for?" He inquired.

"Sexiest stud?..." Lucifer repeated as that part made no sense, which caused Lilith to lean over and whisper in his ear to explain it for him "...WHAT?!" He shouted.

"Something wrong there yer majesty?" Angel Dust asked while popping the cap off one of the bottles, a knowing grin present on his features all the while.

"I...how...WHAT IN THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?!" Lucifer shouted even louder after a slight stutter, before then pointing towards the ground floor rooms, "HOW MUCH OF AN IGNORANT

ASSHOLE DO YOU HAVE TO BE TO TRY AND SEDUCE **HIM** OF ALL PEOPLE?!" He questioned.

"Hmm...let's see...he's got arms the size of pythons, he's as powerful as a tank on steroids, as fast as a cheetah on speed, has a stare that could cut diamonds, has big FUCKING guns...and...shit...I know I'm forgetting something..." Angel listed while tapping his chin.

"HE'S GOT AN ASS THAT YOU CAN BOUNCE QUARTERS OFF OF!" Cherri shouted from the check in desk, which wasn't at all necessary because it was just a few feet away.

"Oh right yeah, he's got an AMAZING ass, the kind you just wanna dig yer nails into as he's fucking your brains out." Angel said with a big toothy smile.

Hearing such a thing be said about the Slayer of all people elicited a myriad of reactions. Lucifer for starters had widened eyes and a pale expression, which was incredibly impressive given he was already white as a sheet. Lilith much like her husband and the others too also had widened eyes, though she was not nearly as taken aback for while yes, this WAS the Slayer, there was no denying that if he wasn't a murder focused man of questionable mental stability, he would be considered quite the catch. As for Charlie and Vagatha their reactions went hand in hand with each other, for while Charlie's was embarrassment and Vagatha's pure rage, they both stemmed from the fact that Angel was only making things worse.

Then you had Katie, who while unnoticed by nearly all of them as their focus was on Angel and his them, had been observed by Cherri who had a perfect view of all of them. And she managed to catch that for a brief moment when Angel said what he did, she seemed to be slightly intrigued as he made it sound like he "knew" how the Slayer's ass felt, though quickly did away with it to avoid being seen.

"Are...you...out of your MIND?!" Vagatha shouted this time, stepping in as Lucifer's replacement as he was frozen stiff with shock.

"Oh great, now you got your panties in a twist? good thing I got the hard stuff..." Angel said to himself before taking in a fairly large gulp of the open bottle.

"I mean, I know you are one of if not THE biggest slut in all of Hell, but could you SERIOUSLY NOT just keep your burning testicles under control ONCE? ESPECIALLY when it's the ONE GUY you should be terrified of?!" She questioned.

Deciding to piss her off even more as it was one of his favorite things to do, Angel responded by placing the bottle against his mouth and chugging it slowly. This in turn gave him the reaction he was hoping for, complete with crossed arms, a rapidly tapping foot, and a glare that while certainly angry, looked like a baby's in comparison to the Slayer's. And whether it was simply due to his expertise in the field of sucking, or perhaps he was just that good at draining a bottle of it's contents, within seconds it was empty and with a final smack of his lips to savor the flavor, he looked back to her and said:

"Come on, you just wanna fuck him too don't you?"

Screaming like a banshee while summoning her spear, the anger flooded Latina tried to pounce him, only to be held back by Charlie via her arms around her waist.

"¡MALDITO ESTÚPIDO BASTARDO! JURO POR DIOS QUE TE MATARÉ Y CONVERTIRÉ TU CULO LLENO DE STD DE ADENTRO HACIA AFUERA Y LO CONVERTIRÉ EN UN MALDITO SOMBRERO PARA QUE TE ENTIERREN!" She practically screamed out in Spanish, causing him to raise a brow.

"You know, when you decide to go all Mexican on me you lose all ground to be hurtful, cause I can't understand a fucking thing yer saying." He told her.

"ME ENTENDERÁS PERFECTAMENTE BIEN MIENTRAS TE DESPELLEJO VIVO Y TE CONVIERTA EN UN TAPETE DE BIENVENIDA PARA QUE LA GENTE LES LIMPIE LOS ZAPATOS!" She continued to respond in Spanish, far too hate filled to care about not being understood.

Watching in genuine amazement and entertainment at this scene before them, Cherri and Katie were the only two people left who weren't in some kind of emotional distress. Apart from Lilith of

course, who while fine was trying to bring her husband back to his senses as he was still unresponsive. But then they all heard it, and similarly to children who know they are misbehaving they all fell quiet, as the sound of heavy footsteps could just barely be heard through all the noise. Looking immediately to the hallway as Charlie released a now calm Vagatha, they saw the sight of a freshly cleaned Slayer emerge, even his armor was miraculously spotless.

Though for Lucifer he had a newfound feeling of surprise replace the old one, for he though informed of what had happened as he was in the kitchen, hadn't been shared the detail that the Slayer was without his helmet. And as he studied his face, every scar and detail that could be seen, he found the unexpected emotion that was confusion take hold in his mind.

"He...honestly looks so normal..." He thought as the Slayer came closer to them *"I mean, I wasn't expecting him to have skin missing or his face to be horrifically mutilated, but still if he wasn't who he was and I just saw him walking down the street, he wouldn't really stick out all that much."* He realized.

"Did something happen?" The voice of Vega spoke once the Slayer was in the center of the room, his eyes slowly looking between everyone as if studying them.

"Uh...we were just um...catching everyone up to speed is all..." Charlie said awkwardly, unable to keep from looking at both Vagatha and Angel Dust as she did.

"Man, you clean up real nice, even your suit's all shiny and shit, you're just full of surprises huh?" Cherri asked as she walked over.

"The Slayer is very mindful of the condition of his gear whether it be his weapons or his armor, however there is still the matter of his helmet being destroyed, this will require him to return to his fortress in order to get a replacement." Vega explained.

"Whoa whoa whoa wait, you've got a freaking fortress?!" Angel asked.

"Correct, it is referred to as the fortress of Doom, appropriately

named as it was given to the Slayer when he began his second offensive against the denizens of Doom." Vega answered.

"Denizens of Doom? is that some dorky way of saying something else or is there a legit place called Doom?" Cherri asked jokingly.

However, as another wave of silence came over the room from that question, both she and Angel realized that there was even MORE that they didn't know.

"Wait, I was right? there's an ACTUAL place called Doom? like no shitting that's a real thing?" She asked seriously this time, astounded that she was right.

"I see you have yet to inform them of the full scope of our situation." Vega said as the Slayer looked towards Lucifer, so that way he would know he was the one being addressed.

"Well of course we haven't, in fact I think it would be best if we waited before reciting your entire history as well as revealing that there's more than one Hell, plus there's those two imps from the station who have yet to take residency here, what do you want us to tell these two about you then do a repeat performance when they arrive?" He questioned.

"There's more than one Hell?" Angel and Cherri asked in unison this time, as more and more surprising yet interesting things kept being said.

"That is a good point, if you would like I could arrange a documentary covering all of the necessary information, then when the Slayer returns you, your wife, and miss Charlie can watch it to see if it is appropriate." Vega offered.

"You would do that?" Lucifer asked, a small bit surprised from how considerate that suggestion was.

"Of course, we are working together and you have already done a great deal to show us you can be trusted, it's only appropriate if we begin returning the favor." Vega answered, just as a large blue portal suddenly opened behind the Slayer, "However with this in

mind it will take a considerable amount of time before we will return, it might not be until tomorrow as I will have to go through all of our archives, and make reasonable assumptions of what you would want to be shared publicly, but be assured that when we return we will have the first version of the documentary ready for your viewing." He explained, the Slayer once he was finished then turning around and walking through the portal.

Dispersing immediately once he was through for a third time silence would come over this colorful assorted lot, as no one really knew how to respond or continue the conversation after that.

"...Hey." Cherri whispered to Angel, causing him to lean in closer so he could hear her, "I think that skinny bitch has got the hots for him." She said, even though she had literally nothing to actually support that claim.

Different people react to stress differently, which is typically something that needs not to be said as everyone by default is an amalgamation of unique traits. But when the difference in reaction is so severe it does need to be pointed out. Such as how when Katie Killjoy found herself in an empty infinite void, she was confused, she was terrified, and very quickly she was suffering as unspeakable horrors came from the abyss. But then you had Sir Pentious's way of dealing with stress, which was as simply as can be described, to throw a temper tantrum about how bullshit it was.

"THIS IS FUCKING OUTRAGEOUS!" He shouted into the nothingness, not even an echo present to come back to him, "I AM SIR FUCKING GODDAMN PENTIOUS! DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM YOU COSTUMED CRETIN?! I BET I HAVE MORE EYES ON MY BODY THAN YOU HAVE IN BRAINCELLS!" He insulted.

Now if you're thinking that this is just only now happening, and that it has only gone on for a few minutes, well, you'd be wrong. For while in Lucifer's Hell it had only been about twenty-thirty minutes give or take, in the universe in which the Slayer currently resided and by relation the soul harvester as well, a full day had gone by. And during that entire time Sir Pentious had done nothing but curse and

threaten the Slayer, sure at first he was confused and uncertain of what happened or where he was, but he just assumed the Slayer had knocked him out and was now keeping him in some weird ass prison. The thing is though, when you think you're all alone you act differently than you would when people are around, if anything when confronted your true colors show, and this was something that Sir Pentious was about to face.

"I SWEAR WHEN I SEE YOU FIRST I'M GOING TO STRANGLE YOU! THEN I'M GOING TO WRAP MY TAIL AROUND YOU AND TOSS YOU AROUND LIKE OLD LAUNDRY! THEN I-

"Enough." A sudden voice spoke to interrupt him, it's tone and quality coming across as very bassy, and while seeming to speak at a quiet volume somehow came from all directions.

"Oh? FINALLY caring enough to give me the time of day are you? about FUCKING TIME ASSHOLE!" Sir Pentious responded as he crossed his arms, "Do you know how long I've been just floating here doing nothing? really I'm asking you because I sure as shit have no fucking clue, what kind of cell is this anyway? something for you to hide away in when you pick fights with people you DON'T sneak up on?" He asked.

"He is arrogant, ignorant, and impudent, good." The voice described, causing him to adorn a look of shock.

"How DARE YOU! I'll gladly accept arrogant because I AM amazing, but if there is one thing I am not it is ignorant! and as for impudent why the FUCK would I care about showing YOU any respect? you're nothing but a scared little chicken who had to strike me from behind in order to beat me!" He countered.

"We need not waste more than a lost one on him, that will be enough." The voice spoke one final time, before going silent.

"Lost one? what the Hell are you going on about? will you answer my questions already? and will you let me out of this stupid dark room bullshit?!" He asked.

As if to appease him in the slightest way possible, a face would

slowly begin emerging from the darkness that surrounded him a fair distance away. And while at first he assumed it was his captor finally revealing himself, he would be left at a loss for words as the face was actually a horned skull, one that with a mouth full of fangs and fire would fly towards him while releasing a deafening screech.

Plans In Motion

You would think that if you were in a fortress, that hovered above the planet earth, and looked like it came from some hybrid scifi fantasy novel, that the atmosphere would be magical and stupendous. Yet as the Slayer's heavy footsteps echoed throughout the entire structure, with only light hums and whirs happening all around him, the atmosphere was more akin to a slasher movie. But the truth was the Slayer liked it this way, silent, his life for so long had been nothing but gunfire and unprecedented mutilation, so this absence from almost any sound at all was soothing. Though even he in his stoic unexpressive ways had to admit that it felt a bit more empty now, he was spending so much time around beings who actually spoke and had personality, and weren't just hissing and growling while trying to murder him.

And to be honest he was slowly, VERY slowly, beginning to enjoy his time in this new setting, having to not be so on edge all the time with a finger ready to pull a trigger, it had been far too long since he knew what that was like. Sadly he still needed to keep his guard up, while Lucifer, his family, and most of the other demons he has met have been very approachable, there was still the rest of his Hell's populace who needed to be sorted through. Which was exactly what he planned to do whilst Vega worked on the documentary, to go and see the latest prisoner they had in the soul harvester of the Ripatorium. Admittedly however he actually wasn't on guard with this particular demon, where as Katie before appeared to be just as horrible as any other demon in Lucifer's Hell, it was clear she had the savvy and wit to back it up for the most part.

But this Sir Pentious was a different story, he was obviously intelligent enough to invent things, but was far too ambitious and egomaniacal to utilize that to its full benefit. This is why as he approached the cell he would summon the demon into, he fully expected to be met with a bombardment of insults and potential slurs, as that just seemed to be what he was all about for the most part. Yet as the snake demon's soul slowly manifested in the center of the space, he was surprised to find him remarkably composed.

"Oh, there you are." Sir Pentious greeted while straightening the bow on his suit, "Took you long enough, after you cut me in half with a chainsaw, least you could do is introduce yourself." He told him before taking a slight bow "I am Sir Pentious, inventor extraordinaire and inevitable true ruler of Hell in it's entirety." He introduced before straightening himself.

Though it was normal for the Slayer to be silent and unresponsive, Sir Pentious of course had no way of knowing this. So as the seconds turned into minutes with no more words being spoken, yet the Slayer stared at him with an impossible to read expression, he had to make assumptions of what was happening.

"...Ah, I understand, you need me to speak more slowly so you can process the strange noises coming from my mouth." He concluded before clearing his throat "Alright, here I go, ahem, BIG. STUPID. MONKEY. WHERE. AM. I. HOW. DID. I. GET. HERE. DO. YOU. UNDERSTAND. ME. NOW." He said slowly and loudly in the most condescending way possible.

Well, it worked, the Slayer this time would respond to him, though it would be in the form of actions, VERY aggressive actions instead of words. Within the total span of five seconds the door to the cell would retract, the Slayer would suddenly be upon Sir Pentious, and with an immensely tight grip he slammed him into the ground. Now if Sir Pentious were still "alive" the Slayer would have to restrain himself, otherwise he'd break his neck near instantly. But given that what he held onto was nothing but his soul, this meant that if the Slayer wanted to be as "responsive" as the other wanted, then he could with barely any drawbacks.

Thankfully even with his ego, which was nearly the same size as Hell itself, Sir Pentious could finally realize that he might have in the slightest of ways, fucked up. And so as the Slayer stared down at him, a now perfectly readable expression of anger seen on his face, the dapper reptile would take the next few moments to gather himself before daring to speak again.

"So...I might've been a bit too rude, even for my standards, I apologize." He said immediately, "But even so I still would like some kind of explanation, I've never seen anything like this even in my

own inventing, the walls seem made of stone yet there's all this high grade technology strewn together with it, it's all so fascinating." He complimented, hoping to get on his good side.

Just as before several minutes would pass before anything happened, as the Slayer seemed to be assessing what was the best course of action. Inevitably he found this demon wasn't ready to be given the option of a second chance. For even as he looked into his eyes and his shit eating smile, he could tell that the gears of his mind were turning trying to think of what he could do. So in the most dismissive way he could the Slayer released him from his grasp, turned on his heels, and walked out of the cell with the door closing immediately once he was across the threshold.

And at first he thought he'd hear Sir Pentious beg him to stay, to give him another chance to be civil and far less of a horrid person. But as he gave one quick glance over his shoulder to see what the other was doing, he found him simply sitting on the floor not even bothering to stand back up. To most this might seem weird, given how inflated his estimation of his self worth was, but after how badly Katie's experience was the Slayer saw it as him coming to terms with reality. Yet once he walked away and Sir Pentious would be sent back to the harvester, once returned full to that dark place he would begin convulsing and screaming in intense pain.

"You failed." That same deep voice from before spoke to him, the Lost Soul currently attached to his own like a parasite, carrying out the will of it's master by torturing him.

"I...I'm sorry..." He began to fake an apology, only to gurgle and gasp as the pain worsened.

"You fail us, then feign sincerity, do you take us for fools?" It questioned.

"P-Please...have...have..." He tried his best to beg, only to yell out more as his suffering increased.

"Mercy is not given, nor is it earned, you will receive your mercy when your usefulness is fulfilled, however it seems that you are in need of a greater incentive to not fail us again." It

determined.

Unsure as to what the voice meant by this statement, Sir Pentious would not need to wait to understand. As if one Lost Soul acting on it's master's command was not bad enough, another appeared in the darkness its eyes already locked to his. And if there was anything more horrid that having one of these creatures inside of your soul, intertwining both together so it's hold could be absolute, it would be another. Sadly as before he could do nothing but watch in dismay as it flew towards him while shrieking, exploding upon impact in which it's soul would seamlessly infest his own.

"Come on just tell us a LITTLE bit!" Cherri begged as she and Angel Dust hounded Lucifer.

With the Slayer gone though this time for almost an entire day, everyone decided the best thing to do would be to act like he didn't exist and focus on what needed to be done. For Charlie and Vagatha this meant making sure the hotel was as good as it could be, thankfully the construction workers finished their jobs with no issues at all, so all that was left to do was make sure they were well stocked for guests. Lilith and Katie, though still having a great deal of bad blood between them, agreed that even if they weren't going to suddenly be besties, they still needed to work together as the hotel's official PR team, for they were clearly the best ones present for such a job. Then there was Lucifer, and while he did have just as important of a job as everyone else did, unfortunately someone HAD to keep an eye on Angel and Cherri, to make sure they wouldn't do something absurdly detrimental to the hotel in any capacity.

And out of all the jobs that needed to be done at this time Lucifer's was the most flexible, for while his daughter and her girlfriend went about the hotel, his wife and Katie got back to work on the PR, he had to go run damage control. This entailed specifically checking in with the imps at the hospital to see if they were ready to move in, and if they could perhaps speak with their employer and have him come to the hotel willingly. Then he would need to speak with Tom Trench about everything and besides clearing up matters involving Katie and the Slayer, see if it would be possible if he could provide

coverage of the hotel, without trying to look into certain things too deeply. But then there was the last one, and of the three things he had to check in on it was the third that gave him a headache, for he had to speak with that cherry colored psychopath to try and see what game he was REALLY playing at.

Of course with so many places to be and people to speak to, he would be taking his family's limousine to travel in style and comfort, as well as have the space needed if the imps wanted to come back with him. This also was admittedly one of the more condemning reasons of why the crime crazed duo were best with him, for they could just laze about in a limo and take advantage of it's luxuries. Yet to his surprise he found they didn't care too much about said luxuries, sure they helped themselves to the well stocked liquor selection, but they were mostly focused on trying to get answers out of him regarding the Slayer.

"For the last time, you're going to have to wait to learn about him, if I share so much as one detail with you then you won't shut up and leave it be, and I have enough things I need to be concerned about, I don't need to add you two lunatics to the list." Lucifer told them.

"But that's not fair! you clearly know more than you're letting on and yet you have the audacity to hold out on us." Angel protested.

"...Fine, you know what? I'll tell you everything you want to know, but before that you have to look at me straight faced and each tell me without stuttering or messing up, that you want to know more about the Slayer purely to have context on the situation, and not because you wish to pin him to a bed and break his pelvis." Lucifer replied.

Going wide eyed for a moment at such a condition, Cherri and Angel would look at each other as if telepathically conversing on the matter, before then returning their focus to him. Clearing their throats, straightening their backs, and even going so far as to set down the bottles and drinks they had in their hands, the two demons stared into his eyes and prepared to speak. Only to succumb immediately to laughter, which would cause them to fall onto their backs on the seats, and give Lucifer a rather unamused expression on his face.

"Oh...oh man...we couldn't even get one word out..." Angel said between chuckles as Cherri sat up.

"Yeah...still that's a pretty shitty condition, since you KNOW we want to fuck him." She told Lucifer.

"Which I still do not understand at all, like I get it I can see his base level appeal, big strong arms and a strong looking face, but you two have seen what he's like in a fight correct? how he fights not like a man or even a warrior at all, but like a beast with an insatiable hunger tearing apart all manner of flesh and steel that stands before him." Lucifer described.

"Oh yeah, just imagine how that would be in the bedroom." Angel suggested as he lightly poked Cherri with his elbow, before both then bursted into laughter again.

Pinching the bridge of his nose and squinting his eyes as tightly as he could, Lucifer at the very back of his mind wondered if maybe, just maybe, things might've been easier if the Slayer had just come to kill them all.

"Sir, we're here." The limo driver called back to his employer, managing to bring a smile to his face.

"Oh thank god, I might actually talk to civilized people." He breathed in a sigh while opening his door, "Both of you stay here and get plastered or something, do NOT leave the limo." He told them.

"Okay daddy~" Both demons replied in a childish way, earning a response in the form of the door being slammed shut as he stepped out.

Continuing to laugh at how easy it was to mess with the king of Hell, Lucifer on the other hand made sure to compose himself before going into the hospital. And even though he expected everyone inside to treat him with respect, as he was royalty and could crush them in an instance if he so desired, he was still surprised by just how nice everyone was acting. Nobody was screaming or cursing at someone else, people weren't trying to kill or maim each other even when inside of a hospital, and the environment itself was remarkably

spotless. Now of course all of those things, especially the last one, shouldn't be surprises but expectations from any hospital, but this was still Hell and yet if everyone didn't look like demons, he might've assumed he accidentally went to the mortal realm.

"What is going on? why is everyone being so professional and mindful of each other? this is like Beelzebub's Hell..." He thought to himself, briefly thinking about the other circles and whether or not they were aware yet of what was happening.

"Excuse me? your majesty?" The voice of one of the hospital receptionists spoke, as he had just been standing there looking around for a few minutes.

"Hm? oh yes, apologies, I didn't mean to keep you waiting, I just couldn't help but notice how...nice, everything seemed to be..." He commented as he stepped a bit closer.

"Oh yes well, to tell you the truth it's because of that guy from the news, he came in here earlier followed by the queen actually, they wanted to see a couple of imps and well, ever since then things have kinda cleaned themselves up on their own." She explained.

"Ah, right, him." He replied simply, as he had genuinely forgotten that the Slayer had been here earlier, "Speaking of those imps, I'm actually here to see them myself, though perhaps you could keep me from doing so, by telling me if whether or not the one staying here is ready to leave yet?" He asked.

"Actually your highness as a matter of fact they already left." She revealed.

"Wait what, why? or rather how? wasn't the one in a near full body cast?" He questioned.

"Mhm, but before your wife left she had his treatment placed atop the list of priorities, spared no expense on his recovery and medicine as well, it was honestly very nice of her." She explained.

"...Yes, that is awfully nice of her..." He agreed, though a fair bit suspicious now of why she'd be so generous to people who nearly

killed their daughter.

"Is there anything else I could help you with?" She asked.

"Hm? oh, well, the only way you could help me now is if you know where they might've gone? or if on record they provided you with an address or something, it's very important I speak with them." He answered, hoping to convey it's urgency without needing to share too much.

"It's funny you mention that sir, at first we offered to call them a cab or something to take them home, for like you said we have their address on file, but they insisted that while a cab be called that they tell the driver where they wanted to go, though I think I might know where they're going." She replied.

"Oh? how so?" He asked.

However, instead of immediately responding the receptionist took a quick look around to make sure no one else could hear her, before she then leaned in close to whisper it to him.

"So...please don't be angry with me your majesty." She began as quietly as she could, giving one more quick glance around themselves before continuing, "Before that man, the one in the green suit came in earlier, well, I kinda sorta always listened in on patients talking, but like everyone else after he showed up I haven't been doing it, and I promise I won't anymore either." She swore.

"Don't worry, I understand, sometimes you just like to know what people are up to, believe me there are FAR worse things you could be doing in a hospital." He whispered back with a genuine smile, which helped her to relax and not feel as bad.

"Thank you sir, that honestly means a lot coming from you, but still even though I wasn't trying to as I was getting their paperwork all sorted out, I couldn't help but overhear how they were going to the fancy part of town, where all the noble and really powerful demon lords live? and I'm pretty sure I heard the name Stolas be used, but I don't really know who that is, sorry." She apologized.

"Don't worry, I know practically every noble demon in Hell, I'll be able to find him and them with no issue at all, thank you for your help nurse." He assured her before walking away.

"You're welcome, and have a good day your highness!" She exclaimed as he left, before turning her attention back to her work.

"Hmph, the Slayer actually having a positive effect on demons, truly I've seen everything in my life now." He thought to himself with a small surprised smile, as he reached his limo and opened the door.

Stepping inside and sitting down in his seat, as he pulled the door closed and was about to tell his driver where to go, he was stopped at the immediate sight that met his vision. Though thankfully nothing absurdly crass or disgusting was waiting for him, it still was shocking to find Angel Dust and Cherri Bomb playing spin the bottle with each other, especially since one of them was a raging homosexual.

"What are you two doing?" He asked with a raised brow, more confused than curious or even appalled.

"Playing spin the bottle, what you never seen it before?" Angel asked.

"Of course I've seen it, but why are you two playing, there's only two players and one of you is clearly gay." He pointed out.

"Pfft, we're not playing to try and make out with each other, we're playing to see who get's top and who get's bottom on the Slayer first." Cherri clarified.

Upon hearing that two things happened, first Lucifer's eyes would widen and his hand would instinctively roll down his door's window, and then his other hand would immediately grab onto the bottle before it stopped and threw it onto the sidewalk.

"Hey! it hadn't stopped spinning yet!" Angel exclaimed as Lucifer brought the window back up.

"My limo, my booze, my bottle, so deal with it and shut the fuck up." He told them bluntly before then speaking to his chauffer, "Take us to the nobles' district, Stolas specifically." He instructed.

"You know, for the king of a place filled to the brim with people who are horrible but also horny, you're pretty vanilla." Cherri commented as the limo began moving.

"You two could tackle fifty people and fuck for days on end for all I care, but while I am in your company you WILL refrain from any more mentions of your disgusting perverse fantasies, that involve either of you or perhaps both at the same time trying to sexualize the single most terrifying man in existence." He told them.

"Man, the Slayer sure is under your skin pretty bad huh?" Angel asked.

"Trust me, when you see that documentary you'll be right there beside me." Lucifer promised.

If any other mortal race in all of creation were to be blessed by the presence of an Archangel, they would all fall to their knees and bow at its holy radiance. But the mortals who lined the halls that the great angel Gabriel currently traversed were not normal, they were the Sentinel people and out of all mortal races even those in direct contact with the Heavens, they were certainly the most familiar. And it was for a number of reasons of why the Maykrs had come to trust this particular species so much, their training was borderline inhumane but for them it made them disciplined and focused. Their code of conduct regarding honor through combat and worth through might was impressive to say the least, for they were not just barbarians screaming and shouting like apes, but were all knights and gladiators willing to endure any pain to prove themselves.

But perhaps the most impressive thing about the Sentinels, more than their training, more than their beliefs and philosophies, was how even in the face of beings such as Heavenborn or the former denizens of Doom, they did not buckle nor did they falter, they stood firm as if they were certain they had the right. Though it mattered not to Gabriel if they bowed or stood, to be honest it was refreshing to see mortals not so quick to grovel and praise him. The reason why he instead of a Maykr was currently in their world was to receive all archived information they had, as it was necessary for his

investigation, but in order to obtain it he would need to speak to the current king of the Sentinels.

Or rather the king that was bound to it's throne, as in truth the still living king of the Sentinels was actually the Slayer, though he was not there obviously and thus all matters regarding politics and their civilization, fell onto the immortal soul of King Novik. Continuing to hover through halls where each sentinel stood at attention in respect to him, he would come to a rather spacious throne room in which the seat appeared empty, but he knew for certain it was not.

"Thank you for seeing me King Novik." Gabriel spoke to begin their conversation, **"I much like all other Heavenborn have only heard of your kind, seeing them in person as well as your feats of architecture and invention, are quite impressive by mortal standards."** He complimented.

"Hearing such things from a figure of your status is humbling." The King's voice first spoke, before his soul then manifested within the throne, "But it is not needed I assure you, we know why you are here and what it is you seek, and we have prepared it for you before your arrival." He said.

In response to his words a Sentinel that stood guard within the room came forward and knelt before Gabriel, presenting him a fairly large tome with pages that were slightly yellow, telling him how old it must be.

"This is one of many copies of our history, one of the first in fact, though be certain it has all information that would serve you well, every detail of our people, our first meeting with the Maykrs, our first battles against Hell's legions, and our first encounter with the Slayer, are all chronicled in it's pages." King Novik promised.

Taking a moment to carefully open it and look through its contents, true to the king's word the amount of detail present was genuinely shocking. But it was not only words that filled these pages, incredibly detailed pictures of significant events were also present, and in combination with the writing it painted a clear and easily understood picture of their history.

"I must say, this is certainly a well kept record, once again your kind exceeds my expected standards of mortal life." Gabriel admitted as he slowly closed the tome **"Even so, I still have a few questions that I believe only you can answer directly, if I might ask them now I could then depart."** He said.

"Of course." King Novik responded.

"I would like to hear from you your own view of the Slayer, I know he is revered by both your people and the Maykrs alike, and that he even has sovereignty among you, yet there is no denying that he is a rather perplexing soul, at first glance a simplistic mind driven by one desire, but as one looks further into him they see there is far more to be discovered." Gabriel explained.

For a moment the king would fall silent, with crossed arms and closed eyes he thought of how he should respond, for this truly was the first time anyone had ever asked him of his personal opinion of their greatest champion.

"...He is...uncontrollable." He began as he looked back to the archangel, "Not in the sense that he cannot be reasoned with nor be approached without violence, but when he has decided something must be done, and certain course of action must be taken, then no matter how many dare to stand against him, how great their power may be, even if he be reduced to his fists and nothing more he will continue to push against them, forever steadfast and unmoving." He stated.

"Would he be willing to stand against even Heaven itself then? for if he is determined in his crusade against Hell, and all other forms of corruption throughout creation, his actions will continue to impact all around him and eventually we will not be able to abide by it any longer, if in this outcome will he finally cease in his mission or will he have no qualm to strike against a Heavenborn?" Gabriel questioned.

"I'm afraid I cannot say great angel, the Slayer has never once sought to turn his attention towards Heaven or any of its domains, his anger and might are directed solely to those who have fallen to

sin and corruption, so far no one of Heavenly origin has stood in his way, if you wish to know the answer to that question you will need to speak with him yourself." King Novik replied.

"Very well." Gabriel said before turning his back to the king, **"Thank you once more for this information and for your cooperation, I will be sure that if the Slayer does hold his position against Heaven's will, the Sentinel people will be exempt from all punishment."** He told him.

"It appears you have misunderstood me then great angel." King Novik replied as he leaned forward, "I stated that I am uncertain of what the Slayer himself might choose, should you stand in his way I cannot say definitively that he will fight against you or sheath his weapons, but if he should decide that he must stand against you regardless of what that entails, then he WILL have the support of the Sentinels at his backside, that you can be certain of." He explained.

Silence took hold of the air as those words reached the archangel's ears, as they and the other Sentinels present waited to see what his reaction might be. Yet he would not respond in any way, once he was sure the king would say nothing else he departed from the throne room. Waiting until he was certain the archangel could not hear him or that he would return for anything, the king would rise from his throne and look to one of his guards.

"It would appear that the time has come for a meeting of our own to be held, assemble the commanders and reach out to the Khan Maykr, after the archangel has left their domain." He instructed.

"Yes sir, should I also inform the Wraiths?" The Guard asked.

"No, I am going to speak with them now to inform them of how the archangel's visit went, I will mention the meeting to them as I do." He assured.

Nodding in response the guard along with his comrades would salute their king, as he left the throne room to hold an audience with their gods.

Confrontations And Discussions

What is a god, this is something that is heavily debated among all forms of mortal life, for given that a god of any kind could take any form, what details would be considered absolute in a deity's visage? To most when they envision a god they see a blinding radiance of light, others imagine a shapeless entity comprised of celestial bodies and energies, and then there are a few who paint their god in their image, believing that they are modeled after the beauty of a higher being. But to the Sentinel people gods were not made of light, or stars, or looked like them in any way, their gods were what most would consider monsters or even demons. Yet how would it be possible for the Sentinels to have gods that were not Heavenborn, or rather how could they worship anything other than the one true creator and his angels, who in their case were the Maykrs?

In truth the Wraiths as they were known were not Heavenborn, nor were they of Hellish origin, though certainly deserving of their distinction as gods the Wraiths were beings born from a chaotic universe, and thus their powers while great were not of the supernatural. Though they came forth from the Sentinel world after it had been pierced by another celestial body, the Wraiths would soon bring all things to it with their call. Beasts and person alike were born from the Wraiths' power, and as the Sentinel people acknowledged these entities as their gods and creators, they began to worship and protect them from any manner of threat. This would be where the Maykrs would appear, just as the earliest signs of civilization began the Khan Maykr would arrive to greet them.

However this was a very crucial point in the Sentinels' history, for they already had gods who they knelt before and worshipped above all else. So as these angelic figures approached would they be asked to abandon their gods, and if so would they be willing or would they fight for them? To their surprise neither outcome would be realized, instead the Maykrs asked for a union between the Wraiths and their species specifically, no other Heavenborn would know of the Wraiths. This included any written records kept by either Maykr or Sentinel, there would always be two versions where the

only difference between them would be the exclusion of the Wraiths.

When asked why they would request such a thing, the Khan Maykr stated that the energy the Wraiths had innately which they could also bestow onto others, would be actively sought out by all beings if they should learn of it, and Heaven was no exception. For while Heaven was true to it's image, holy and virtuous above all else, there was one truth that was rarely ever spoken which betrayed that. Alongside their duties in maintaining a general balance of creation, good and evil and other such things, as well as granting paradise to the deserving mortal souls, they also sought out anything that would be deemed heretical. This included beings such as the Wraiths, who while certainly deserving of being labeled as gods, would be snuffed out or at the very least kept in check by Heaven, to ensure at no point they would grow too ambitious and challenge the domain for power.

Upon being shared such a closely kept secret, the Wraiths and Sentinels were of course curious as to what the Maykrs intentions were, for it seemed that revealing such information in of itself would be blasphemous. And at first the Maykrs did not answer, for they as well were unsure if they could fully trust them yet, and so for this moment they suggested a temporary association, that could be broken at any point either side deemed it necessary. Then it happened, the creation of Doom by the other circles of Hell in the hope it would tip the war in their favor, and when the Maykrs laid eyes upon these ravenous beasts that sought only carnage, they called upon their new allies to aid them. It is here that their temporary association would become a full alliance, in the midst of war and battle one cannot hide their true intentions, at least not very well, and so both sides could see the other at their most transparent.

Through a union of Maykr technology and science, with the Sentinels' unrivaled combat instinct and the Wraiths' unique energy, weapons and inventions far greater than any other in all of creation were made possible. Any time a Sentinel might've been wounded or even killed in combat, the Maykrs would bestow divine blessings and intervene to lend aid. And in moments where a Maykr was nearly slain by a demon of Doom, a Sentinel would stand between them and protect the Heavenborn as their shield. Yet even after

Doom was sealed away to keep to itself, after the treaty was struck between Heaven and Hell, the alliance between Maykr and Sentinel would persist due to trust and familiarity, but also necessity.

For while Doom was left to it's own devices, to fester and worsen as time passed, it would be the universe of the mortal realm that the Maykrs governed that they would set their eyes upon, and so both needed to be ready for when they inevitably returned. This entire section of both races history was kept secret, even the tome gifted to Gabriel by King Novik omitted any mention of the Wraiths or of the energy they produced. And while at first the Maykrs kept their reasons for this secrecy to themselves, after all that transpired during the war, and all that came next, the Sentinels and their gods had far beyond earned the right to know the truth. This is why as King Novik walked down carefully cut stone stairs that led to the Wraiths' sanctum, he knew what they were doing was just and what was needed, and he held no regrets at the thought of challenging Heaven itself.

"King Novik." One of the guards who stood near the doors to the Wraiths' sanctum greeted, as both he and the other saluted their leader with a fist across their chests,.

"Are they expecting me?" He asked with a gesture of his hand, to tell the guards to lower their salutes.

"Yes sir, they sensed the presence of the archangel leaving, and knew you would come to hold an audience with them soon after." The same guard answered.

Needing not to exchange any further words the guards would step aside as the doors began to open, the doors in question being the biggest in all of the Sentinels' world, which made sense given the size of their gods. Waiting in respect for the doors to be fully open, King Novik would enter, and after a few good steps inside the doors would close behind him as the guards retook their positions. Once fully shut the passageway that led to the Wraiths' chamber would be pitch black, only illuminated by the ethereal form of himself, but only enough to where the stone of the floor could be seen. The reason of why the passage way to their deities was like this was to deceive heretics, in short the darkness that surrounded him was of their

power, and should any undeserving soul ever try to reach them, then they would ensure said soul would be lost in darkness.

But King Novik was no heretic obviously, and thus what might have been a literal eternity for someone the Wraiths did not trust, only took a short minute before more light began casting aside the shadows. Flames of both light blue hue and vibrant red would slowly ignite torches on the walls, their separate flames casting a purple glow on everything it touched. That on its own was enough to give this space an otherworldly or supernatural feeling, but once King Novik reached his destination the forms of the Wraiths would also be illuminated. And what forms they were to behold, creatures that could be described as bat like or even alien, they bore no resemblance to any creature of mortal origin or Heaven for that matter.

They were the very physical embodiment of the concept of cosmic gods, yet even with such power and such bodies they did not see themselves any higher than those who served them. Still King Novik and all other Sentinels sought to show them their gratitude and respect, which is why before saying any words even he would kneel before them.

"Rise Novik, you need not kneel before us, especially now in these current times." The Wraiths all spoke in unison, their minds and souls connected as one, though each was distinct in terms of name and personality.

"Of course forgive me, old habits I suppose." He apologized as he stood.

"There is no need for apology, but there are matters of greater importance, which is why you have come to speak with us correct?" They inquired.

"Indeed, the archangel has left which you already know, and per your wishes I made our position clear." He told them.

"Good, were we his first destination, or had he already been to Urdak and questioned the Maykrs?" They asked.

"He seemed surprised by certain things he saw in the tome we offered, I believe in his departure he will seek council with the Khan, which is exactly why I have come to speak with you." He answered.

"Yes, a meeting between we and the Maykrs, it is due time for it." They agreed followed by a brief moment of silence, *"What of our champion? has he been informed of these developments? do you believe it necessary for him to be at attendance?"* They asked.

"While it would be of convenience for him to be here when the meeting is held, I'm afraid there are far too many eyes looking towards him now, not only of the archangel specifically but the angels that govern Lucifer's Hell, as informed by the Khan." He responded.

"Ah yes, the exterminators, such simple minded creatures so fixated on their own matters, though perhaps not too dissimilar from our champion in that aspect." They admitted.

"I still think it is important he be informed of course, while this meeting is solely to discuss our strategies moving forward, after all he is at the center of this issue." He suggested.

"Agreed, our champion must not be left in the dark on any matter, even if all that comes of this gathering is very little, he should still be made aware of any new information." They stated.

"I will see to it, is there anything more that you would wish me to do before the meeting is held?" He asked.

"No, as of now all that is needed is conference with the Khan and the Maykrs, anything else shall come to surface in the gathering itself." They decided.

Nodding to show he understood King Novik would take his leave of their chamber, the torches and light dispersing as he went to shroud them once again in darkness.

"Oh man, look at all this gaudy shit, would make real nice debris if someone were to, oh I dunno, blow it up?" Cherri suggested with a

grin, as she lightly tossed a bomb of hers up and down in her palm.

The portion of Pentagram City that was reserved for the rich and the powerful, as well as those who had so much dirt on everybody they could live comfortably, was just as tasteless as you'd expect. It truly was to the degree that much like the emerald city from the wizard of Oz, where everything was of course green like an emerald, the streets, buildings, sidewalks, and even smaller things like lamp posts and signs, were just drenched in money. And while both Angel and Cherri had been to this part of the city a fair bit, the former to fuck and the latter to destroy, they still had to admire how tacky and flashy it all was. Then you had Lucifer, who honestly looked at everything with an uninterested expression, for while he certainly was no saint he wasn't nearly as snooty and obnoxious as these people were.

"You know, that might be the first suggestion you've put forward I might not be entirely against." He replied catching them both by surprise, "Unfortunately right now we have more important things to attend to, though I do have a few nobles in mind who could do with some good property damage." He admitted.

"Whoa! look at that, the king of Hell itself promoting senseless destruction and mayhem, ain't that a sight?" Angel Dust asked.

"Yeah, I'd think if anyone would be annoyed by all the destruction that happens it'd be you, what gives?" Cherri asked joining in.

"Normally such things would give me light headaches or would illicit sighs from my lungs, but the truth is after everything that has happened recently, I see them now more as nice distractions, without them things would be rather depressing." He explained while looking out the window.

Taken aback by how serious and straight forward his answer had been, both demons couldn't help but notice the rather melancholy expression he had on his face. Sure up till now Lucifer and a few of the others back at the hotel, had rather displeased or guffawed reactions to what they said and how they acted. But now he just seemed rather...deflated in a sense, like even if they were to suddenly resume their talks of banging the Slayer, he would just

shrug it off.

"Hey...um...you okay?..." Angel Dust asked rather hesitantly, as emotional stuff like this was nowhere near his forte.

Unfortunately the considerate gesture would be wasted as the limo suddenly came to a stop, followed by the driver informing them that they had arrived at their destination.

"Well, time to go and speak with the man who nearly killed my daughter, this'll be fun." Lucifer said as he opened his door, "Just like before please stay in the limo, especially here, I don't care if people get some stupid ideas of why you two are in my limo, but the less attention we bring to ourselves right now the better." He told them, before stepping out and closing the door behind him.

Quickly pressing down his clothes just to make sure he was as presentable as he could be, Lucifer then with a fake toothy smile approached the estate. And if he had been anyone else, even another noble or overlord of Hell the guards would have stopped him. But when the literal ruling power of your entire plane of existence is coming towards you, you do not stop him, you don't question him, you don't so much as look at him with an expression that might displease him, you just stand there straight faced as he walks passed you.

"Welcome lord Lucifer." One of the staff greeted as the doors to the manor were opened.

"Thank you, is Stolas in? or his several guests?" Lucifer asked.

"Why yes sir, unfortunately they are not expecting you, as none of us were, should I go inform them of your arrival?" He responded.

"No no, It'll be a fun little surprise, tell me where are they right now?" Lucifer asked.

"They're in the dining hall sir, allow me to take you to them." He offered.

Simply nodding in agreement, the servant after closing the doors behind him would lead Lucifer through a few other rooms before

they arrived at a set of ornate wooden doors. And while at first as the doors were opened those inside were confused, as Stolas had requested they not be disturbed, once they saw who was interrupting them they all froze stiff. As for Lucifer, as he stepped inside the room and the servant closed the doors behind him, he took a moment to look at the table and see who all was present. At one end he saw the lord of the manor Stolas, next to him was his daughter, and then at the end he was closest to he saw the three imps he was looking for, along with a hellhound he admittedly didn't expect to find.

"L-Lucifer?" Stolas questioned being the first to speak, "What're you doing here?" He asked.

"Oh you know how it is, driving around the city when a sudden spontaneous impulse takes over, in this case it was to visit a very specific noble, which of course was you." Lucifer answered as he looked over to Millie and Moxxie, "I'm surprised to see you two here though, in fact weren't you in particular covered in casts from head to toe? rather amazing that you are able to be out and about like normal." He stated.

"Yeah...well...just a quick healer I guess..." Moxxie replied awkwardly.

"Hmm yes, I suppose so, good for you." Lucifer said before walking over, "To tell you the truth though I really am surprised that you would come here first of all places, instead of the hotel that is, if it hadn't been for that nurse giving me a hand in locating you I might've been searching the city for hours." He admitted as he pulled out a chair from the table.

"I knew she was listening!" Millie exclaimed only to immediately cover her mouth with her hands.

"No need to feel ashamed or even upset at that nurse, yes she shouldn't have listened in on your conversation, but if she hadn't I wouldn't have guessed you'd come to see your boss, who is currently using a noble as his hideout from the Slayer." He replied as he sat down across from them.

"That's why we wanted to talk to him, to try and convince him to come back with us before he got here, though to be honest I'm a little surprised that we managed to get here before him, and that he's not with you." She explained.

"Haven't you heard the news? the Slayer got sidetracked due to a turf war that suddenly broke out not too far from where he was, fortunate for your employer but still amazed you aren't aware of that fact." He told them.

Upon hearing this all eyes fell onto Octavia, who simply crossed her arms and rolled her eyes.

"Forgive me if my phone needed to charge, and the EXACT moment it does something new actually happens." She said defensively.

"Anyway, I think that this is what one would call, divine intervention." Lucifer spoke as to bring the focus back to him, "If that turf war hadn't broken out and diverted his attention, I have no doubts in my mind that he would have come here and things might've gotten...messy to put it lightly, but now that he is preoccupied with other matters, again due to the turf war, you can return with me before he gets back and we can avoid any trouble, all in all things have worked out quite well wouldn't you agree?" He asked, this time addressing Blitzo specifically.

"Actually your highness, I don't see a reason why I should leave to be quite honest with you." He replied, which caused everyone but Lucifer's eyes to widen.

"Blitzy..." Stolas said worriedly, not liking where this was going in the slightest.

"Oh? and why is that...Blitzo was it? why do you think you should stay here as opposed to coming to the hotel, like your employees are?" Lucifer questioned, as he put his arm on the table and leaned in slightly.

"Well, to be honest with you I don't see what the big deal is about this so called "Slayer", oh sure he's got big muscles, and yeah he's toting a shotgun and whatever the hell that crossbow thing was, and

sure he did manage to splatter Katie Killjoy on live TV, fact is now that I've had time to think this over he just seems like he's overcompensating for something you know? I mean why else would he dress up like he's from some sci-fi movie and act all scary like that? dude's just trying to hide something, probably the fact he's got a tiny dick." He explained.

With every single word that left his mouth the others grew tenser, and as they looked towards Lucifer to see how he was reacting they were terrified. He wasn't getting angry, or shocked, or really reacting in any way at all, he just sat there staring at Blitzo with that big fang filled smile of his. In fact the only difference they could see was that his hand, the one currently laying atop of the table with his arm, was rhythmically tapping its fingers in a sequential order from pinkie to index.

"I see, so even after seeing first hand what he can do, and after no doubt hearing all of the news, excluding the recent turf war, you think that the Slayer is nothing more than some muscle head with a small penis, trying to hide that fact by "dressing up" as you put it, and toting around a shotgun." Lucifer replied.

"Yes that's exactly what I think, and I think the reason why YOU'RE here is because he had a moment of clarity, where he realized how fucking stupid he'd have to be to try and muscle his way into a noble's home." He said.

"So out of curiosity, given that you clearly think nothing of the Slayer, what do you think of me then? obviously it's clear as day that we're associated with each other to some extent, so if you think that he's all brawn and no brain, what then is your opinion of me?" Lucifer asked.

"You really want the truth?" Blitzo asked in return.

"Blitzy don't!" Stolas exclaimed defiantly, even going so far as to stand from his seat.

"Yes. ENLIGHTEN me." Lucifer said as he leaned in more.

"Alright then." Blitzo began as he cleared his throat, "See I've been

giving it a lot of thought as I've been here, about what went down in the studio and everything, and it just seems really weird to me that some random guy would be accompanying the princess to her interview, yeah sure he's big and tall but he's clearly not her bodyguard, and as we all know he's pretty decent at killing a person, so why is some random loser dressed in cosplay following the princess of Hell around? the answer? he's a hitman, it's no secret that Katie didn't like your family, I mean she flat out called your daughter a dyke and called you a queer, so it makes perfect sense that you'd want her dead, but you obviously wouldn't want people to think that the royal family had such thin skin, so you hired some nut job that would draw all the attention to kill her, only problem was we were also trying to kill her, and so when things got out of hand your guy tried to kill MY employees, so all in all I think your highness that YOU owe ME an apology." He explained.

Over the course of that entire response as more was said, Lucifer's tapping fingers were gradually going faster and faster, until finally coming to a full stop once Blitzo was done. And now that the entire room was as quiet as a graveyard, everyone but the lanky imp mortified by what he said, they all feared what the king of Hell would do to him. But instead of screaming at him and saying something like "How dare you?!", or immediately grabbing onto the collar of his shirt and pulling him across the table, Lucifer simply rose from his seat and pushed his chair in. He would then take a moment to make sure his clothes were not wrinkled before turning around and walking towards the doors, stopping just as his hands fell onto their handles.

"You know, I've seen a lot of souls in my time, I am the devil after all, I've seen souls that range from your everyday pickpocket and prostitute, to dictators and egomaniacal maniacs who were willing to tear down the whole world if it meant rebuilding it in their image, and while the reasons that brought them here to my domain were all different, all varying in how evil or stupid their actions were, never in all of my immortal life have I ever seen such natural, unrefined, pure from the source retardation, you sir are truly without question or doubt the single most ignorant bastard I've ever seen, to think you could stand in the same space as the Slayer and not see it, that endless rage and violence exuding from him like smoke from a fire,

it is truly if not bafflingly astounding, you are proof that luck does not favor the bold nor the brave, but the biggest fool to ever have walked the earth." He said as he slowly looked over his shoulder back at him, "But there is no more luck to be found I'm afraid, your luck runs out the moment I step through these doors, I won't be coming back, and the next person who comes to see you won't give you the time of day to say such stupid shit, but I hope you know when said person comes back to the hotel, your corpse dragging across the ground, the smile I'll have then won't be forced like it is now, but it'll quite possibly be the purest smile I will ever have, so until then." He bid farewell as he began opening the doors.

"WAIT!" Loona suddenly shouted out as she shot up from her seat, causing him to stop.

Admittedly surprised that it was the hellhound who kept him from leaving, Lucifer and the others would all look towards the canine, who had a terrified look on her face.

"Please, don't go, not without me." She said as she stepped away from her chair and walked around the table.

"L-Loony? what're you doing?" Blitzo questioned, shocked to see his daughter do such a thing.

"I'm not staying here, I fucking refuse, I do not want to be fucking killed because your dumbass is too stupid to realize that we are fucked." She told him in as cold of a way as possible.

"B-But Loony we're fine! there's nothing to-" He tried to respond, only to be silenced as she stopped dead in her tracks and turned back around to face him.

"SHUT UP!" She practically screamed out, her fangs bearing and her hands balled into fists, "You keep fucking saying that! everything's going to be fine! there's nothing to worry about! and at first I thought you were just saying that and acting this way to try and make me feel better, but you ACTUALLY don't fucking see it do you?!" She questioned.

"S-See what?" He asked.

"HIM. THE FUCKING SLAYER. THE GUY WHO STOPPED A FUCKING SPOTLIGHT WITH HIS BARE HAND, WHO THREW MOXXIE ACROSS THE STUDIO LIKE HE WAS A FUCKING BASEBALL, AND WHO COULD HAVE EASILY SNAPPED HIS NECK LIKE A TOOTHPICK AS IF IT WERE NOTHING!" She shouted as she put a hand to her chest, "BUT I SAW IT! MILLIE AND MOXXIE SAW IT! ALL OF HELL SAW IT! AND YET YOU SEEM TO BE THE ONLY PERSON WHO DOESN'T REALIZE THAT HE ISN'T LIKE EVERYONE ELSE! HE'S NOT SOME FUCKING LOSER TRYING TO PROVE HE'S A BIG SHOT! HE'S NOT SOME DOLLAR STORE HITMAN LIKE WE ARE! HE IS...is...terrifying..." She explained, slowly changing from anger to fear "But...I felt it too...I could FEEL what he was...he was...so fucking intense...everything inside of me was on guard the moment he walked in...but then I saw his speed, his strength, and just how nothing at all seemed to phase him, even when he turned Killjoy into a puddle there was no reaction...so...if you want to stay here then fine...but I'm not going to stand around and wait to die." She told him.

If that had been the only thing that happened in that moment, it would've been the worst thing to ever happen to Blitzo. But before he could say or do anything the sounds of the other chairs next to him being moved went through the air, and as he looked to his left he saw Moxxie and Millie also standing up.

"G-Guys?..." He questioned causing them to look at him.

"Nope, don't say anything, we already agreed to stay at the hotel, we came here to try and convince you to come with us so you wouldn't get killed, because despite everything I don't actually want you to die, but, I'm not going to stay here and wait to see if you come to your senses before the Slayer shows up, you're on your own." Moxxie told him as he walked over to stand beside Loona.

"M-Millie?" He questioned once more, as not only was she the last one on his side of the room, but out of their group she was always the nicest to him, even stuck up for him whenever he did something that upset her husband.

"I'm sorry Blitzo." Was all she said in response before following her

husband, standing next to him on his other side.

Left at a loss for words Blitzo didn't know what to think, even when things were tough or crazy or seemed liked they were all up shit's creek, the others would still listen to him and follow him even if it seemed like he had no idea what he was doing. Which to be fair a lot of the time he didn't, he mostly just made shit up as he went along, whether it was their plans or how they could get out of whatever situation they were in, they always stuck by him. But now things were different, they weren't just fucking up another job they could hide away in some folder, they hadn't pissed off some client who while angry would probably forget about them within a week, they were in an actual life or death situation now. And while sure, admittedly he wasn't the brightest person in Hell, definitely wasn't a genius or something similar, he still thought that he was making the right call here, that there was nothing to be worried about and things would just blow over.

Yet as he looked to the faces of his employees, his adopted daughter, and even Stolas and his daughter Octavia, all he saw was either disappointment or hurt, which made him realize he for the first time in his life down here, had truly unquestionably fucked up HARD.

"Well then, if that's all there is to say I suggest we take our leave, I need to get back to the hotel as there are other matters I have to attend to." Lucifer spoke after some time, finally pulling open the two doors he'd been holding onto.

Watching as they all followed him out of the dining hall, and the doors slowly closed on their own as they went, Blitzo balled his hands into fists before shouting:

"WAIT! I'M COMING WITH YOU!"

It had been a great deal of time since the Slayer felt the need to look over his arsenal, for he normally just brought everything along with him, but after spending so much time in Lucifer's Hell for the first time, he felt as if he was a bit overprepared. When dealing with the

forces of Doom's legions anything was possible, some demons could be hulking tanks of hardened flesh and bone, while others though not as durable were far better at keeping their distance when attacking. So he would need every tool at his disposal to overcome them, rockets to blast away at the larger ones' natural armor and thick skin, his assault and plasma rifles to quickly deal with the swifter ones, and his specialty weapons such as the chainsaw or super shotgun for when things got messy. But Lucifer's Hell was completely different, yes there were demons and even some creatures that inhabited the circle that would require some specific force, but it seemed as though even as something as simple as his chain gun wasn't required.

Yet still there was a part of him that was against such a notion, he was never one to let his guard down and even now when dealing with far lesser threats, it still seemed like he should be prepared for the worst case scenario. So as he stood there at his fortress's terminal, looking over a digital listing of his munitions and weaponry, he debated if perhaps he could leave some of his armaments behind.

"I am making some progress with the documentary." Vega suddenly spoke, keeping him informed of his current status, "So far I have decided including some information and recorded images of the demons will be required, otherwise they will assume you have been fighting demons like them all this time, however I'm not certain of how much information you want me to share about you, it would be helpful if you could clarify this for me." He requested.

Understanding his uncertainty the Slayer would put aside his current endeavor to assist his partner, pulling up all of the archived information they had about him. Which to be fair was pretty much everything, it only made sense that the Slayer himself would have a complete record of his past. And while for the most part choosing what should be included in the documentary was easy, as a bulk of the information was just his time fighting Doom or with the Sentinels, it was when he reached the very beginning of his history that he grew hesitant. The only people who knew the true full story, every single detail of what made him into the person he is now, were Vega, Khan Maykr, King Novik, and the Wraiths.

And the only reason why they knew is because he trusted them, not at first of course but after countless years, at this point centuries, of having fought beside them and they supporting him in his mission, he had no reason to doubt they were on his side. But now he had to make a rather serious decision, did he trust Lucifer and by extension his family and most of the demons in his Hell with this information, and if he did would there be any drawbacks letting it be known?

"If I may, I'd like to share my opinion on the matter." Vega said, earning a nod of approval from him, "I understand why you are hesitant to be fully transparent with them, even after proving several times they are willing to cooperate, there is still a high probability that they could betray us, but at the same time they have not stood in your way too often when you sought to personally resolve a situation, and any times they did it was for the sake of our shared goal, or because someone close to them was the target of your aggression, but considering that Lucifer has been forthcoming with us, and a person such as miss Killjoy was able to see the error of her actions, I do think this is a risk worth taking, but of course the decision is ultimately up to you." He stated.

Crossing his arms and closing his eyes so he could focus on his thoughts, the Slayer did agree that at the very least, Lucifer and most of the people they had met so far were willing to change, or at least try to. Then there was the added fact that looking passed Lucifer and his kin, and a few others that lived in his circle, nearly every soul that was there was human, merely turned into a demon as punishment for their actions when they were alive. So even if this wasn't the right decision, if it could somehow comeback to bite them later, at the end of it all the only beings in the entirety of that circle that could pose somewhat of a threat, came down to Lucifer, his family, and a few of the natural born Hellspawn that they were aware of. This is why with one final sigh from his nostrils the Slayer would give the go ahead, allowing the full story of his past to be included in the documentary, even though it would of course need to be somewhat summarized for the sake of time.

Tension

No matter how many times he has seen it, no matter how many times he has personally traversed their domain, the Maykrs home of Urdak was truly the most unique of any portion of Heaven. Never before them had any Heaven resembled something that could be compared to a dream, vivid colors of a cosmic palette filling the space around them, as technological marvels stood tall like architectural art pieces. Of course the Maykrs themselves were just as unique, their forms which were a melding of flesh and metal, yet still looked heavenly and pure as opposed to visceral and disturbed, only further cemented their mastery over science. Yet none of these things were what perplexed Gabriel, even now as he walked through the holy halls of the Khan's personal sanctum, the questions that consumed his mind were directed towards their shared creator.

Why did the Maykrs need to exist, that was the core of these inquiries, for every Heaven had been made specifically to coincide with the appearance of a new Hell, yet the Maykrs were made a great deal of time before Doom came to be, further worsening their mystery. But these were thoughts that had no relevance to his investigation, and so he despite wanting to explore them had to suppress them for now.

"The Khan is expecting you, oh great angel." The Maykr who served as his guide informed, as they drew ever closer to her domain, "She has prepared for you all the information you have requested, however she would like to discuss something with you before your departure." They revealed.

"Is that so, tell me why does the Khan use one of her subordinates to relay such information, why not wait until I've arrived?" He questioned.

"She did not wish for you to feel ambushed great angel, for you to assume she was lying in wait to force a response out of you, it is of course entirely up to you if you choose to engage in conversation, but I have served my purpose either way." They responded, before

coming to a stop in front of an elevator, "Her grace is currently attending to her garden, you may take this lift to see her." He instructed.

Nodding in reply the archangel would move to the center of the platform, turning around just in time to see the Maykr already departing to attend to their duties. Paying it no heed as the endeavors of one angel were not his concern, he placed his hand on the nearby apparatus which would cause the platform to ascend. As expected of the Maykrs their inventions were flawless, the time it took to reach the top of the tower like building was but a few seconds, but what he saw as he arrived was truly breathtaking. Up to this point all of the Maykrs' wonders were achieved by their own hand, or perhaps they were of the domain given to them by the creator, but this garden which met his vision as the lift stopped, was unlike any he had ever seen before.

A seemingly endless variety of plant life filled the space around him, and from just looking at them he could tell they were not from the same soil. Some he recognized from humanity's world, others he recalled seeing in a few of the planets governed by other angel factions, but a fair amount he'd never seen at all.

"I take it from your expression you are impressed?" The voice of the Khan Maykr asked from behind, causing him to turn around.

"I must admit, when your angel had told me just now you were in a garden, I wouldn't have expected to see this waiting for me." He admitted as he looked up to meet her gaze.

"I'll take that as a compliment." She replied as she descended from the sky to stand beside him.

Without his elevated position in the Heavenly court their current heights were in her favor, as in his present form he was just a bit greater than a normal mortal man in terms of measurements. But as stated due to his current form, like most high ranking Heavenly beings part of his power was to change his appearance, to be more accommodating to those who may gaze upon his visage. So even though she currently towered over him she did not dare feel arrogant or superior, for his true angelic form had not been seen in such a

great deal of time, none but those of the highest order knew what it looked like.

"Tell me something, where did all of these plants come from?" He asked as he stepped off the platform to gain a better look at them, **"Some are the same as the other plants I've seen growing naturally within your domain, but others I know for certain are from mortal worlds, and I assume the ones I don't are as well, so why have you gathered them all here?"** He inquired.

"I'm afraid the answer is both simple as it is grim great angel." She warned as she moved to stay by his side, "These plants are reminders to me and my kin, of the horrors that Doom wrought in it's existence, for all of the flora you see comes from the worlds they delivered to ruin." She revealed.

"I see, so you have gathered them here in the hopes of preserving them then?" He asked.

"That is partly the reason, but they are also kept and cared for by us in memoriam to the souls lost, the worlds once beautiful and warm now cold and desolate like graveyards, we also bring them here in the hopes that while unable to restore the people to their planets, we can at the very least restore some form of life." She explained.

"That is...an admirable gesture, most other factions would simply let things be and aid the personally affected, yet you seek to do more, even when no one including myself has asked it of you." He commended.

"Doom was not of our making, but we still were tasked with overseeing it and did our best to manage it by the will of our creator, we did what we could with the aid of the Sentinels, but that circle was far too ravenous, and those that were spawned from its deepest pits had powers that no other demon or devil possessed, it was a constant struggle to keep them in check." She explained.

"Until the Slayer appeared, a normal mortal man who could bleed and sweat like any other of his kind, somehow he with nothing more than armaments of mortal steel and iron not only fought against their legions, but even struck fear into the voids

that were their souls." He said.

"Yes, and it is because of his actions, both then and now, that you find yourself here seeking information from us, truly remarkable how these things happen." She replied as she turned to face him, "But there's no sense in wasting anymore time with needless conversation, Samur." She beckoned.

Appearing from behind one of the nearby structures, her Seraphim with a tome in hand would come to her side.

"You will find every bit of our history, our every day affairs, even the tasks of the drones and newer of angels all recorded there." She told him as Samur handed it over.

"It seems...rather light." He noticed as he received it and looked it over.

"The Sentinels, even with access to our divine intellect and inventions, still prefer to keep their history and all other information written on parchment, we however store all of ours in a more efficient way." She explained, as with but one finger she would open it for him, and from it a holographic display would come forward, "Though appearing as any other book it is made with our technology, all of the information stored within is entirely digital, with the few physical pages being a means for those not used to such a device, to have guidance and instruction of how to navigate it." She revealed.

"Yet another surprise from your kind, as expected at this point." He said as he closed the tome, **"However, the angel who guided me said you had something you wished to discuss with me before I left, was that our prior conversation or is there something else?"** He asked.

"It was, however there is one thing I would like to ask you great angel, a follow up to what was said." She answered.

"Very well, what is it then?" He inquired.

"As I explained to you these plants exist here not only for the

purpose of honoring the innocent who suffered, but also so we may restore the affected worlds as best we can, and while all that was lost was by the hand of the dark lords of Doom, I ask you is it not careless of us not to be prepared for if it should happen again?" She asked.

"Elaborate." He requested, curious as to what she was implying.

"Doom was the product of the circles who were involved in the great war, their combined power and corruption led to a new circle where that was all that existed, no empathy or rationality just uncontrolled chaos, and while it has been eons since the war ended and the treaty was signed, do you not think it would be better for us to have a greater governance over Hell in it's entirety?" She suggested.

A moment of silence came between them as Gabriel considered her notion, and while what she had said didn't necessarily reveal any new information, it did help him to begin assessing why this all started in the first place.

"Khan Maykr, I would warn you against having such thoughts, what you propose would not only affect all circles of Hell, but the ramifications would extend to the rest of creation." He said to her.

"I understand, but this peace we have with them, this so called understanding, how long before it begins to fade much like the ink it was written in? how long before the lords of each circle grow tired of their own tasks and revive those long since buried ambitions? especially now that creation has grown so much since their initial attempts?" She asked him.

Once more the archangel fell quiet as her words reached his ears, and just as before she had relayed this possibility in a way that offered no revelations. Still it was clear to Gabriel that what transpired now was not a series of accidents, nor unintentional oversight. Something had been conspired by the Maykrs and no doubt the Sentinels as well, and seeing as how willing she was to say such things to him of all people, made him worry that perhaps everything including his investigation was anticipated.

"You have given me much to think about Khan Maykr, as did the king of the Sentinels, I promise you that once I have reviewed both provided archives of your separate and shared histories, the next meeting shall happen soon after." He told her as he moved back to the platform, **"And as for the Slayer, whatever his true part in this whole thing may be, as stated before he WILL be present at that meeting, even if I must send my own subordinates to escort him."** He added, before pressing his hand against the apparatus.

Watching as he descended back into the structure, both Maykrs would wait until they heard the lift stop and he be met by another angel, before they turned their backs to the opening and moved away.

"I'm impressed by your restraint, I fully expected you to show more of our hand in that exchange." Samur admitted causing her to smile.

"I will admit it was rather challenging, we've been keeping so much secret up to this point, I'm greatly excited for when all of Heaven knows our plans." She replied.

"Indeed, still I cannot help but wonder if there are a few things we have not fully considered, certain outcomes that while unlikely could still happen." He said.

"This is why we are to hold a meeting with the Sentinels and the Wraiths, to go over our contingencies in the event things go awry." She reminded him.

"True, I expect we will hear from King Novik soon given he was the first Gabriel met with." He responded.

"Yes, but if I'm not mistaken you have to go meet with our champion before that meeting is held correct?" She inquired.

"That I do, Vega requested some time ago that I bring to him all information regarding Lucifer's involvement in the war, as well as any other mentions of the circles coming into contact with the Sentinels and their technology." He explained.

"Then you should leave now, as you said King Novik will no doubt be here soon, it would be best if you have finished your business with our champion before then." She told him.

Nodding to show he understood Samur would take his leave of her presence to attend to the matter, allowing her some time of peace in her garden.

Take a moment to think of scenes from films in which two people sit at a table, and at the center of that table is a revolver holding but one bullet. The silence is unsettling, the tension could be cut with a knife, and at any moment one of them could pick up the weapon and kill the other. This level of uncomfortable anxiety inducing stress was the current atmosphere of Lucifer's limo. Even the driver who was not a part of any of this, felt uneasy as he took them back to the hotel.

Lucifer himself of course sat in the very back, the trio of Millie, Moxxie, and Loona all sat on the left side, where as Blitzo sat opposite of them on the right side for at the moment he wasn't in their graces. Then you had Angel and Cherri, and while they could see the clear as day animosity everyone had, they still couldn't keep themselves from whispering to each other as to not have their mood ruined. Which to be fair would have been perfectly fine in any other situation, but given how quiet it was their whispers could be heard by EVERYONE.

"Man, this is like a bar after happy hour, when the only people left are the drunks and suicidal people." Angel Dust whispered, as they looked at all of their forlorn expressions.

"Yeah, you'd think that they'd be at least a little excited to be riding in the king of Hell's limousine." Cherri whispered back.

"Do you think we should say something? try to lighten the mood?" He suggested.

"What the fuck would we say though? they all look so depressed makes ME want to kill myself." She replied.

"Yeah good point, maybe if we try saying a joke or something that'll help?" He suggested.

"The only things I know that would count as jokes are insults I came up with for Sir Pentious, but I don't think those would work here." She replied.

"Well then what about-"

"WE CAN FUCKING HEAR YOU!" Loona suddenly shouted in rage, catching everyone by surprise.

"...Oh." Both said in unison.

"I appreciate you two even caring enough to try and lighten the mood, but there's really nothing you can do." Lucifer told them.

"At least tell us what this is all about then, because it's pretty fucking annoying to be the only people who don't know why you're all so pissed of." Angel said.

"Yeah, how can you expect us to NOT talk about it when you're all acting like a bunch of ticked off mimes?" Cherri asked.

"Fair enough, while I won't get into the details of it as it's obviously unpleasant, in short I went in to talk to this one, he argued with me, he then insulted me, and at the same time as doing that he got on their bad side." He explained while pointing at Blitzo and the others.

"Oof, you must've really screwed the pooch in there huh?" Angel asked addressing Blitzo.

"...I'm sorry, I didn't catch your name." Blitzo replied looking to him.

"Angel Dust." The spider demon stated.

"Oh of course Angel Dust, the famous porn star right?" Blitzo asked.

"The very same." Angel answered proudly.

"Correct me if I'm wrong, but aren't you also a prostitute? and if I remember hearing this right, the favorite fuck toy of the owner of

Porn Studios? Valentino I'm pretty sure is his name." Blitzo replied.

As those words left his lips Angel's expression changed near instantly, and what it changed to managed to even surprise Lucifer. The normally laid back and carefree face of the white furred demon was now deathly serious, and stared at the lanky imp with a rather violent looking glare.

"You don't know shit pal." Angel Dust told him, even his tone of voice changing to match his current expression.

"Oh don't I? I mean it's pretty common knowledge that most of the time when Valentino's driving around, he usually tosses you out either to work some street corner, or because he beat your ass for disobeying him." Blitzo said.

"Alright fuckwad that's enough." Cherri joined in, her expression and tone just as serious as her companion's.

"Yes Blitzo, I believe that you've said enough to make your point, now stop." Lucifer also intervened.

Even though he was in a very awful mood, and he wanted to continue his verbal attack on the perverted celebrity, Blitzo at this point was walking on too many wires and chose to listen. And in an unexpected yet pleasant turn of events, once the situation was diffused Angel Dust would look at Lucifer, and for a brief moment gave him a thankful smile. This in turn caused another brief but noticeable smile to appear on his face as well, for while they were at best just barely acquaintances, it still was nice to know the other appreciated his aid. Thankfully it would not take much longer after that unpleasant exchange for them to make it back to the hotel, and as the vehicle finally came to a full stop everyone was eager to get out.

Stretching their arms and legs, though mostly Cherri and Angel given how long they'd been sitting, they would all silently follow Lucifer as he led them to the building. Sadly it would be made apparent that was the only peaceful moment he would get, for the moment he opened the doors he was greeted with:

"HELLO THERE LUCI! I've been looking all over for you!" The static laced voice of Alastor exclaimed zestfully.

"...God...fucking...damn it..." Lucifer grimaced with a heavy sigh, as the red clad deer demon approached him.

"Sorry honey, he just showed up and insisted on waiting for you to come back..." Lilith apologized from the couch, where she and Katie were both seated.

"And it's a good thing that I did! look at all of these brand new faces you've brought back with you! it seems the hotel is already booming in business!" Alastor noticed.

"What do you WANT Alastor..." Lucifer replied tiredly, for even though he had planned to seek out the other earlier, after what happened at Stolas's manor he desperately wanted a break.

"Well, I was sitting around waiting and wondering when I should come and speak with that associate of yours, about our deal specifically and what not, when it occurred to me that perhaps I could be of more use to not just him, but you and your family as well!" He explained.

"Oh no..." Lucifer said, unable to say anything else as Alastor immediately went into his pitch.

"Oh yes! you see as I told that big brute of a man before, I have a LOT of favors stacked up to the ceiling from other demons, and upon further inspection of just this lobby, it is apparent to me that YOU could use some extra hands to REALLY sell this crazy idea to everyone." He told him.

"No, no, no, no, for the love of everything that is holy and forsaken in this life NO!" Lucifer shouted back at him.

"Oh come on Luci, don't be so quick to refute my offer! It's a steal if anything! Why I'm giving you all of this for FREE! No hidden fees, no crossed fingers, not even a forked tongue flickering from my mouth! Which I'm fairly certain you'd know a whole lot about." He jested.

Clenching his fists and shutting his eyes tight, it felt as though every

vessel in Lucifer's body was about to burst. This is when his wife, his beautiful and wonderful wife, would leave her seat and hurry beside him, taking his place in the conversation.

"Alastor, while me and my husband appreciate such...generosity, be rest assured that with our limitless resources and connections, it'll take no time or effort at all to form a staff of employees for the hotel." She explained.

"Hm, that is a fair argument, counterpoint!" He exclaimed before gesturing to Katie, "You already have a CELEBRITY in your residency! Do you really think that anyone, especially given her reputation and the fact that she is supposed to be dead, will be able to keep their lips sealed tight about her being here?" He questioned.

"Well, I'm sure we can-"

"And what about potential moles or leaks in the staff?" He asked cutting her off, "While I'm certain you would be thorough in your background checks, it is a sad fact about our population that almost anyone can be bought, coerced, or even threatened into doing something nefarious!" He exclaimed.

"Uh, well, um, I suppose I can't disagree with that..." Lilith agreed.

"Precisely! So why take the chance that some janitor, or chef, or even the bell boy might stab you in the back with twenty different knives? When you could just make a deal with me and know for certain that I am NOT up to anything underhanded or conniving?" He asked, earning immediate doubtful looks in response, "Specifically, anything that could damage the hotel or your reputation." He clarified.

Walking away though only a small bit to talk it over with her husband, as they huddled close to converse Alastor would set his sights onto the new "guests", much to their displeasure.

"What do you think?" Lilith asked once they were far enough away.

"First of all, thank you, I have been through a lot today and I needed that." Lucifer told her which caused her to smile, "Secondly, I know

Alastor probably has dozens if not hundreds of different schemes, all bouncing around in his head like animated springs, but he actually did make a very valid point, once we go public about everything in Hell knows about the Slayer, it'll be nigh impossible not to assume everyone we speak or meet with isn't working some kind of angle." He said.

"True, at least with Alastor we know that anything he does is purely for his own entertainment, he has no aspirations of ruling Hell or anything else like that, he just wants to be "inspired", whatever that means to him." She replied.

"Exactly, so while I am admittedly tired, and I desperately need to sleep, I do think my judgment is sound enough to see this is the least worst decision we could possibly make." He said.

"Alright then, looks like we have a deal." She replied as they broke away.

Looking back to Alastor as they walked over they saw that he was just staring at the others, that big yellow grin present all the while. But once they drew close enough his attention went back to them, and while that smile was still creepy it seemed somehow a bit more joyful than sinister.

"So, what have you decided?" Alastor asked.

"You've made your point, and after discussing it we agree with it, out of every soul in Hell we could put our trust in you're the least likely to fuck us over." Lilith told him.

"However, I am exhausted, like about to fall to the floor in a coma exhausted, so before any details get worked out or staff get chosen, could we please wait until tomorrow to get into it? I need to lie down..." Lucifer requested.

"Of course Luci, why that's no trouble at all! you go and regain your healthy white glow while I explore the hotel and become familiar with everything." Alastor said before walking away.

"Alright everyone, I'm going to go pass out for the next several

hours, if not until tomorrow morning, my wife will help you choose a room that is to your preference and to answer any questions you may have." Lucifer told the others.

With that being said everyone made their way over to the check in desk, already talking among themselves about which room they would want to stay in.

"Sorry to leave you alone to deal with all of this." Lucifer apologized, as he and his wife walked towards the ground floor rooms' hallway.

"If you can manage to put up with all of them while trapped inside of a limo, I can manage to give them room keys and make sure they don't trash the place." She assured causing him to smile, "Also, after I get everyone settled, and finish up my work with Katie for the moment, maybe I'll come and join you~" She told him with a kiss to his cheek.

Feeling a slight shiver, though a good one, go up his spine at that suggestion, the king and queen then parted ways though only for the time being.

"I see you're still unsure about changing your arsenal." Vega commented, as the Slayer even still debated on altering his loadout.

It wasn't an easy thing at all for the Slayer to try and relax, even parting with just one gun felt like he was leaving himself exposed, ready to be pounced on by some waiting threat. Even though for nearly the entire time he has spent in Lucifer's circle he has barely brandished his weapons, his mind kept thinking back to all the times when he was stripped of his armaments, and was forced to rely on nothing more than his fists and a single pistol to survive. During those moments is when he felt the most cold, not in the sense he was afraid or unsettled, but rather that he was almost entirely detached from reality. No thinking, no emotions, nothing else other than the basic drive to survive and overcome, even as his flesh was seared by fire or his bones beaten by clawed hands, he ignored it all and pressed forward.

But it wasn't just his normal weaponry he considered leaving behind, before he had entered Lucifer's Hell he had requested Vega prepare one specific weapon. A weapon so powerful, so terrifyingly destructive, that even the Sentinels and the Maykrs were baffled by its existence. And what was most shocking about this weapon was that it had not been made by either, this was a weapon just as old as the Slayer's personal shotgun, and just as closely held as well. Yet before Vega could offer any assistance on the issue, the gateway which they used to create portals suddenly activated, putting both individuals on immediate alert.

"I'm sorry if I startled you." The voice of Samur Maykr spoke out, soon followed by his cloaked visage emerging from the portal, "But I am here to deliver the information you requested of me, apologies that it took so long for it to arrive." He said.

"It's rather unusual for you to come here without informing us ahead of time, has something happened?" Vega questioned, as Samur made his way towards the terminal.

"Things are progressing as we have expected them to, however the archangel is growing more invested in our matters, soon he will demand that you stand before him and clarify certain things, and so I am here to give you want you want as well as warn you." He explained.

Lifting one of his arms up to meet the Slayer held in it's hand was a data card, one that could be inserted into the terminal allowing them to access the information on it.

"I see you're looking over your weapons, are you planning to remove some from you suit's storage?" He asked, as the Slayer took the card from him.

"Yes, however he has been here for some time with no changes being made, as expected." Vega answered.

"Hmph, always one for caution, though I can't say I disagree with that." He replied as he looked to the gateway, "Lucifer's circle and his demons may for the most part be humans, but as you are living proof mortals can be capable of truly anything, it would be only a

fool's mindset to assume there are no threats waiting to reveal themselves." He explained.

"True, but even the most powerful of its residents, Lucifer and his family included, are barely comparable to some of the most common of Doom's former populace." Vega argued.

"A fair point, I'm not saying that you should feel the necessity of carrying a rocket launcher or a chain gun around with you, only that you shouldn't ignore that vigilance of yours." He clarified as he began to depart, "If you have any further need of my assistance you need only to request it, but for now I must return and attend to my duties, until we see each other again." He told them.

Watching as he went through the portal and it dispersing soon after, the Slayer took what he had said to heart, and decided that even if he should never find a situation to actually use his full arsenal, it would still be best to leave it as it were. And so with that matter finally settled both the Slayer and Vega got to work going over the information delivered, in addition to finishing the documentary which was nearly complete.

The Slayer's Story

"It is finished." Vega announced, after a week of complete and total silence.

In Lucifer's Hell it had only been half a day of absence, but for the Slayer and Vega an entire week had passed since they had seen the others. Over the course of this week however not much happened, as Vega dedicated his time to the documentary, while the Slayer either went to the Ripatorium or did other small things around the fortress. As for Sir Pentious, he had been left to dwell in the soul harvester, neither summoned in his cell or the Ripatorium, as the Slayer wanted it to fully cement just how grave his situation was. So for the most part this week had been pretty much the same as it used to be, in that brief period of time after Doom's demise and before their new crusade began, when it seemed as though both could be at peace.

Then again, whether you ask Vega, the Sentinels, or even the Maykrs, none would be able to say for certain if the Slayer could ever really find true relief.

"I have made the edits to the footage per your requests, I have also made sure to trim away as much of the extra details and less necessary information as possible." He informed him, as the Slayer put on his new helmet.

Admittedly the making of the helmet was done in a day, still the Slayer had waited until they returned to wear it, if only for it had been some time since he'd been without one. And so, with his appearance restored to its full former glory, his arsenal remaining whole as it always had been, and their contribution to educating Lucifer's populace finally done, Vega opened a portal to his Hell allowing them to return.

A few minutes prior, inside the Happy Hotel...

So far it had only been three days since this whole mess had begun, and yet for nearly everyone seated for breakfast, it felt like a month had gone by. Charlie and Vagatha were already pretty stressed out and worried before, but add the Slayer on top of it and it just made things even more complicated. Lucifer and Lilith were pretty much in the same boat, even though they before the Slayer's arrival were fairly laid back about things, the mere mention of his name alone was enough to stiffen every muscle in their bodies. Then you had the lot who, although not yet understanding the full nature of the situation, were still aware of how powerful and imposing of a presence he had, and knew well to not press their luck.

However there were the last three, Alastor, Angel Dust, and Cherri Bomb, all three of them seemed completely unaffected by the Slayer, or rather were affected in ways that made no sense to anyone. Angel and Cherri were still clearly horny for the hater of Hellspawn, and Alastor though not at all romantically or sexually intrigued, certainly had come to see the stoic soldier as one of his greatest inspirations. All of this culminated in a breakfast that was very mixed in terms of atmosphere, one half of the table were wary, the middle could go either way, and the last bit were completely uncaring. Top it all off with the still lingering tension and drama, and this resulted in barely any words being exchanged by anyone as they ate, making things awkward as well.

"...So..." Charlie spoke as to gain everyone's attention, "First of all, I'd like to say how grateful I am that all of you have decided to stay at the hotel, even if some of you didn't do so by choice, I really appreciate your willingness to give it a try, secondly I hope that all of your rooms and this breakfast was to your liking." She said.

"I'll admit, that's probably the best I've slept in a long time, including before I was blown to bits." Katie replied casually as she took a bite of her food.

"Yeah, the bed was really comfy, way better than ours back home right Moxxie?" Millie asked looking to her husband.

"Mhm, slept like a baby, though on that topic will we be able to go to our homes to bring some stuff here to the hotel?" He asked.

"You're allowed to bring as many possessions as you want, within reason of course." Charlie answered.

"Oh thank christ, the liquor selection you have in the rooms is just terrible, could barely get a buzz..." Blitzo told her.

"Well, the point is to try and rehabilitate yourself, wouldn't make much sense if we put a full bar into your room now would it?" Vagatha asked.

"Eh, string bean's got a point, a few stronger drinks wouldn't hurt anything." Angel agreed.

"While you're at it you could also do with a better cable package, you've barely got any channels as it is, and none of them were the good ones." Cherri mentioned.

"And what exactly counts as good television by your standards?" Vagatha asked.

"Any where the shows involve people getting bludgeoned for our amusement." Cherri answered.

"I second that." Loona chimed in.

"Um...okay, how about this, after breakfast we'll make a list of everything that you guys think the hotel needs, and after it's done we'll have a vote to determine what are the most essential things that need to be added as fast as possible?" Charlie suggested.

"You know, I could just-"

"No." Lucifer said firmly, making sure the radio demon couldn't finish that sentence.

"But I-"

"No." Lilith said this time repeating her husband, yet still the other's smile persisted.

"Oh come now you two, I thought we agreed that I could be of use to the hotel, or rather that out of every potential partner I'm the least

likely to betray you in some way." Alastor protested.

"True, but we are not giving the go ahead on anything without you presenting the options first, who knows what you'll summon if we just let you make the decision." Lucifer told him.

"Oh please, do you actually believe I'd summon ANYTHING nefarious? especially with that fearsome partner of yours?" He asked.

In the same instance of time that he said that a blue portal would appear a few feet from the table, followed by said partner stepping forward.

"Well well well, he appears on command, isn't that convenient?" Alastor said with a laugh as the portal closed behind him.

"Aw man, you really did get a new helmet..." Cherri whined as they could only just barely see his eyes now.

"Wait, you mean you saw him without his helmet?" Moxxie asked as he, his wife, and Loona looked at her amazed.

"Oh hell yeah, wanna see some of the pictures we took?" She asked them as she held up her phone.

Admittedly very curious the trio got up from their seats and walked over to her, with Blitzo remaining in his as he couldn't care less. And while they were all busy looking over the mono eyed demon's shoulder at her phone, everyone else had their eyes fixated on the man himself as he walked towards the royal family.

"The documentary is complete as promised, whenever you are ready I can display it for you via a projection device the Slayer has brought with him." Vega explained as the Slayer reached them.

"Good to know, however we're still eating breakfast and well, I expect that this documentary will be quite...messy correct?" Lucifer inquired.

"There are certain parts, in which recorded encounters between the Slayer and Doom's denizens, are as you put it messy, and while I

did my best to try and find the least visceral that we have on record, it is still quite violent." He replied.

"I expected as much, though I appreciate your effort to find the least unsettling videos." Lucifer said.

"If you want you can get ready for us in the lobby, the space is certainly spacious enough for all of us to watch it." Lilith suggested.

"Would you also like the Slayer to arrange the furniture so that everyone has a proper seat for the viewing?" Vega asked.

"Oh, well, if it wouldn't be of any issue that would be wonderful." She answered.

Responding for himself this time with a simple nod, the Slayer would then head for the lobby to get everything ready.

"That was very considerate of them." She said to her husband.

"Yes, they've suddenly been very considerate, it's...quite jarring..." Lucifer replied.

"I think it's a sign that we're making progress in getting him to trust us!" Charlie suggested with a smile.

"That, or he's just trying to soften the blow of whatever's in that documentary." Vagatha suggested as well.

Deciding not to dwell on what the reason was for such considerate gestures, they along with everyone else would continue their breakfast and finish about ten minutes later. With the meal done and the plates all put into the dishwasher in the kitchen, they all gathered in the lobby and took whatever seat made the most sense for them. The royal family and Vagatha would take claim on the couch as it could seat all four of them, while the rest simply took whatever seats the Slayer had gathered and arranged in a nice row to its sides.

"Hello, and welcome to the first viewing of the documentary about the Slayer, it has been made with three important criteria regarding his past, his life before his crusade began, when it started, and finally how long it lasted, at the end of the documentary if you have

any questions I will answer them for you, but I request that when that time comes that you ask your questions in an orderly fashion." Vega stated.

"Yeah yeah we get it show us the goods!" Angel demanded.

Summoning a small box like object from his suit's storage the Slayer would carefully set it down on the floor, and after stepping away it would produce a holographic screen followed by the footage.

Act 1: Simpler Times

William J. Blazkowicz The 3rd, born and raised in the state of Texas in the United States of America, on his family's farm/ranch that had first been built and managed by his ancestor, the first William J. Blazkowicz, lived what most would say was an ideal childhood. Even with his family always having anything they needed, due to the heroic actions of his aforementioned ancestor centuries earlier against the Nazi regime, they still used the farm as their main source of income. He would be taught by his parents the same disciplines and morals that they had learned, he would also for most of his life be a devout catholic. It was because of this upbringing that he would, even at an early age, show a remarkable sense of virtue.

Even when dealing with matters unrelated to him, whether it be standing up for others or speaking against any injustice, no matter how small or trivial to some, he would carry this with him throughout his life. And although as he matured and as a result of his work on his family's farm he would grow quite fit, he would not seek to participate in any athletic activities, but instead chose to use his physique to help people. After high school he would enlist to follow in his ancestor's footsteps, wanting to make some kind of difference any way he could. However his world's military wasn't as you assume, instead of several different countries all fighting for supremacy, the world at this time had come together to form the Union Aerospace Corporation, a global organization focused on the betterment of mankind.

Due to this most of the work provided for those looking to serve as

soldiers or security would be given mostly local positions. Whether it be in their hometowns or cities, as was the first few years of his service, or perhaps being moved from various facilities across the globe to obtain different skills, very few UAC soldiers would ever even engage in any form of combat. This allowed him to continue helping his parents on their farm, it also allowed him to spend time with his new companion, a pet rabbit his parents had given him as a present to show their pride in his enlistment, who he would name Daisy. Sadly this would be the last peaceful time of his life, for as the next few years passed by and he continued to prove to his superiors how capable he was, eventually he would be assigned to a new station.

For the first time in his life he would leave his home and family behind, he also chose to leave Daisy with his parents as she would mostly be kept in a cage if he had taken her with him. His reassignment would land him a position serving as security in a city not too far from his hometown, however this would be where his life would change forever. From the moment he began he already had a distaste for his new superior, a man who believed enforcing obedience through strict rules and punishment was the way to keep order, and after a few months of serving under his command he would be given an unthinkable order, to fire upon civilians. These individuals had been protestors against the UAC's off world experiments, for it was in the neutrality space allowed where they could conduct any experiments they so desired, without having to worry about laws or ethics.

They had been a thorn in the UACs side for quite some time, and had been given several warnings by his commanding officer to leave it alone, but now he sought to make an example of them, as a warning to anyone else who had such ideas. Of course he refused to go through with such an action, going so far as to even throw his gun to the ground, but when his superior then reached for his own weapon to begin the slaughter, is when the street they stood on would be paved in blood. He would tackle him to the ground at full force, already causing several bruises and a head injury upon his landing with the street, but then everyone would watch in frozen horror at what came next. Punch after punch he would unleash his fury on his commander, the sounds of the strikes sounding like a

hammer smashing rocks, and if his fellow soldiers had simply stood by it would have ended there.

But they didn't, they tried not only to intervene but also attack him for his insubordination, thus redirecting his fury from the savagely beaten corpse to them, and despite their armor and shields he made just as quick work of their bodies. Soon all that remained in that street was his blood soaked body and the prisoners, who were knelt on the ground with their hands behind their backs unable to run when it had started. Yet they did not need to fear him even after what they had just seen, he would walk over to each of them and release them from their bindings, allowing them to walk free. Of course such actions came with severe repercussions, yet surprisingly none were imprisonment, he would be sent off world to the mars installation of the UAC, specifically their outpost on Phobos, along with other soldiers facing similar charges.

Here would be the last day of normalcy for the Slayer, when his mind was still whole, his memories mostly happy, and his soul undamaged. For what lay in wait upon his arrival to the base, would change everything.

Act 2: Survival

When the soldiers were first sent to the Phobos base, and as their ship grew closer to its destination, they would be informed of strange occurrences and even personnel disappearances happening at the facility. Surprisingly this wasn't too odd of a situation, the stress of being off world and confined to such a small living space can be immense on the human psyche, so there was no reason to assume this wasn't something they couldn't handle. Upon landing they would approach the facility to begin their investigation, however he would be given the task of patrolling the perimeter in case anyone tried to escape. Which as strange as it may sound was not impossible, several ships beyond their own were docked, mostly for cargo transportation, but they would be capable of reaching the mars surface which would grant their operator access to a more space worthy vessel.

So as expected he took this task seriously, making sure to investigate any damages or suspicious activities outside of the base,

to which he noticed an alarming amount of the former. But as he returned to his starting point where his squad was meant to regroup, he would not be greeted by his fellow soldiers, at least, not how they once were. Groaning and snarling like mindless beasts his former squad mates all fired upon him, eyes red like fire and skin as grey as a corpse, these horrid ghouls alone were enough to unsettle him. Yet they were not the only horrors that awaited him, imps with spikes protruding from their backsides and fireballs shooting from their palms would be next, not long after them horned skulls with ghastly wails, and then massive floating creatures that spit bile which quickly dissolved anything it touched.

More and more horrid creatures came from the depths of the facility, each worse and more powerful than the last, but he pressed forward not just to slaughter them in revenge for his fallen comrades and the innocent lives lost, but to keep them from leaving and doing this again. Unfortunately the surprises wouldn't cease, for after he slaughtered those that had led the charge, red skinned devils who summoned green fire from their souls, he bore witness to the sight of the very moon itself being pulled into their realm. Now within their domain most would have given up hope, their numbers were greater still, and even more creatures he had yet to face appeared, but he knew if he did not stop them, if he did not keep them here in their dwelling, they could very well reach earth and so many would then be lost. So he continued to fight, culling through their hordes until he reached their fiendish master, a horrendous melding of flesh and metal, and with his armaments he would bring it destruction.

And thus, with their conspirator deceased, the portal closed as he left them behind, he stepped foot once again upon earthly soil, a calming wave washing over him as he believed it to be done. But then the embers began to fly passed him, the screams and cries soon reached his ears, and as he turned to see where it all came from, he was met with the sight of a city, the very same he had been assigned before his departure, consumed in fire and chaos as the beasts ravaged it. Yet this was not the tragedy that would bring his heart to a standstill, that would make the blood in his veins go cold, before him only a mere few feet away, the creatures had made for him a welcoming present. The head of his beloved pet, Daisy, bled atop a spike with its mouth agape and its eyes lifeless, in response

to his refusal to submit to their will they sought out anything of value to him, anything that held a place in his soul, and they burned it first in their invasion.

This however elicited not the expected reaction from him, he did not cry, he did not crumble to his knees, he did not give in to their cruelty, instead the entirety of his form was taken hold by one single sensation, RAGE. With a bellowing howl almost the same as their own he charged forward, first to the city that burned before him, then soon after to his hometown, murdering mercilessly each and every last one of the abominations. At first it was with his weapons, but as his munitions began to dry as he reached the invasion's origin, he tossed aside his empty armaments and relied solely on his fists. Grabbing hold of horns and teeth, limbs and innards, and any other feature that made their flesh he ripped them like paper, such brutal natural strength coupled with that burning rage, it was unseen for one of his kind.

But this was not what frightened these creatures, who now looked at him no longer as a nuisance or prey, no matter what they tried to utilize to hinder his progress, his murder of their legions, nothing halted him. Covered in bruises and gashes all over his body, his armor near nothing but tatters now, all that remained was his helmet from which only his eyes could be seen, and they just like his hands pierced both their vessels and their souls as he cast them unto death. He to them was no longer a simple mortal waiting to be consumed, he had proven to be something far greater than they could have expected, and so they sent upon him their greatest champion, a beast capable of bringing destruction with its mere presence in space and time, the embodiment of all evil, The Icon of Sin.

Here they expected him to fall, for The Icon stood above even the most elder of their race, the dark lords that governed their accursed home never dared to try and fully control the titan, only direct him towards their next victims. And so the titan fought, bringing its power and might to this mortal man, and yet still he stood fast, never wavering, never faltering, and soon with terrifying efficiency he brought The Icon to its end, the only aid to his strength being that of a simple rocket launcher. Left speechless and afraid, their greatest

champion now near indistinguishable viscera, the demons of this Hell known as Doom looked upon the panting, bleeding, tired form of this intruder, and still they felt only fear. So they retreated, falling back to the inner most sanctums of their home, hoping that they could evade or buy time to survive his fury, but he would follow, and would continue to drive them ever closer to extinction, for that was his sole purpose now, the only reason he cared to keep living.

But even so he was still mortal, having gone without food for some time, and his wounds progressively worsened, if he did not receive aid there was a chance he would succumb to death, even with his endless rage.

Act 3: The Slayer

This is where his ascension would begin, starting with his final kills as a mortal man, The Mother Of All Demons and her sister The Resurrector, he would be near his limit yet still desired to push forward to complete his mission. But before him new beings would appear, though resembling humans they were of another species and world entirely, they would bind him in iron cast shackles as by this point he was near deranged and savage, before then bringing him to their domain. Here he would meet their king, and the angels who governed the circle known as Doom, both would try and reason with his fractured self that they were his allies, though he was far too lost in his rage and madness to fully comprehend it. So a great deal of time would be spent, by both these new people The Sentinels and the angels known as Maykrs, in simply healing him and repairing what damage they could, to show they were of no threat and sought only to aid him in his righteous quest.

Eventually it would work, his soul and mind would calm to where he could listen, and he would agree to be trained by the Sentinels, to be given powers by the Maykrs, in order to make him not only stronger, faster, and more powerful overall, but to transcend him from mortal limitations to that of a god. As expected he took to both quickly, mastering the training in little to no time at all, and absorbing the powers granted to him like none had before, soon his flesh was impenetrable, his soul incorruptible, and he incapable of ever dying. He would first display his newfound skills and power when defending the Sentinel capitol of Taras Nabad from Doom's invasion, taking

down yet another titan though lesser than The Icon, with the only aid being in the form of a sword given its blade by his own virtue, to cut and singe its flesh so it could not be born anew. This was the first time the demons had laid eyes upon him for some time, some of their legions and lords hoping he had passed, but as he stood over yet another of their mightiest triumphant once more, they knew their nightmare was far from over.

The second era of his crusade would be spent travelling to and from the Hell cleansing creation of their evil, always choosing to go alone all they could do for him now was give him what he needed. A suit as durable as his own body, an arsenal though similar to his original made far better in nearly every way, and divine blessings that could better him even still. One would hasten him further, another increase his strength even beyond its already godly status, the next make him truly invulnerable, or the last which could empower his weapons to do even greater damage. This was it, Doom's days were finally numbered and at their end, and the ruler of its dark domain knew this well, he would stand opposite of the Slayer if nothing was done, and even he in his arrogance could see his defeat.

So they laid a trap for him, The Dark One challenged him to combat within a sacred temple used for unholy sacrifice, but deception came from both the demons as well as once holy priests in the Sentinels' world, they would trap him inside their realm, where as the demons would collapse the entire structure on top of him. And before he could dig his way out, free himself from the weight that buried him, the most powerful of arcanists used the rubble to trap him within a sarcophagus, that would serve as his eternal prison. For a great deal of time it was, the forces of Doom though incapable of truly stopping him had at the least halted his assault, and they believed they would finally be free of his wrath. But this was of course not the end, the Sentinels and the Maykrs would spend centuries searching for him, and eventually a Seraphim would find his tomb and free him from his confines, allowing for the final crusade to take place.

Epilogue

Though given centuries to rebuild and recuperate from his last advance, they were still unable to repeat their success before, with the aid of the Sentinels' armies and the holiness of the Maykrs, one

final push was given to end Doom once and for all. The final keep that stood in their wake, the palace of brimstone and obsidian that served as the Dark One's personal dwelling was stormed, and as the last of Doom's forces were handled by the Sentinels and Maykrs, the Slayer confronted the Dark One in the final battle. Finally taking corporeal form to stand his ground the Dark One's visage was unheard of, an indescribable amalgamation of the most vile corruption and unholy power that any had ever laid eyes upon. If it had been any other even the angels their minds would have snapped, his mere presence and power so immeasurable it would have consumed their souls or broken them beyond repair, but the Slayer had longed for this moment more than any other in his life, and so with but his shotgun in hand and nothing more he charged forward.

Much like with The Icon of Sin the battle lasted a great deal of time, and like his predecessor the Dark One held his ground, but in the end the Slayer's rage and power trumped even his, and with but one final trigger pull his life would be ended, it would finally be over. But this would not be the end of the Slayer's mission, even though he had done what none could have dreamed by destroying all of Doom, he sought to rid creation of all corruption, hence why now, he stands among you in your circle. For it is his creed, the words he first spoke when found by the Sentinels, the words they chanted to show their support, and the last he ever spoke before falling silent forever. Rip And Tear, Until It Is Done.

No words were spoken as the projection ended, or when the Slayer walked over and retrieved the device, everyone even the normally smiling radio demon, were left in stunned silence. None of them knew how to really react to what they had just been told, and even more so what had been shown, videos and images of his life before and after, his level of unrivaled violence and destruction that he unleashed upon those...things...it was all just...so shocking. But after near ten minutes of them simply sitting there, all trying their best to find the right words or the right actions to show after it, it would be most surprisingly of all Lucifer who would be the first to respond. He slowly stood from his seat, cane in hand, and approached the ever

stoic figure of the Slayer.

And upon reaching him, stopping just a few short inches from his person, the king of Hell with widened eyes of horror looked at the Slayer's own and said:

"I'm sorry."

Let's Put It To Vote

The Slayer had seen many things in his life, at this point most of them horrible and disturbed, and while that was unfortunate for any soul it did make it so he was immune to practically anything. At least in the emotional sense, he really didn't feel anything anymore, apart from the anger of course, he was never nervous or unsettled even if quite literally shit hit the fan, and that was incredibly useful. But now as he sat on a couch, in a hotel lobby, with a crying Hell princess on his right side hugging him, while an assortment of other Hell based people looked at him, for the first time in his life he truly had no idea what to do. As for why Charlie was hugging him while sobbing uncontrollably, it's because she was just that nice of a person, who hated to see anyone no matter who suffer in any way.

"Miss Charlie, while the Slayer understands why you are upset, he is rather confused as to why you're also hugging him." Vega informed her, trying to help him get out of this awkward situation.

"BECAUSE HE NEEDS ONE!" She shouted as she tightened her hold, "HE'S BEEN THROUGH SO MUCH AND HE NEEDS THIS!" She insisted.

"Again, I understand you are upset, but-"

"There's no point in trying to argue against it, she's not coming off." Vagatha interjected from his left side where she sat, "Seriously though, you've been through a LOT of shit, like, holy fuck." She said sympathetically while placing a hand on the Slayer's shoulder.

"Yeah, speaking of, why did YOU say you were sorry?" Katie asked as she looked to Lucifer, who stood off to the side with his wife beside him.

"Because, Doom was not a Hell that occurred naturally, as in it was founded by a fallen angel or a purposefully created entity to govern a new plane of reality, it was a product of the circles of Hell in its entirety during the great war, I and the other devils who existed at that time created it." He explained.

"Wait...YOU fucking made those things?" Angel Dust asked with widened eyes.

"Not directly, during the war Heaven and its forces had quite the upper hand, not only because of their divine powers and forms, but because they also enlisted the aid of mortals, as such we needed something to even the playing field, so we created a new circle that was meant to be a factory of sorts, a place filled with uncontrolled power and corruption, and for a long time it served its intended purpose, producing mindless ravenous beasts that just slaughtered anything in front of them, but eventually a new entity one that possessed sentience came to be, and as Vega stated he was soon known as the Dark One, due to the fact he had no set form, he was Doom itself given intelligence, and he soon sent into motion his own schemes." He answered.

"And at NO POINT did you or any of these other devils think you should, oh I dunno, STOP HIM?!" Cherri questioned.

"Oh right, because it was just so simple, let's all band together and try to attack an entity that was LITERALLY AN ENTIRE REALM OF REALITY, his power was truly limitless and would only grow as time passed by, in order for us to have done anything we would have needed to turn our armies and resources against him, but seeing as how we were already involved in a still active war, that was clearly the dumbest thing we could have done." He responded.

"So how did he kill it then? how did the Slayer who used to be a normal human being, do the one thing that none of you, nor even Heaven it seems like could do?" Katie asked.

"If I may." Vega spoke to gain their attention, "As Lucifer stated the Dark One was the circle itself, demons and Hell energy would continue to exist as long as he did, the only way to defeat him was to force his hand and make him take physical form, by doing so his soul which was spread across the realm would be isolated to one location, and with it in one place once the Slayer succeeded in destroying his body, a device known as the soul harvester would be able to capture it, keeping it safely housed in a permanent prison along with the rest of Doom's demons." He explained.

"So does Doom not exist anymore?" Moxxie asked.

"It does, but it's nothing more than a graveyard now, any blood or water has dried, all Hell energy that flowed through every creature and structure has dissipated, and the only remnants of its former self are the still lingering corpses of the demons, as well as the architecture." He answered.

"Well that's good, still it doesn't really make up for the fact that because of Lucifer he lost EVERYTHING, but ya know, that's nice at least." Loona said.

"Why am I being painted as the villain here? You're acting as if I or any of the other rulers of Hell could have predicted this would happen! Doom was nothing but a space filled with power and corruption, there was no reason at all that a sentience of any kind should have formed! It's not like we wanted this to happen nor that we personally sought out the Slayer and his world, it just happened!" He argued.

"That's right, your world." Millie realized as she looked to the Slayer, "What happened after they invaded? Did you manage to save it? And what about your family and Daisy? Did these er, Maykrs I think, help you see them again?" She asked.

Upon being asked that question the Slayer's fists immediately tightened, and everyone even the still teary Charlie took notice of that.

"That is...unfortunately rather complicated." Vega replied.

"What do you mean? How so?" Lilith inquired.

"The Slayer's soul, though pure and absent of any corruption, is incapable of ever ascending to Heaven, even stepping into the Maykrs' home of Urdak is forbidden." He revealed.

"That...that doesn't make any sense though, how can that be possible?" Lucifer questioned in disbelief.

"To put it simply, the Slayer's soul is tainted, unless given special permission by a high ranking member of Heaven's order, he cannot

be allowed to enter any divine domain, for the parameters one must meet extend beyond the level of corruption or purity their soul has, their mind, emotions, personality, and several other factors are evaluated and considered, and as it stands he is viewed as the highest risk possible." He explained.

"So you mean to fucking tell me, that even after ALL of that, after everything he's done and been through, he doesn't even get to see his fucking parents? OR SEE THE FUCKING RABBIT?!" Angel Dust asked.

"Correct, it seems as though in saving all of creation from Doom's menace, he has in turn damned himself to never enter paradise, nor to ever see those he lost." He confirmed.

Silence would come over them all yet again as this information sank in, to think that the Slayer of all people, especially now that they knew his full story, couldn't enter Heaven just seemed absurd. Then there was Alastor, who during this whole mess was just sitting quietly listening to them talk, and yet somehow he still had that full face smile of his.

"You know." He spoke finally, catching them all by surprise, "I say if Heaven doesn't want you, why not shake things up a bit?" He suggested.

"Alastor." Lucifer said in a slightly annoyed tone, as this was not the time for his madness.

"Just hear me out Luci, I promise it's nothing that will incite another war, wouldn't want a reprisal of Doom now would we?" He replied as he stood from his seat, "The whole reason all of us are gathered here today in this hotel, is because of what Doom did to our tragic hero, but it is because of him that most of you are trying to actually redeem yourselves, but what if you DIDN'T do that?" He suggested.

"So...just continue to be horrible people, THAT'S your idea?" Vagatha asked.

"No no no, you see, the whole reason why our dear princess wanted this hotel to begin with is to keep the exterminations from ever

happening again, overpopulation and what not, but obviously not every soul in Hell wants, or deserves, a chance to see those beautiful shining pearly gates, most of the people in Hell like being here, being able to do whatever they want because well, they've hit rock bottom! But what if we made it so only those willing to try and better themselves were left? And anyone who chooses to remain as horrible and as awful as they are get mercilessly mutilated?" He answered.

"Alastor, are you actually suggesting?..." Lilith began to question, but was cutoff by a snap of the radio demon's fingers.

"PRECISELY! If the Slayer can't go to Heaven, then we make our own Heaven right here! Sure we'll still be sinners, dancing, drinking, and for the more flirtatious pleased by carnal lusts and desires, but things like raping, murdering, abuse, and so forth will be met with swift punishment! All of the truly abominable crimes and sins that exist will be punished, while lesser ones will still be indulged and perhaps even encouraged!" He explained.

Amazed that he of all people would be saying such a thing, as his seemingly ludicrous and outlandish idea slowly but surely simmered in their minds, they had to admit it actually wasn't a bad idea.

"That's...actually a good idea, like a surprisingly good idea." Vagatha complimented.

"Yeah, It'd be a LOT easier to be a better person if I could still have sex and do drugs." Angel Dust agreed.

"I'll admit, you actually managed to put forth an idea that wasn't alarming or drenched in suspicion Alastor." Lucifer praised before holding up a finger "However, there is one major issue with such a plan, and it's the very issue for why me and the other devils all rebelled against Heaven, it's because we are meant to be the definitive bad place, every single soul rejected from Heaven comes to us, we do not get to pick and choose who lives in any of the circles, or tortured for the more extreme, what you are proposing is we create a system that while still housing the sinful, only truly punishes the most wicked who arrive, doing something like that would not be well received." He warned.

"Forgive me Lucifer, but are you suddenly blind?" Alastor asked as he gestured to the Slayer, "Here we have in our company a man who did exactly that! He went against the grain, resisted the tide, pushed back against powers higher than his own! And while yes, it wasn't without sacrifice, he still is sitting here today while all of those wretched demons from Doom have their souls locked away, if you needed any sort of proof that this could work he is it!" He insisted.

"His argument is sound." Vega stated which surprised all of them, "Though it is the Slayer's personal mission to seek out the worst of creation and punish them for their actions, he would not be opposed to sinful souls remaining so long as their actions affect only them, and are in no way damaging to anyone else." He explained.

"I say we put it to a vote! After all this kind of decision affects all of us right?" Cherri suggested.

"Very well, all in favor of Alastor's idea of turning our Hell into a...Heaven for the sinful, raise your hand." Lucifer requested.

Near instantly everyone's hands raised into the air, some more enthusiastically like Charlie or Angel, while others were more reserved like Loona or Katie. But to his surprise he found that even his wife had raised her hand, leaving the only person who hadn't done so being him, as Vega had already made the Slayer's position clear.

"It's one thing to try and get people to stay at a hotel to better themselves, but are all of you actually prepared for how difficult this will be?" Lucifer asked them while crossing his arms.

"Of course it won't be easy, but if we all work together I'm sure we can do it!" Charlie asserted.

"Besides, what've we got to lose? We're already here." Angel joked while pointing to the floor.

"The very effeminate fellow makes a solid argument! This is already as bad as it gets! We have nothing to gain but progress!" Alastor exclaimed.

Receiving an assortment of similar responses from everyone else, Lucifer with a sigh yet also a smile conceded.

"Whelp, looks like we're going to try and change how Hell works, this should be fun." He said receiving a resounding cheer from everyone.

It's surprising how different a situation can feel, when the people who are present are different. The Khan Maykr currently stood in the center of a large chamber, the very same that the Wraiths resided within the heart of their world. And unlike before in the domain of Heaven, where she was surrounded by her fellow angelic beings and was being looked down upon by the judging stare of Gabriel, causing her to be on guard, among those she trusted beyond all measure she could relax. Yet even with no tension being between she, the Wraiths, or the Sentinels who were also in attendance, the reason of why they were meeting was of the upmost importance.

"We are gathered here to discuss the current status of our shared mission, which is not only to better creation, but aid our champion in whatever way is needed." King Novik spoke to his commanders, before then turning to face the Khan, "I expect that you have much to say, would you care to speak first your grace?" He asked.

"Yes, thank you." She answered with a polite bow of her head to show respect, "As you all know, our actions have earned the attention of Heaven's eldest, with Gabriel specifically leading the investigation, we have done well to keep our intentions hidden and they busy with false answers, but soon the Slayer will be brought before him, and I believe that will be the moment where we can no longer deceive them." She stated.

"Then what shall we do? We cannot chance any conflict between the Heavens just yet, though preparations are underway we would still struggle against their power and numbers." A commander informed her.

"This is true, and my kin cannot begin their preparations yet, doing so would show our hand fully and we can't afford that." She replied.

"Is there any chance that our champion could somehow lend aid from his current position? I understand that he is still dealing with the devil Lucifer and his kind, but if he were to assist us in even the smallest way, it would grant us all the time we would need." Another commander suggested.

"No." The shared voice of the Wraiths spoke earning all attention, *"If our champion becomes involved too soon, then war shall follow and our goal will be betrayed, none will see the good we wish to achieve and only see us as bringers of chaos, we must convince more Heavenborn to join our cause."* They stated.

"But how can we accomplish this? Even though there are some in Heaven who are supportive of the Slayer himself, I am doubtful that they would be so willing to follow us in our task." King Novik replied.

Taking a moment to think of any way this could be done, a realization came to the Khan as she thought back to the last Heavenly meeting.

"That's it, the exterminators." She said with a smile, "They are the angels who govern Lucifer's circle, if they are convinced of our mission and join our side then it will prove to even the most skeptical, that there is merit to our mission." She told them.

"That could work, given that our champion is already in that circle, and is currently working with its devil to reform it, we have the perfect opportunity to persuade them." King Novik reasoned.

"Is it agreed by all present that this is our course, to bring the exterminators into our fold in the hope it shall buy us the time that we need?" The Wraiths asked, receiving a unanimous shout in agreement from the commanders.

With the most pressing issue resolved for the time being, the rest of the meeting would be spent going into the details of their preparations, and what will be needed when conflict is truly unavoidable.

You've got your jobs, get to work!

As strange as it may sound seeing so many happy people, in a place that is named the "Happy Hotel", was actually surprising to its founder. Charlie of course wanted to show that inside every demon is a rainbow, but she figured it would take months if not YEARS before that ever happened. But as she watched in splendid glee as everyone was gathered in the dining area, to discuss what their contributions would be to both the hotel and their new plan of reforming Hell entirely, it honestly felt like a dream come true.

"Alright everyone." Lucifer spoke to begin the meeting, as she was far too excited and jittery to do so herself, "If we're going to have even a chance of making this plan of ours work we're going to have to dedicate jobs to everyone, that way we're doing as much as we possibly can at any given moment." He explained.

"Will we be getting paid for this?" Blitzo asked as he raised his hand.

"Hmm, seeing as how you're the one responsible for nearly killing my daughter, how about my payment to you be that I don't rip that head of yours, spine and all, straight from your torso?" He suggested.

"Hey! He just threatened me!" Blitzo exclaimed with a point whilst looking to the Slayer, who was the only one currently standing.

"Considering you did nearly kill miss Charlie, he is rather justified in his anger I'm afraid." Vega informed him as the Slayer cracked his knuckles, "Unless of course you'd like to continue with your objection?" He asked.

Even with his backstory now known to all of them, and they having their perceptions slightly changed as a result, there was still no denying that one needed to be careful about angering the Slayer, and even Blitzo in his thick headed ways knew this. So with crossed arms and a huff he fell silent and slumped in his seat, causing Lucifer to smile.

"Thank you Vega." He said to the AI before continuing, "As I was saying, we all need to do our part to make sure this doesn't burn down in a terrible horrible fashion." He told them.

"Like the Hindenburg!" Angel Dust exclaimed with a grin.

"Yes Angel Dust, like the Hindenburg..." Lucifer replied with an eye roll, "Anyway, I believe that in order for us to work as efficiently as possible we need to give everyone a position that they're best suited for, now some of you are obvious such as Katie who can handle PR almost singlehandedly, and you also have my wife Lilith who, besides being the queen, is a famous performer and thus can use her fanbase and her general standing in the community to our benefit, but then there are some of you I don't know what you can do, so we'll be sorting you out first." He explained.

"Oh!" Angel Dust sounded while raising his hand.

"Yes?" Lucifer responded.

"How bout, and stay with me here, I go around and give people free head so long as they agree to come check out the hotel?" He suggested.

Upon hearing that nearly everyone's jaw dropped, except for Cherri who just burst out into laughter, and Alastor who...honestly looked traumatized for a moment.

"I...appreciate your enthusiasm Angel, but I don't think you blowing random people will send the right message." Lucifer said.

"You'd be surprised, especially with all the things I can do with my tongue, why-"

Before he could go any further Alastor immediately covered his mouth with his hand.

"Please, I am begging you, do not say anymore." He requested.

"Well then what do you suggest I do huh? Cause the only two things I'm good at are shooting and fucking, and I clearly can't do the first one." Angel Dust replied as the other moved his hand away.

"How about you simply patrol the streets, you are a prostitute are you not?" Alastor inquired.

"Yeah? But what good does that do us if I'm not getting people to hear me out with sex?" He questioned.

"You know how to get people to listen to you, yes it is normally with your body, but perhaps you could convince them to hear you out if you promise them sex here at the hotel, which you of course won't actually deliver on." Alastor explained.

"So you want me to just lie to'em?...yeah, I can do that." He assured.

"Lying would ALSO not send a good message Alastor..." Lucifer told him.

"Don't worry Luci, I know just how we can keep them here when Angel sends them our way, that is, if you trust me?" Alastor replied.

Taking in a deep breath because he knew this moment would come, with tightened eyes and gritted teeth Lucifer mustered up the willpower to say:

"FINE...do what you need to."

With those words finally spoken the radio demon's smile became a fang filled grin, which immediately made every fiber of the devil's being fill with regret. Standing from his seat he with a newfound pep to his step walked over to the Slayer.

"Before I get started, I would like to inform you that I must use my powers, can I be certain that as I do so you won't try to murder me?" He asked.

"So long as what comes from it doesn't try to kill the Slayer or anyone else here, there will be no issue." Vega answered.

"Well that's good, still you out of everyone here should brace yourself." He replied as he took a few steps away,

Unsure as to what he meant by that the Slayer didn't think too much of it. Even as the deer demon snapped his fingers and a fire erupted

in an unoccupied portion of the room, he saw no reason why he should be on guard. But as a strange black mass came to form in the flame, and he without lighting himself on fire reached in to pull it out, he did feel a little uneasy as a single bright orange eye opened up.

"Allow me to introduce to all of you the first of the hotel's staff!" Alastor exclaimed as he set it down on the ground, even when standing on two legs it was practically the size of a plush toy, "This little bundle of energy is Nifty!" He revealed.

"Bundle of energy? What do you-" Lucifer tried to question, only to be cutoff by the newly present demon.

"HELLO!" She shouted in excitement, followed by a quick little shake to get all the soot and ash off of her person, "My name's Nifty! It's soooooo nice to see so many new people! It's been a while since-" She was saying until she stopped midway, as her eye fell onto the Slayer, "A MAN!" She exclaimed.

Within the blink of an eye the pint sized woman was all over the Slayer, first at his feet, then at his arms, before finally arriving at his head.

"Look at those muscles! Look how tall you are! Look at all this cool stuff!" She said in a rapid fire fashion, before letting out a high pitched squeal, "YOU'RE A WALKING DREAMBOAT!" She shouted in delight as she hugged his helmet tightly.

"Told you." Alastor said smugly as he looked to the others, "Nifty here is an unrivaled housekeeper, she can cook, clean, sew, and whatever else we'll need! And she's got the speed to do all of these things at once!" He explained.

"Are you sure? This place is freaking huge and she's so...tiny." Vagatha mentioned.

"Don't believe me do you? Very well, Nifty." He said to get her attention.

Unfortunately the small demon was far too lost in bliss to hear him,

no longer just hugging the Slayer's helmet but also nuzzling it, to the displeasure of Angel and Cherri. This in turn forced him to walk over and pull her off the Slayer by her dress, much to her dismay.

"Alastor!" She whined with the saddest possible frown on her face.

"Show everyone how quickly you can clean this room, THEN you can nuzzle him some more." He told her.

Carrying out that order immediately she would disappear from his grasp at a blinding speed, going around the room tidying up the place with a remarkable efficiency. Anything that could be seen as a spot, stain, crumb, or spec of dust was taken care of, and it was all finished in under ten seconds.

"There done!" She exclaimed as she came to a stop in front of him.

"Impeccable work as always my dear, you may continue your nuzzling." He said causing her once again to squeal out of joy.

"Wow...I had no idea how filthy this place was..." Charlie said a slight bit embarrassed, as the room around them was quite literally sparkling now.

"Alright, so far I'm actually not regretting this." Lucifer admitted before crossing his arms, "But I'm guessing you've got more staff at the ready correct?" He asked.

"But of course! There's one more fellow I have in mind, and I promise he won't try to hug you." Alastor replied addressing the Slayer with that last part, as Nifty was back on his shoulders.

Just as before Alastor would walk over to a fairly vacant part of the room to do the summoning, this time stomping his cane on the ground instead of snapping his fingers. And in place of a fire suddenly igniting what appeared was...honestly rather depressing. Slumped in a recliner with several different bottles of liquor filling the seat with him, was a demon who resembled some kind of hybrid creature, that appeared to be a mix of a cat and bird. This was mostly indicated by the two feathered wings that slumped over the sides of the chair, which for some reason had card suits on them.

Unlike Nifty however he was not awake, actually he barely looked to be alive, if it weren't for the snoring everyone, due to the overwhelming stench of booze, might've thought he was dead. Yet this didn't seem to bother Alastor at all, in fact he walked right up next to the slumbering creature, tapped lightly at the microphone on the top of his cane, before then breathing in deeply and greeting him with:

"HELLO HUSKER!"

The sheer volume that was spoken with shook the nearby furniture, so you can imagine for the unfortunate demon who had it right in his ear, it was god awful. So awful in fact, that the very moment it went out into the air he thrashed in his chair so much it vaulted him from his seat, face first right onto the floor in front of him. Groaning for two reasons, the first because he was hungover, the second because he'd nearly been made deaf, the sunken eyed Husk slowly looked up at his tormentor.

"...You..." He said in such a guttural dry way, that every letter felt like it wanted to kill the red clad static speaker.

"Me." Alastor replied cheekily as Husk pushed himself up from the floor.

"Why...the fuck...am I here...why the FUCK did you shout in my ear...and why should I NOT strangle you right now..." He asked though very groggily with several grunts.

"Because my well lubricated friend, we are in need of some assistance, and I thought to myself who would be the best person to ask? Why good old Husker of course!" Alastor answered.

Taking a moment to make sure he wouldn't be sick and that he could even stand, the wobbly legged demon got up from the floor so he could look the other in the eyes.

"Look here, you big toothed prick..." He slightly slurred as he was still coming to his senses, "You've been pulling my fucking chain for what feels like a fucking eternity, and I am so FUCKING tired of it, so can you please just leave me the hell out of whatever it is you're

doing?..." He requested.

"Oh come now Husker old boy, you can't possibly tell me that you'd be satisfied spending the rest of your days either broke in a gambling house or drowned in liquor can you?" Alastor asked.

"...You literally just described my entire life in that sentence, so yeah I fucking can." He answered as he cracked his back, "Now you fucking send me back home along with my chair and my booze, or I swear I WILL beat you over the head with both." He threatened.

"Um, excuse me." Lucifer spoke gaining both of their attentions.

"Wait a second...is that?..." Husk tried to say, only to be ignored completely as Alastor spoke over him.

"Is there a problem Luci?" He asked.

"How exactly is this beer soaked cat supposed to help us? He looks like he hasn't been sober in years, no offense." Lucifer questioned.

"Nah, that's right on the dot...er uh...your highness." Husk replied, feeling he should at least be respectful to the king of Hell itself.

"Because Luci, the issue with Angel Dust bringing people in here with false promises of carnal satisfaction, is that there would be nothing to keep them in the door, but Husker here could do that no problem! He's wonderful with people!" Alastor claimed.

"I am?/He is?" Both men questioned at the same time.

"Well of course you are! Tell me how many times have you managed to talk your way back into a casino that put a death threat on you?" Alastor asked.

"I lost count after sixty." Husk answered.

"And how many times have you convinced a bar owner to forget your tab? After of course making the bet that you could drink their entire stock without going into kidney failure." He asked.

"Again, lost count after sixty." Husk repeated.

"See? His people skills are exceptional! Why if anyone can sweet talk a bunch of low life sinners to stay at the hotel it's him!" Alastor reasoned.

"I don't know..." Lucifer replied hesitantly, as this still seemed like a horrible idea.

"Mister Husker." Lilith spoke deciding to join in, "What would it take for you to serve at our check in desk?" She asked.

"Honestly, if you give me a bottle of anything that'll make me feel cold and lifeless, and maybe a TV or something for me to watch, then I'm good." He answered.

"We have the finest liquor selection here at the hotel, and there is already a television in the lobby that could be moved behind the desk for your eyes alone, if we also give you a comfortable chair to sit in while you work will that seal the deal?" She asked.

"...Alright, I'm in." He said catching everyone by surprise.

"Really? That's all you want?" Lucifer asked in disbelief.

"Normally I'd have to be willing to get the shit beaten out of me if I want to taste something GOOD, but if you're willing to pay me with it, then I'd have to be a real brain dead dipshit not to say yes." He explained.

"Splendid! So now we have a housekeeper and a doorman! And because our doorman is so charming Angel can use his renown on the streets to get people in here!" Alastor exclaimed.

"I...suppose so..." Lucifer said, still shocked by how easy it was to convince the feathered feline, "But that still leaves Cherri Bomb, the two imps, the Hellhound, and the lanky bastard who nearly killed my daughter." He listed.

"I can work the streets with Angel, though while he's convincing guys who think with their second heads, I can have a talk with some of two bit thugs who think they're tough shit." Cherri said.

"Me and Moxxie could make some flyers! Then we could go around

the city putting'em everywhere! Even over billboards and signs no one cares about!" Millie exclaimed volunteering both her and her husband at the same time.

"The most work I've ever done was as a receptionist, so maybe I should work the check in desk with him?" Loona suggested while pointing to Husk with her thumb.

"And I could supervise! Make sure everyone's doing what they need to do." Blitzo said.

"Hmm, Yes, Yes, we'll see, and absolutely fucking not." Lucifer replied to each of them.

"Oh COME ON! How LONG are you going to hate me for accidentally almost killing your daughter? You act like NO ONE else in Hell has ever done that!" Blitzo protested.

"Because no one has you mentally short changed idiot, it's common knowledge that if someone even looked at her funny I'd have them skinned alive." Lucifer told him.

"Well you know we wouldn't have even been there if it wasn't for-" He tried to reply, only to notice halfway through the death glare being sent his way by Lilith, "...If...she wasn't such a bitch." He finished as he pointed to Katie.

"Lucifer, dear." Lilith spoke so she could handle this before it got out of hand, "I know that he is being...difficult." She said trying to put it as nice as possible, "But remember he does have connections with Stolas, perhaps he could go speak with him and see if he could help." She suggested.

"That's right, despite all logic and reason you somehow are acquainted with Stolas, and he would be our best option to getting the support from the noble class, without threatening them that is." Lucifer agreed.

"Pardon the interruption, but what will the Slayer's role be in all of this?" Vega asked, which didn't seem to phase the extremely content Nifty.

"Actually, you will be working alongside Katie, with the documentary you've provided we will be able to show all of Hell who you are, however once the truth is out there things will get..." Lucifer trailed off, trying to think of the best way to put it.

"Batshit fuck nut crazy?" Angel Dust suggested.

"Yes that, so we are going to need to be on top of the media frenzy that will happen as a result, now Katie obviously has connections with channel six six six, she might need your help convincing them to trust her of course, but still where you will aid her in that affair, she will aid you in being...not so gut wrenchingly terrifying." He explained.

"Then what will you do?" Vega asked.

"I have the toughest job of all, calling another meeting with my staff who I haven't spoken to since this whole mess began, trust me when I say that is going to be an all day ordeal, and I'm doubtful they'll be supportive of what we're doing." He answered.

"Couldn't you just force them to do what you say? You are the king after all." Loona pointed out.

"I could, but even my staff are not totally immune from the temptation of trying to overthrow me, there have been a few attempts in the past, but if my first approach at getting their support is by force rather than persuasion, especially given the insane nature of our plan, it will not be met well." He explained.

"You COULD use the Slayer as incentive you know..." Charlie suggested while looking off to the side.

"Wow, I'm surprised you of all people would suggest that." Vagatha told her.

"I mean it worked for when we went to our interview with Katie right? And given that he's already the talk of Hell because of that and the turf war, there's no way they wouldn't listen if he was in the room." She reasoned.

"True, but right now it's important we focus on his public image

rather than utilizing him as a means of aggressive negotiation, though I suppose I could schedule the meeting after that is taken care of, provided you would have no issue with that?" Lucifer suggested, to which he was responded with a simple shake of the Slayer's head.

"Well then, I think everything's settled, we all have our jobs and we know what to do, so unless there's anything else I say we can start getting to work." Lilith said.

Looking between themselves to see if anyone had anything more to say, they all gave a nod of their heads, minus Nifty and Husk who were still oblivious to what was going on, to show they were ready.

"Alright, then let's get started, oh and Alastor you should probably show those two the documentary." Lucifer advised.

"You've got it!" Alastor replied as he looked to the Slayer, "You still have that gizmo of yours correct?" He asked as the Slayer summoned it and held it up, "Excellent!" He exclaimed.

Hell and Heaven are meant to be opposite of each other, but not just in the obvious sense that one is light and one is dark, so on so forth. Take Urdak and Doom for example, the only order in Doom was simply obeying the Dark One's command, and any given by his appointed lords, apart from that it was true uncontrolled chaos and madness. Where as in the Maykrs' home they thrived on order, a beautifully maintained and managed system where everyone served their specific purpose, and whether you be a drone, angel, seraphim, or the Khan herself, you were valued and considered irreplaceable. So if you were to compare Lucifer's circle of Hell to the Heaven that governed it, the home of the exterminators and all other heavenly beings who were born there, it would honestly be very jarring.

Despite his and his wife's best efforts there was no denying that their Hell, specifically Pentagram City, was filled with all manner of filth and discord, with very few people giving two shits about anything other than themselves. But then you had their

corresponding Heaven, and everything was essentially the same as it was for them, only a thousand times better in every way. The streets were clean, the people were nice and polite, everything was maintained and cared for, and in general everyone seemed to be as happy as they could be. Yet even with everyone in this realm of Heaven being so respectful and kind, they couldn't keep themselves from staring at the strange figure who had come to their home.

For the truth was very few people outside of the Heavenborn knew about the other portions of Heaven, and thus knew next to nothing about the existence of other kinds of angels and deities. So to see this mysterious hooded figure, who stood above almost everyone, floating through the city with only the tips of tendrils being visible from the bottom of their cloak, no one knew at all what to think. Now a person might wonder why Samur would choose to be so public about his arrival, instead of say opening a portal discretely to directly speak to the exterminators, and the answer to that was he was simply curious of what things were like here.

"It's strange seeing this Heaven resemble the mortal realm so closely, you'd think that they were jealous of how mortals live." He thought as he looked around, *"I suppose I can't blame them though, if there is one thing mortals are it is creative, many things that they have created very few would have the imagination to replicate."* He admitted.

"Well well well, if it isn't Samur." A voice suddenly spoke from behind him.

Stopping in his tracks he just barely looked over his shoulder, finding just a few feet away one of the very angels he had come to speak with.

"Do I know you?" He asked not bothering to turn around to face them.

"No, but we know you, EVERYONE in EVERY Heaven is talking about you and your Khan, though it's kinda hard for us NOT to seeing as how you stepped on OUR toes." They replied, their voice neither too masculine or feminine but a perfect in between.

"Yes, I've come to speak about that matter, tell me how did you know I arrived?" He asked.

"You think especially after everything that's happened we wouldn't be on alert? You guys have a lot of nerve doing what you did, but even more to come here, alone." They told him.

Hearing the flutter of wings surround him Samur took a glance in all directions, finding that he was now in the center of a group of exterminators. As for any bystanders or potential spectators, they all seemed to make themselves scarce the moment the first had appeared.

"May I remind you that Gabriel demanded we be transparent with you now? Why are you so seemingly hostile?" He questioned.

"Because asshole WE do the killing around here, and we don't appreciate that psychotic lab rat you threw into OUR Hell." The same exterminator responded, clearly being the one elected to speak for them all.

"So far the Slayer has only killed three demons, one of whom has been returned in the hopes of redeeming their soul, are you truly so simple that such a small number would upset you?" He asked.

Responding to that in the form of a harpoon like spear being thrusted to the side of his head, the still hooded face of Samur though they couldn't see it, hadn't even flinched by such a display.

"It isn't about the demons, nor is it about him being there, it's the fact that we had no idea this shit was happening until the first meeting was held, when EVERYONE ELSE also learned about it, do you SERIOUSLY NOT understand that?!" They asked, having been the one to brandish the weapon.

Deciding now was the best time to reveal himself, as Samur slowly pulled down the hood of his cloak to reveal his face, the mood of the situation suddenly changed. Even though the Maykrs were a rather strange race of angels, more closely looking like aliens than heavenly beings, they still the Khan Maykr included did their best to be less startling. But Samur, even with his armor and clothes doing

just that, still looked like he came from a very high budget sci-fi film. His head was designed in a very sculpture like way, unlike the Khan's which while just as polished and ornate, still managed to look fairly normal.

But his more so resembled what one would expect of a robot of some kind, further solidified by the single glowing blue optic that was in the center.

"We understand that perfectly, I know it may seem hard to believe, but we do respect your authority." He answered as he turned to look at them, "However we needed to do what we did, if we had waited to try and convince you of our plan then things would have been complicated, or you could have informed our shared superiors of the meeting, which would have caused unnecessary complications." He explained.

"S-So instead you go behind our backs? That's how you show your respect?" They questioned a bit unsettled by his face.

"If we didn't respect you I would not be here, we would continue to ignore you even if it meant going against the archangel's command, but I am here and wish to explain everything to you, that is if you are willing to listen." He told them.

Falling silent for a moment as to consider what they should do, the other exterminators ultimately looked to their appointed leader to see what their decision was.

"...How do we know this isn't some trick, that you're just trying to get our guard down so you can do something else underhanded?" They asked.

"As I told you before we had to do what we did to avoid drawing attention, but now we have the highest authorities in Heaven, apart from our creator, watching our every move and going over every bit of information we have to offer, if we even dared to attempt such a thing now, it'd be no different than taking that spear of yours and impaling myself with it." He answered.

"He...does make a pretty good point." One of the other

exterminators said, "I mean, if they were going to do something sneaky, why would the first thing he'd do be to stroll through the street in the middle of the day?" They asked.

"Exactly, so unless you plan to stab me with this weapon, or escort me out of your Heaven, I believe it would be best if we went back to your headquarters, and continue this conversation under more civil conditions." He suggested.

Though they were still angry and suspicious, the exterminator who served as their current leader couldn't deny that was a sound argument. So reluctantly they sent away their weapon and put their arms back to their sides, showing that they agreed.

"Fine, but if at any point you try something we will attack you, just saying." They warned.

"As it would be in your right to do so, now, shall we?" He inquired.

Allowing them to take the lead so that he could follow them, the exterminators still surrounded him as they walked, just in case he did try to do something to them.

Progress

How many times were people going to hug him while crying, was truly a question the Slayer never thought would enter his mind. Yet as the documentary for the second time that day came to an end in the lobby, he could both hear and feel Nifty who still sat atop his shoulders begin to cry.

"That's...that's just so sad..." She whimpered as fairly large tears leaked out of her eye, falling onto his helmet then trailing down his armor's back.

"That was fucking messed up is what it was..." Husk said with widened eyes as he offered a bottle to him, "You need a drink or something? Helps me forget." He asked.

"I'm afraid the Slayer doesn't drink." Vega told him, who he was having been clarified before the documentary began.

"Really? Then how the fuck does he deal with...all that?" Husk asked in amazement as he pointed to the projection device.

"Violence." He answered simply.

"Precisely! And that's exactly why he's even here in our Hell! To lend us a helping hand in cleaning up the riff raff of our wonderful society!" Alastor explained.

"So what, he's just gonna go around shooting people that piss him off? If so then everyone in this city is going to die." Husk replied.

"Not EVERYONE, just the most...annoying." Alastor clarified with a sneer, yet managed to keep his smile.

"Now is that YOUR definition of annoying or his?" Husk asked.

"Why I believe it's one in the same! After all great minds think alike right?" He responded, turning to the Slayer to ask his question.

Even with a still sniffling Nifty slumped against his head in combination with the radio demon's attention, the Slayer as usual didn't respond in any way. Not even Vega spoke which further proved the Slayer, though clearly hearing him, had no thoughts or feelings about that statement.

"Just as I thought..." Husk muttered to himself as he took a sip from the bottle he'd offered him.

"It doesn't matter, my tolerance or your tolerance really isn't important, what IS important is we get to work cleaning up Hell of the worst souls there are! So we should probably get a move on." Alastor said as he turned to face the door.

"Hold it." Katie spoke up, as she with crossed arms approached them from the door that led out of the dining area.

"Ah miss Killjoy, planning to join us on our hunt?" He asked.

"Do you have like, short term memory loss or something?" She asked in return as she reached him.

"Hm, some say I do have a few screws loose, but I don't think they're referring to my memory when they say it." He jested.

"I need him to help me convince the studio, and especially my former co-anchor, to not only give him some good press and the hotel coverage, but to maybe consider giving me my job back." She told him.

"That's peculiar, I don't think at any point in time I heard Lucifer describe that as being a part of your work, are you perhaps trying to use the Slayer for your own personal benefit miss Killjoy?" He asked.

"Oh don't you even fucking try that shit with me asshole." She responded coldly as she poked his chest with her finger, "You mean to tell me, that the infamous radio demon, one of the single most enigmatic and mysteriously powerful people in all of Hell, has absolutely no plans to somehow use an unstoppable killer to his gain? You ACTUALLY gonna try to sell me on that shit?" She

questioned.

"She's got ya there." Husk said from the sidelines before taking another sip of his brew.

"My dear, do you ACTUALLY think that I would be so foolish as to try and manipulate the Slayer of all people? Especially after that riveting narration of his life? It even had pictures for crying out loud!" He argued defensively.

"I'm not saying you'd be obvious about it, but don't sit there and try to act all saintly just because of present company, you've got one of the most notorious reputations in all of Hell despite not being here for all too long, anyone who thinks you're here out of the kindness of your heart is a fucking moron, dear." She replied.

The next few seconds were filled with intense silence, as Katie and Alastor stared at each other trying to assert their dominance. And if it had gone on any longer perhaps the Slayer would have intervened, but that was not needed as someone else came from the dining area.

"Ahem." The voice of Lucifer would sound as he walked in, "Is there a problem here?" He asked.

"Of course not Luci, I was just admiring how wonderful miss Killjoy looks despite her recent splattering~" Alastor mused.

"I thought I saw a pile of shit, turned out to just be him." She answered for herself as they both backed off.

"Look, I understand both of you have egos big enough to fill every room in this hotel on your own, but could you at least manage to not break out into a fist fight before we even begin working together?" Lucifer asked.

"...Maybe." Both answered together causing him to sigh.

"Perhaps it would be best if we were to take our leave right now, right miss Killjoy?" Vega suggested finally stepping in as the voice of reason.

"Yeah, I need some fresh air after inhaling so much crap." She agreed as both she and the Slayer headed towards the door.

"Feel free to use the limousine for the purpose of discretion." Lucifer offered.

As the Slayer walked passed, Alastor would make sure to grab onto Nifty to pull her off of him as they left.

"Afraid you can't join them, too much work to be done around here." He told her.

"Aww, really?" She asked with a saddened look.

"Yes, now chop chop! No reason to just stand around here!" He said as he set her down on the ground.

Letting out a disappointed sigh that she could not follow after him, this would not keep Nifty down for too long. For just a quick glance at the hotel's lobby already made her eye go wide and her smile grow long, for just as he said there was cleaning to be done.

"Alastor." Lucifer spoke as he walked over, the small demon woman zipping around them as he drew near.

"Yes?" He inquired with a slight tilt of his head.

"I know I shouldn't have to ask this, because despite how I've reacted to your presence and overall involvement I know you're not stupid, but just so I don't have any creeping fears in the back of my mind, please tell me you aren't up to anything conniving, or if you are that it in no way will involve trying to make the Slayer dance like a puppet." Lucifer requested.

"...Lucifer." Alastor said in a sudden serious way, which while surprising on its own, the fact he also used his actual name caused the entire tone of the conversation to shift, "When I first arrived here in Hell I was quick to slaughter countless lords and nobles, why in the very first night alone I spilled enough blood to paint this city ten times over, but did you ever wonder why I suddenly stopped?" He asked.

"Because you realized killing anymore would probably be a really bad idea, especially if you killed anymore of my staff?" Lucifer suggested.

"Heh, no I'm afraid, but good guess." He replied as with half lidded eyes he looked to the floor, "The reason I stopped is because I realized, there was no more fun to be had with it, there was nothing special about what I was doing, just ripping bones out of still screaming bodies, stretching tendons like rubber bands till they snapped from the flesh that housed them, while I tried to be creative with how I killed each one, to give every single demon their own unique death, I eventually reached the end of my fairly varied arsenal." He explained, before slowly and surely returning his gaze to the devil, "And while I know this sounds incriminating, like I'm flat out saying what I want is for the Slayer to KILL, the fact is that will happen either way, the only thing I want from said killings Lucifer, the one thing I CRAVE more than any, is. a good. show." He said to him, speaking that last part slowly.

It was here in this moment when Lucifer remembered what made Alastor so unsettling, it wasn't his always present smile, or that static voice of his, or how sometimes his eyes seemed to turn into old radio needles. What made the radio demon one of the most feared and respected souls in all of his circle, was the fact that while he did enjoy killing people, oh he relished it, it wasn't the act that made it so satisfying and pleasurable to him, it was how many different ways he could do it. Which is exactly why for the longest time now he'd been rather dormant, apart from a few isolated incidents he never sought to replicate his grand initial slaughter. But now that the Slayer was here he might never need to do it again period, for it was clear to anyone with a functioning brain that he was the unrivaled maestro of murder.

This left Lucifer at a loss for words, he wasn't really sure how to respond to him, for even though he certainly could be cruel and he did enjoy those moments quite a bit, it was NOTHING like this.

"Lucifer?" The voice of his wife called as she poked her head out of the dining area, "Are you coming back in? We still need to go over some things with the others." She told him.

"Er, yes, sorry sweetie, I was just...having a conversation with Alastor, I'm coming." He responded before turning his back to the other.

Feeling the deer demon's gaze follow him all the way until he went into the next room, once he was out of sight Alastor went back to his usual peppy self.

"Well, that was a rather refreshing exchange, I feel right as rain after that!" He exclaimed as he looked to Husk, "I believe I'll head out now, tell the others I'll be back later!" He instructed.

"Mhm, yeah, sure." Husk lazily replied, as he had stopped paying attention to anything that was going on after the Slayer left.

Even though this was a trip she had made on a daily basis for most of her life here in Hell, as Katie Killjoy sat in a limousine waiting to be delivered to the channel 666 studio, this was the only time she had ever felt nervous. But to her frustration she didn't know WHY she was nervous, it wasn't because she was scared to face Tom or the other workers, and surprisingly it wasn't because the Slayer rode with her, whatever was causing this uneasiness escaped her completely.

"Miss Killjoy." Vega spoke snapping her out of her light daze, "Are you alright? You appear to be unsettled by something." He noticed.

"Oh, well, kinda actually, problem is I don't know why and it's pissing me off..." She admitted, figuring there was no point trying to hide it as he was also in the collar around her neck.

"Is it perhaps having to face your coworkers now that you're trying to better yourself?" He suggested.

"Nah, I could give two shits what they all think, especially Tom, like I KNOW I gave him the most shit out of anyone, but don't let that nice suit he wears fool you, he deserves to be here just like everyone else, if for...less obvious reasons..." She said with a shiver down her spine, seemingly out of disgust.

"What about being put in front of a camera again? After all your death was put across public television, it would make sense for you to be unsure about going on the air again after such a thing." He suggested.

"...Vega, this is Hell, believe me when I say that my death being viewed as a public spectacle is like...probably the millionth most interesting thing to ever happen, and I'm saying that in the context of a ranking list." She explained.

"I see, the only other possibility for your current emotional distress would be the presence of the Slayer, but you're not showing any signs of fear or hesitation even in this close proximity, so I don't believe that is the cause either." He reasoned.

"Yeah, no offense but you don't really scare me anymore, and I don't say that just because of the documentary." She admitted addressing the Slayer directly.

"Oh? Due tell." Vega inquired mostly voicing his own surprise and curiosity.

"Don't get me wrong, you are still hands down the most intense bastard that's ever been down here, and you certainly are the only one who can back it all up without flinching or failing, but after you killed me, had me in that cell, and now that I've had some time to recuperate from all of it, I can see that what makes you really scary is when someone gets on your bad side, which I now know to NEVER do again." She explained.

"That does make sense, you are actually the first person the Slayer has ever killed who he has allowed to return, though you are also the only entity that could be considered a person to begin with, where as the bulk of his body count is of course those hailing from Doom." He replied.

"But he has killed some humans before right? Ones that weren't possessed or turned into zombies or something." She questioned.

"Yes, but keep in mind these people sought to kill others for no better reason than they felt it was in their right, and it's because of

this that the Slayer regards them as being no different than the demons." He clarified.

Finding that she agreed with that view given her own interaction with those monsters, silence would come between them as she had nothing more to say. But it would not last very long, as without warning the limo suddenly came to a screeching stop, nearly throwing her against the seat where as the Slayer barely budged.

"What the fuck just happened?!" She shouted out as she readjusted herself.

"Sorry for that mam." The driver would apologize as the window that separated them lowered, "Was turning a corner just now and had to hit the brakes, seems there's been a wreck, pretty bad one too." He revealed.

"...How bad exactly are we talking here? Two...maybe three cars?..." She questioned trying to gauge how bad the situation was.

"Honestly mam the entire street's clogged up, seems like when the first two hit each other the rest just kind of piled on, either going too fast to stop in time or their drivers were under the influence." He surmised.

"Knowing where we are it was probably both and then some..." She muttered.

"Yeah, unfortunately I don't have enough room to back up, especially now that there's a couple of cars behind us, I COULD try to ram them out of the way so I can maybe get us out of here, but if I did that then mister Magne would reskin the seats with me." He explained.

"How long do you think we'll be here then? Like is anyone even here yet to try and get this shit sorted out?" She asked.

"Nope, and from the looks of it the drivers are already beating the shit out of each other, so it's definitely gonna be a while before anything starts happening." He answered.

Letting out a long groan followed by her sliding down the seat,

seeing that as the end of their conversation the driver raised the window back up to give them their privacy.

"We could get out and head to the studio on foot." Vega suggested.

"No fucking way are we doing that." She replied though not in a disrespectful tone, "The moment anyone sees him, even if it's just for a split second, we'll be swarmed by a horde of nut jobs all trying to do something with him..." She explained.

"True, that did happen when we were in the city previously with miss Lilith." He recalled.

"Besides, even though damn near everyone in Hell hated me most people do think I'm dead, like ACTUALLY dead, so seeing me walk around will also not be good for avoiding attention." She said.

"Then I suppose the only thing we can do is wait for progress to be made with the accident." He determined.

"Yup, and it fucking sucks..." She agreed with a sigh.

Once again succumbing to silence though this time due to far less pleasant circumstances, only muffled noises and voices could be heard now, all coming from outside the vehicle. Yet as they sat there hoping that something would happen soon, the gears of Katie's mind slowly turned with each other, an idea came to be that was crazy, possibly borderline insane, but given everything else that had happened it could just work.

"...So...quick question." She spoke while looking towards the Slayer, "How strong are you exactly? Like I know the documentary showed you ripping and tearing those things apart, but they were still just flesh and blood, so even if some were tougher than others you'd be able to deal with them all the same, but what exactly IS your cap?" She asked.

"The Slayer's strength is limitless, I understand that might seem hard to believe, but after receiving power from the Maykrs he became what most might call a superhero, bullets and blades cannot pierce his flesh, wound him lightly yes but are incapable of

dealing significant harm, in fact the only thing that can truly harm him is those of equal or greater strength such as the demons of Doom, as for speed and strength specifically as said they appear to be limitless, any time he has been faced with a new obstacle that would push any other to their upmost limit, he has handled with next to no strain whatsoever." Vega answered.

"So, pushing cars out of the way to clear a street for example, wouldn't be an issue at all for you then?" She asked.

"Not at all, the Slayer would be able to even lift them much like a crate or box and place them carefully, as to avoid creating more problems by simply shoving them out of the way." Vega answered.

"Then this whole shit show might actually work to our advantage..." She said with a sly smirk appearing on her face, "To be honest I wasn't sure how we could begin giving you good press, at least not without having you shoot some dick in the face or something, but if you resolve this issue single handedly then that will definitely help with it." She explained.

Apparently agreeing with that idea, or maybe because he didn't feel like sitting there for an unknown amount of time, the Slayer would respond himself to that suggestion by opening one of the doors and stepping out. A bit surprised by how quickly he took to that idea though also feeling a bit proud, Katie opted to watch from the limo as she didn't want to draw more attention. Closing the door behind him once he was standing on the street, the Slayer looked ahead of the limo to find that the driver's description of the situation, had actually been pretty spot on. Several cars were nearly all clumped together in a heap towards the center of the street, making both Vega and him question if the cars here even had proper breaks, with a few more surrounding the main incident.

As for the drivers themselves, again theirs had been correct in his assessment of the situation, they were either shouting angrily or trying to viciously pound one another into the pavement.

"It would be best to deal with the civilians first, as to avoid any unwanted deaths or further injury." Vega advised as the Slayer began his approach.

In typical fashion the moment he started to walk and his heavy footsteps went out into the air, those that weren't currently shouting or fighting immediately took notice and saw him coming.

"Holy fuck!"

"It's him! The guy from the news!"

"Oh man I wonder what he's gonna do?" Were some of the things that nearby onlookers said once they laid eyes on him.

"LISTEN HERE YOU MOTHER FUCKER YOU REAR ENDED ME AND I-" One of the immensely pissed off drivers began shouting, only to be interrupted as a shadow cast over them.

"Oh great, another fucking asshole, let me guess you-" The demon he had been shouting at began to say as both looked to the shadow's owner, only to feel their blood run cold as they saw who it was.

"Excuse me, but might you and the others currently shouting please vacate the street? It would make helping you far easier." Vega requested as the Slayer simply stared them down.

"Uh...y-yeah, s-sorry for sh-shouting..." The first one apologized.

"Y-Yeah, me too, or I mean uh, s-sorry for g-going off on ya..." The second one copied.

"Thank you." Vega replied simply.

Stepping aside to allow the Slayer to walk passed them without hinderance, thankfully anyone else who was simply arguing and not fighting followed their example, and just shut their mouths before running to the sidewalks. This left only those currently beating each other with their fists, which admittedly was a fair amount, and even with his thunderous footsteps being heard, they either didn't care or didn't realize who they belonged to. So in his usual efficient manner the Slayer did away with all pleasantries, simply summoning his pump action in order to fire off several rounds into the street below him.

"If I may have your attention." Vega requested which he already had, seeing as how NO ONE could possibly ignore three loud shotgun blasts going off near their person, "I am going to assume that all of you know who this is, in addition to having seen the incident on the news and what happened during the turf war, so I am going to ask you a simple question, do you feel as though you are either brave or lucky enough to try and handle what comes next?" He asked as the Slayer pumped his weapon, readying a fourth potential shot.

Even though the demons present were all different from each other, some bulky while others lanky, some resembling animals while others just looked like typical Hellspawn, for a brief moment they all acted as though they were frozen. But then they looked to each other, then down at themselves, then at the Slayer as if fully assessing what their chances were. And finally as they came to the conclusion that there was absolutely no fucking goddamn way they had any chance at all, they separated from each other with their hands raised. Even those who didn't seem like they should be moving due to their injuries knew they had to get away, some resorting to even crawling just to not be in his path.

Waiting until every demon was off to the sides and he was sure none would actually try something stupid, the Slayer would store his shotgun away before refocusing on the small hill of vehicles. Of course no one really knew what to expect, all they knew about this guy was that he was strong, he was fast, and he could shoot a mother fucker from a hundred yards off. So you can imagine how many jaws dropped that day as the Slayer began grabbing cars, trucks, and whatever vehicles there were, and moving them out of the way like they were as light as couch cushions. Now it wasn't as comical as it might seem, the heaps of metal still had their weight to them which was made clear as they hit the ground when he grabbed them, but it was the near complete lack of effort he displayed while doing this that made it so shocking.

After about two or three minutes the once clogged street was now clear, at least to the point where traffic could resume and he could be on his way. This is the part where Katie and everyone else expected him to leave, as the problem that even caused him to

show up was now resolved. But to her and everyone else's surprise, though for them specifically also their horror, the Slayer before returning to the limo would approach the more injured of this ordeal. Feeling all of their hearts begin beating a million miles an hour, they all dreaded that because they had been the ones fighting, and had also added to the amount of wrecked vehicles there were, that they were about to be punished with further abuse or even death.

Yet as they all shut their eyes tight, tensing up their bodies, and gritted their teeth expecting to feel immeasurable pain, they soon instead felt indescribable relief wash over them. Reopening their eyes and looking to see just what he could be doing, they saw him with some strange new blue bottle in hand, pouring a mysterious liquid onto their wounds, which somehow despite all logic that they knew of was healing them. Within literal seconds all of them were back to normal, even those who had bones jutting out of their limbs or pieces broken/ripped away, were completely restored as if nothing had even happened. This caused the entire situation to shift in perspective, for while they were still wary as they should be, this one action showed that he wasn't just some psychotic lunatic who wanted to hurt people, but that he actually wanted to help.

Sadly though for the confused yet amazed demons they'd get no clarity as to what just transpired, once all of the injured were taken care of he just like his shotgun would make the bottle disappear, then return to the limo without so much as a single word being spoken. Stepping inside and closing the door once he was seated, the first thing the Slayer saw were more looks of astoundment from Katie and the driver.

"Sir...that was...that was incredible!" He praised.

"The Slayer appreciates your compliment, however he would like to resume heading to our destination, before more people show up or the ones currently present try to swarm the limousine." Vega stated.

"Oh right of course, forgive me!" He apologized before turning around and starting up the engine.

Deciding to also roll up the separating window again before he set the limo in motion, Katie would wait until they began driving before

speaking herself.

"That was incredible, like ACTUALLY incredible." She complimented.

"Was it? The Slayer simply responded to the situation accordingly." Vega said.

"I mean it's just, normally someone would have to be handed a script to give a single shit about anyone, like moving the cars out of the way was obvious, but the fact you even bothered to help the morons who got themselves fucked up was something even I didn't consider." She explained.

"Again, the Slayer reacted to the situation with what was needed, a display of force to gain control and aid to those who needed it most, regardless of the fact that they are now demons they are still people, and unless they give him no other options his first choice won't be just to shoot them on sight." Vega elaborated.

"But that's just the thing, you're the first person down here, except for Charlie I guess, who actually gives a crap about anyone, it really is something that you don't see everyday, or at all." She said.

"Well, hopefully this one display of compassion and mercy will be enough to spark some change, which will help us in achieving our goal." Vega replied.

"Yeah...hopefully." She agreed.

With that conversation over both would fall silent and wait to arrive at the studio, though Katie as stealthily as she could looked at the Slayer from the side of her eye. And as she looked at him sitting there, she unaware of it had a small smile come to her face, though much like her still lingering feeling of nervousness, she wouldn't know why.

"Hey boys, care for a little action~" Angel Dust teased seductively, as he moved his hands down his body while addressing two random men.

To their word, once given an exact list of things they could and could not say or do while working the street, as well as some admittedly nice flyers made by Moxxie and Millie, Angel and Cherri went to work on the slums. And where as the Magnes were famous for obvious reasons, Katie for her career as a news anchor and her recent death, and Alastor for just well...him, so too was Angel Dust famous even if it was thanks to his countless pornos. Though for the first time in his life he would have to restrain himself, even if somehow someone genuinely attractive came along, who he of course would want to ride like a stallion, because otherwise in Lucifer's own words it would be "bad for business". Yet even as he swindled another couple of schmucks who were willing to head to the hotel, after the promise of having their worlds rocked of course, this was also the first time where as he worked the street, he felt good about it.

Sure having sex on a near daily basis was INCREDIBLE, especially when the customers were actually good at it, but there was something different about how this felt, something that made him feel proud of what he was doing. Though that isn't to say he wasn't proud to be regarded as one of the best lays in all of Hell of course.

"See you guys there~" He called after them as they walked away, "Man, what people will agree to if you offer to suck their dicks, it's incredible." He admitted with a chuckle, "Wonder how Cherri's doing?" He wondered aloud.

As if on cue a body, still alive, would come crashing through a window in the building next to him and hit the pavement, said body groaning in complete and total agony as it lay there.

"F-Fine...we'll fucking check out the hotel..." The person barely grunted before passing out due to their pain.

"Glad we saw eye to eye!" Cherri exclaimed from the now broken window, before jumping through it to land next to Angel.

"Taking things didn't go too well in there?" He asked as they began walking.

"Oh no it was great, first they flashed their guns at me, then they

started shooting, then I kicked their asses, then I threw that guy out a window, and by the end they came to see things my way." She answered with a laugh, "Honestly the hardest part was not killing any of them, because fuck it would've been so easy." She said.

"Yeah, it is weird showing off my body without getting cash or a good time after, but hey least it's for a good cause eh?" He said.

"True, speaking of a good cause, let's try and figure out how we're going to actually get the Slayer into bed, since we've got a ways to walk before we get to the next place." She suggested.

"Good idea, especially since it seems like that pint sized neat freak has got the hots fer'em, do you think she's got a shot?" He asked.

"Pfft, you kidding? She might not be an actual child but she sure as shit looks like one, no way the Slayer's into that gross shit." She answered.

"Yeah true, probably would rip out someone's tongue if they told him too...so uh, let's avoid bringing that up around him." He suggested.

"Really I don't think we've got much competition, Charlie and Vaggie are clearly head over heels for each other, almost to the point it makes me wanna gag, Alastor's about as sexually active as roadkill so he's no problem either, Lucifer, Lilith, Moxxie, and Millie are two happy married couples, and I don't think the Slayer's a furry, so that knocks Loona out too." She listed.

"Mhm, then you have Blitzo who is practically a sentient dick, which sadly isn't as great as I thought it'd be, and Husk is...well...I don't know what his deal is, but it's definitely WAY too buried under all that alcohol to try digging up and working through." He replied.

"That just leaves Katie...oh fuck." She said.

"What?" He asked.

"I already told ya I think she's got the hots for him, but I mean looking past how much of a bitch she used to be, she's honestly not that bad to look at, nice figure, good complexion, and to top it all off I'm pretty sure she's slept with a LOT of guys, like almost as many

as you have." She answered.

"Whoa...that's not good..." He said.

"Plus she's getting to spend all kinds of free time with him, I mean fuck she's in a limo with him right now probably trying to sit in his lap!" She exclaimed.

"Aw fucking damn it, do you know how much it would suck if SHE beats us? We would never hear the end of it..." He groaned.

"Exactly, so when we get back to the hotel and the Slayer's there we HAVE to step up our game, I'll try getting friendly with him like she is, and you put on those irresistible charms of yours, he'll be putty in our hands in no time." She explained.

"Sounds good to me, I could even walk around in one of the hotel's bathrobes to really turn up the heat." He suggested.

"Ooo! That's perfect!" She replied as they came to a stop, "Whelp, time to go chat with some more folks, be out in a minute." She said.

"Don't be too quick, I gotta try and find someone to give these to while you're in there." He told her as he held up the flyers.

Nodding in response to that Cherri would then head inside the fairly rundown apartment building they arrived at, leaving Angel to stand there and wait for some unsuspecting horn dog to come along. Thankfully he wouldn't need to wait too long as the sound of an approaching car reached his ears, coming from behind him down the street. Taking a moment to fluff up his chest and put on his best seductive smile, he turned around to see who was coming only to have his stomach tighten up. A limo, one he knew all too well slowly came to a stop next to him, and as the window rolled down the feeling in his gut worsened.

"Angel baby~" The pimp known as Valentino spoke with a wide toothy smile, as he took a long drag from a cigarette.

"H-Hey Val..." Angel replied hesitantly while avoiding eye contact.

"Been a bit since I've heard from you, in fact it's been a full day since

I even got a text from you...or any money." He told him as he lightly played with the cigarette between his fingers.

"W-Well uh, thing is when I was walking around yesterday some lunatic, ya know the guy from the news? He suddenly showed up and started shooting everything in sight, s-so I figured it'd be best to lay low till I knew it was safe before getting back to work is all..." Angel lied.

"Right, that makes sense, wouldn't want that beautiful face of yours to catch a bullet or two, would be bad for business." He agreed as his grin went away, "Tell me something though, did you forget how a fucking phone works? Cause you could have still sent me a message." He said as he finally blew out the smoke he'd been keeping in.

"I-I dropped it Val, I mean the shooting just happened, I panicked and ran for cover..." Angel told him.

A few seconds went by with the only sound being the running engine of the limo, as Angel Dust had no idea how this was gonna turn out. Flinching unintentionally as Valentino opened his door, instead of stepping out he gestured to the inside inviting him in.

"Well, we can't have my best worker on the job without a phone, I mean what if something happened or I needed to reach you, so why don't we head back and get you a new one?" He suggested.

"I appreciate that Val really, but I'm kinda waiting for someone a-and it wouldn't be good for reputation if I stood them up so-"

Before Angel Dust could finish that excuse Valentino would interrupt him, not by speaking or even getting physical in some way, but by simply taking another hit of his cigarette.

"Aww, that's real nice of you, wanting to make sure our rep isn't ruined in some way." He said as his grin returned, "But I'm sure one angry john ain't gonna do us any harm, especially since everyone in this part of town has already had a sample once or twice, so you can come with me, right Angel baby?" He asked as he blew out the smoke more quickly this time, though instead of being normal smoke

it was pink for some reason.

"I...I...I guess you're right." He agreed while looking down at the ground sadly.

"Course I am, now come on in here and sit next to me, I'll make sure we have a nice time while we get there~" He promised.

Taking one quick glance back at the building hoping desperately for Cherri to come out right now, he knew he couldn't stand there for too long less he wanted to make his "daddy" angry. So reluctantly he did as he was told and got into the vehicle, making sure to dump the flyers on the ground behind his back as he did. Once inside he would close the door for his boss so he wouldn't have to, which allowed him to signal his driver that they were ready to leave. Giving one last glance back at all the flyers that were spread out across the ground, he winced slightly as an arm wrapped around him and a hand fell onto his shoulder.

"Woo man, now THAT was fun, let's do it again sometime!" Cherri shouted behind her as she walked through the halls towards the entrance.

Just as before the gentlemen, and even a few ladies this time, who she sought to speak with needed a little "convincing", though unlike before this lot could actually hold their own quite well. Of course it was still nothing for Cherri, there was a reason she was such a well known gang leader, though admittedly it was near entirely because she was a walking clusterfuck of explosives.

"Man Angel, you should've come in with me for that one, I know you can't shoot anyone but there was a pretty decent selection of shit to beat'em with, all provided by them of course, would've been more fun than standing around here." She said as she pushed the door open, fully expecting to see him standing there.

Yet he wasn't, for some reason Angel Dust wasn't in front of the building when she came out, and as she noticed all of the flyers he had been carrying laid on the ground, every bit of adrenaline and

excitement from her "meeting" drained away completely.

"...Angel?" She asked only to herself, as a terrible sickly feeling quickly came over her.

It's funny how things work out sometimes, one moment you're having a standoff akin to that of a western movie, the next you're sitting quietly with the people you had the standoff with drinking tea. This was the current situation containing Samur and the exterminators, as he and the group that had escorted him all sat around a table at a local café. As for why they were having tea at a café' instead of at their headquarters, the truth was that well...they actually didn't have one. You see the exterminators had their positions given to them by the higher ups, and since it was a job that happened only once a year, there was never a genuinely good reason to spend a bunch of time and effort giving them a base or something, when they could just live their lives until the work needed to be done.

"I'll admit, out of everything I assumed would happen, this is something I actually hadn't foreseen." Samur admitted as he took his cup into his hands.

"What, you think that we'd have some kind of military fortress or castle to laze about in? I wish." The current "head" exterminator replied.

"So when it comes time for the yearly cleansing of Lucifer's Hell, how exactly does it all come together?" He asked honestly very curious.

"Well, you know how when kids are going to school they all go to the bus stop and wait for the bus?" They asked in return, earning a nod from him, "It's pretty much like that, we just go about our daily lives here doing whatever we want, within the laws and rules of Heaven of course, then when the day comes we put on our uniforms which you're seeing right now, put on these masks to hide our identity from the people of Lucifer's circle, then we just kinda all group together and go down there once we get the green light." They explained.

"Hm, far simpler than I expected, though very organized it seems." He replied.

"Yeah it is." They agreed before then taking off their mask.

Following suit as they wouldn't be able to drink their tea with them on, all of the exterminators revealed their faces, and what Samur saw was honestly what he assumed they'd look like. Similar to Lucifer's circle where the populace was one half some kind of animal or combination of a human with an animal, and the other half just a random Hellspawn looking appearance, the same applied to the angels who governed his circle. In total there were seven exterminators present, three of them resembled Heavenborn with pure white skin, while their eyes though varied in color were all light in tone, giving them a very comforting and welcoming aura. Then there were three who just resembled animals, one looked like a sheep with fluffy pink wool and chocolate brown horns, the second looked like a feline of some kind as to be the opposite of the Hellhounds, and the third looked like a pure snow white dove.

But that left the seventh member of their group, the one who had been speaking on their behalf, and they seemed to be one of the in between variants. Though their face resembled that of a human's, they had horns coming from their head on the sides and had ears that looked like a bovine's, topped all off with short well kept dark blue hair, and Samur's best guess was they were meant to be a bull or cow even. Still the Seraphim didn't say anything even as their faces were revealed, he kept silent as they all took sips of their beverages and he chose to do the same.

"Ah, made with just a touch of honey, always tastes so sweet~" Their leader said, once they all had finished taking a sip.

"Mhm, nothing beats a cup of Heavenly tea, say do you have something like this in uh, what was it?...Urdek?" The sheep asked, their voice telling him they were female.

"We do have beverages, though they aren't of mortal conception, and very few have ever tried them outside of our kind." He answered, choosing not to correct the mistake in case it made her feel bad.

"Ooo sounds exotic, I'd love to try some now that we're working together!" The dove exclaimed their voice also sounding feminine.

"Speaking of, if we're going to make this work at all it's probably best if we introduce ourselves, we know your name but you don't know ours." Their leader suggested.

"That would be appreciated." He replied.

"I'll go first then, my name's Gretta, and if you couldn't tell I'm sort of the leader of our group here specifically." They stated revealing that they too were female.

"I'm Malak." "I'm Manic." "And I'm Mark." The three more angel looking exterminators all said in sequence, their voices not only showing that they were men, but also that they were clearly triplets.

"I'm Sonia." The sheep introduced with a smile and slight wave.

"Felicia." The feline said while avoiding eye contact, though due to the somewhat lackluster tone of her voice, he assumed it was due to a lack of interest rather than shyness.

"And I'm Elizabeth, though if you want you can just call me Lizzie, or Beth, or Eliza, whichever sounds the best to you!" The dove said with an abundance of pep.

"Hm, I must admit, given your occupation I hadn't expected you all to be so normal, forgive if that comes across as rude." He told them.

"Oh no not at all, everyone always expects the exterminators to be these really creepy and off putting people, but the truth is apart from our love of murder we're honestly quite normal!" Elizabeth assured.

"Yup, we mostly just do what everyone else does when we're not on the clock." "You know things like going to the movies, playing games, or just hanging out at the park." "Yeah, we're no different from anyone else." The Triplets all said again in sequence.

"If anything we're pretty surprised by how normal you seem, which I hope you aren't offended by." Sonia admitted.

"No that's quite understandable, we Maykrs are well aware of how different we are from the rest of the Heavenborn, both in appearance as well as conduct, which has only been made worse due to our recent actions, but that was to be expected." He replied.

"Speaking of those actions, before we go any further with the pleasantries it would probably be best if you told us everything, after all if we're going to work together, and bring the rest of the exterminators up to speed, we need to know the full story." Gretta requested.

"Now when you say that, do you actually mean you want the FULL story, or just a summarized version of it?" He asked.

"Why? Is it really that long?" Felicia questioned now bothering to look at him.

"If you want every detail regarding why we've done what we have, and why we plan to do what we are set to, then yes we will be here for quite some time, a few hours even, but if you want the short of it that can be explained in but a few minutes." He clarified.

Taking a second to see what they all wanted, as the exterminators looked to each other to silently assess what their decision was, they all then looked back to him and let their leader give their answer.

"We need to know everything, even if a lot of it is just painting us the picture or giving as much context as possible, we need to understand what you guys are really up to." She said.

"Very well, then I suggest we all order something to eat and ask for a pitcher of tea to be brought to the table, this is going to be one story you will want to pay close attention to." He assured as he took another sip from his cup.

So Many Meetings So Little Time

(A/N: Quick message here, in regards to a review left by a reader and in case more of you are curious, the exterminators I've introduced were created on the spot, they are not "Ocs" in the sense I actually put effort into making them, the only reason they exist is so I can actually give some kind of face for Samur to talk to, that and the only information regarding them or any other heavenly being in hazbin just states that they wear masks, they enjoy the killing, and some other details that don't help me too much, so yeah don't worry they're not going to be suddenly huge important characters, just something slightly better than a mannequin basically)

"Wow...this place really was super filthy...just...wow..." Charlie realized once again, as she and Vagatha were walking through the building.

As it stood both their contributions was the hotel, sure both could offer more and were willing to help the others in any way they could, but for now they just needed to be the two people who were entirely focused on the hotel itself. This unfortunately meant for the eager to help princess and her also eager, just not as much, girlfriend were basically left with nothing to do at the moment. With Nifty cleaning the ENTIRE structure, even to the roof and farthest depths of the basement, they as well as their new doorman had nothing to do until guests started showing up. Which even as Angel was promising to have sex with people, Cherri was beating them up, and Moxxie and Millie were putting up flyers, would realistically still take a VERY long time to happen.

"Hon, the construction work ended kinda abruptly, sure they did their job but because of the Slayer and the televised murder and everything else, they really didn't have any time to clean up after themselves, it's not your fault the place was a little messy." Vagatha said trying to make her feel better.

"But I mean there's so much else she's doing, like straightening the

sheets and blankets, steaming the curtains to make them looks so nice and wavy, she's even embroidering the pillows!" Charlie exclaimed as she held up one.

Having it nearly shoved in her face Vagatha's eyes were assaulted by well stitched letters that said "Heaven is what we make it".

"Right, well, even though all of these things are appreciated, pillows included." She began, briefly pausing as to gently move the pillow down from her face, "I don't understand why it's bothering you so much, even with you being the princess of Hell it's not like you have super powers, specifically not speed that is capable of breaking the sound barrier." She replied.

"Because Vaggie, even though this all started because I had the idea for the hotel, it feels like I personally am not doing much, apart from the two failed interviews what else have I done to either promote the hotel or help in general?" She asked.

For a moment a rather uneasy silence came between them, as Vagatha had to think carefully of what she should say, given that her girlfriend was one good nudge away from getting teary again.

"Well, the way I see it your job just hasn't been needed yet, I mean think about it, you're like the host of a party, sure everyone's running around getting ready for it, but when the guests arrive you're going to be front and center, big ear to ear smile and beautiful singing voice ready to meet them, they might be getting them in the door, but you're the one that's going to keep them here." She told her.

"Really? You think so?" Charlie asked with a hopeful smile, which in turn made her smile.

"I do, look the people down here are assholes there's no denying that fact, but like you say there's a rainbow inside them, and it is going to take a very special person who just doesn't know when to quit to bring it out of them, and that's you hon." Vagatha answered.

Having her spirits effectively lifted Charlie wouldn't waste a second responding, which she did by wrapping her arms around her and kissing her deeply. They stayed like that for a good while, honestly

both of them needed it as it had been some time since they were all mushy with each other.

"You know, I just thought of another reason why your job's so important." Vagatha spoke once they finally broke apart.

"Hm?" Charlie sounded inquisitively.

"Your seemingly endless abundance of pep and sunshine NEEDS to be here to help balance out the Slayer's...everything." She said.

Taking but a brief second to think about that, both women found humor in her statement and busted out laughing, remaining in each other's embrace until they were done.

"Wait...you're doing...what exactly?..." Stolas questioned in confusion, as he didn't quite understand what Blitzo had just told him.

Even though there was still lingering tension between them, and Loona just wanted time away from him so she could cooldown, Lucifer with a reasonable and convincing argument compelled her to accompany her adoptive father to Stolas's manor. To be fair though if Lucifer wanted to he could have threatened her, even she with her defiant attitude wasn't stubborn enough to defy the literal devil. Admittedly the argument Lucifer had used was, "If you don't go with him he'll burn down the entire city, I don't know how, but he's just stupid enough to pull it off.", which she couldn't argue against since she KNEW him. Yet even though she wanted some space for that still lingering tension to fully go away, she would be lying to herself if she said that she didn't want to make amends right away.

Even with it being buried so, so, SO deep underneath that aforementioned attitude of hers, she couldn't deny that it WAS there.

"Look I KNOW it sounds crazy, so I'll try to explain it in a more...easily understood way." Blitzo replied before clearing his throat, "Basically, our stick of chalk looking ass king and his box of assorted colored crazy chalk, have decided that the best thing that

could possibly happen is if we turn Hell, ya know HELL, into a "new" Heaven, what the fuck that even means I have no idea, I just know if I don't help then that guy with the shotgun's gonna shove it so far up my ass before he pulls the trigger that those exterminators are gonna be cleaning my shit off from the bottom of their cloud..." He explained with a use of air quotes.

"Aaaaaaand just like that I have officially lost my appetite, thanks..." Octavia said as she crumpled of the small bag of chips she had been snacking on.

"No problem sweetie, but anyways do you get it now Stolas? That crazy ass powdered donut royal family's trying to renovate Hell basically, take all the worst people there are and just shove'em in a broom closet or something, while the rest of the drug abusers, dick wankers, pussy fingerers, and two bit con artists get to party like it's soviet Russia after JFK was shot." He further explained.

"...Do...do you just like, come up with these on the spot or do you have them written down somewhere?..." Octavia asked as she was genuinely impressed by that last statement.

"Eh sometimes I write'em down, but for the most part I just let my brain bring up whatever information is there and sort it in a random order." He answered with a shrug.

"Ahem." Stolas sounded in order to get back on track, "Blitzy, while I'm starting to get what it is you're describing, I still don't really understand why it is you and Loona are back here." He told him.

"Ah, right, that bit, well see thing is a lot of high ranking demons, you know like you, are probably not gonna be on board with the idea of Hell two point O, so because of that our fruity tooty oh so snooty king wants your help in persuading them, you know kiss some assess tickle a few balls just warm'em up to the idea." Blitzo replied.

"While I appreciate that lord Lucifer thinks so highly of me that he would request my aid with this, I don't think I'll be of any help, no amount of persuasion or coercing is going to make any of the noble class, and ESPECIALLY not any of the Overlords consider this proposal, they've got too much to lose in both power and control."

Stolas said.

"Whelp we tried to tell him it was a fucking lost cause let's go Loony!" Blitzo immediately exclaimed as he turned on his heels and headed for the door, wanting this to be over as quickly as possible.

"What if they knew that the Slayer was involved?" Loona suggested which caused him to stop.

"I doubt they'd take my word for it." Stolas replied earning one of her patented eye rolls.

"Obviously, but the Slayer and that news lady, the one he killed, don't ask, are on their way to the studio to get him on TV, probably won't happen today or maybe it will, but it IS going to happen soon at least, point is that unless they've all got their heads so far up their own asses cause they love all the shit they're filled with, then they should all be able to see him on TV, they along with the rest of Hell will also get to see the documentary about his life that he made himself, so after all that happens and they see and learn the full story, you think they'd be willing to listen then?" She asked.

"Oh without question, they're already terrified of him like everyone else, but if what you're saying is true which I don't doubt that it is, then all I'd need to do is just give them each a phone call and they'll be begging to be in Lucifer's good graces." He answered.

"Then it's settled, wait till that shit's on the air, I suggest you watch it too by the way, then you just make a few phone calls and your part's done, sound good?" She asked.

"Indeed, be rest assured I will take care of the noble class when that happens, and both the hotel and this new project will have all the support from this portion of Hell's ruling powers, though the Overlords I'm certain will still be stubborn." He answered.

"Eh, they're probably gonna get killed no matter what, so no reason to worry about'em." She replied as she now turned around as well.

"Hey!" Octavia called out before she headed to the door, "Could we maybe um, ya know, meet him?" She asked.

"Yeah sure, just don't try and ask for pictures, I don't think he's a very photo friendly kind of guy." Loona answered before continuing on her way.

With that business settled the Hellhound and the imp left the building and soon after the gates at the front, and as they began walking down the sidewalk Blitzo could no longer hold his tongue.

"Loony...that was amazing!" He exclaimed as a huge smile came onto his face, "I mean the way you handled that was just...I'M SO PROUD OF YOU!" He nearly screamed though in that annoying mushy way of his.

"It was nothing, and I mean that literally, everyone's jumping at shadows right now cause of the Slayer, and even after that documentary goes up it'll still be that way, probably worse for the Overlords, so all we gotta do is just say his name and problems get solved." She replied.

Without warning however he would wrap his arms around her and hug her as tight as he could, which besides bringing them to a stop immediately angered her.

"That's my Loony~" He almost purred out of parental pride and joy.

Balling her hands into fists she was about to shove him off or even punch him, but then she realized something that stopped her. That tension wasn't there anymore, obviously because he was currently as close to her as he could possibly be, and while she still didn't like hugging or any mushy shit like this, it meant he was back to his old self. And so for just a moment in time, the fiercest most aggressive Hellhound in all of the circle would relax and unclench her fists, even allowing a slightly than bigger than usual smile come to her face.

"Yeah well...learned from the best..." She muttered beneath her breath, though as quiet as she could so he wouldn't hear her and get more mushy.

What's worse than being in a small, tight, cramped hallway as the

single scariest man in all of Hell is walking towards you, why if your former boss who should be dead as dogshit was ALSO walking towards you right alongside him of course! This was the current reality for the poor, confused, frightened beyond functioning imps and other assorted Hellspawn in the channel 666 news studio, as the imposing duo of the Slayer and Katie Killjoy made their way towards Tom's office. With their limo driver waiting patiently in the car for their return, there was no reason they needed to rush or speed through this interaction. Yet still Katie did want this to be quick and as painless as possible, she didn't want to answer questions, she didn't want any bullshit, just good PR for the Slayer and the hotel as well as the documentary being put on television, and then they were done, simple.

Problem was with her no longer in charge of what went on around there it all fell onto Tom, yes there were some executives that would also need to be fully on board, but once they learned their former master was back and in good graces with the Slayer, she knew they'd fall back in their place.

"Miss Killjoy, would you prefer I do the talking or would you like to take the lead?" Vega inquired even though he was certain he knew the answer.

"Unfortunately Vega you're way too polite, which is nice when having a normal conversation, but right now we've got to scare the shit right into Tom's pants if we want our way, so I'll do the talking while he just intimidates." She responded referring to the Slayer, just before a wicked smile came onto her face, "Especially since I remember all those nice things he said about me..." She added.

Though certain that she wasn't going to try and harm or kill him as that would be the dumbest thing she could do, both the Slayer and Vega were concerned that he might have to intervene if she let her anger get the best of her. Finally though after a long trek across the floor they reached what was once her office, they came here first because she KNEW that he would've thrown all of her stuff out the moment she croaked, and given he now had his name on the door she was correct. But instead of kicking open the door or even knocking on it aggressively, she would lean in as close as she could to it and say in a just barely loud enough voice:

"Oh Tom, I'm back~"

For a moment there was no response, and even when she pulled back and straightened herself there still was no reaction, which caused Vega and the Slayer to consider the possibility he might not be in the room at the moment. But then they heard it, in nearly the same just barely audible volume that she had spoken with so too were footsteps heard, and after a solid minute of listening to them slowly approach the door, the handle even more slowly began turning.

"K-K-Katie?..." Tom squeaked out as if he inhaled helium, the door being opened just enough to where he could peek out.

"Hi there Tom, good to see you again~" She greeted, using the fake but impressively convincing nice tone she used during broadcasts, "I know you must be confused, and are probably busy what with moving into my office and no doubt throwing out my things, or maybe taking a massive shit on them like the petty pussy you are, but if me and my associate here could have just a moment of your time, I'd really appreciate it~" She told him.

Pulling it open a bit more so he could see who she was referring to, only to nearly drop dead right then and there once he saw, he did the only sensible thing he could do in this situation. He pulled the door open completely, walked back inside the room, turned the chair around that sat opposite of his, now hers, to face the door, before then sitting on the floor just a few feet away from it. Once that was done Katie and the Slayer entered with the latter closing the door behind them, they would then each go to their respective seat and make themselves comfortable before the conversation continued.

"Ah, you do know how to pick out a good chair Tom~" She complimented as she sunk into it a little.

"Thank you..." He replied, a truly broken shell of not just a man, but a soul in its entirety.

"Now then, I know you're just DYING to know how I could POSSIBLY look SO GOOD after being blasted to bits, but unfortunately we're not here to share my beauty secrets, we're here

because we need your help." She revealed.

"Wait...really?" He asked with a bit more life to him, now looking up from the floor to look at her.

"Yup, while there is still some...awkwardness between us, as there always was, the fact is Tom I'm not here to retake my position at the studio, at least not yet." She began as she crossed her legs, "See the royal family is looking for some good PR for the hotel, as well as another new project they came up with very recently, I was hoping that you could give them that PR, without asking too many questions or prying into their privacy." She explained.

"Oh, well yeah of course, I actually wanted to anyways but then you and uh, your uh...associate, suddenly appeared in the hotel's lobby, but if all you're here for is for coverage I'd be more than happy to do it finally." He assured.

"Aw, that's so nice of you Tom, glad to see your heart's still just as average as your dick is." She replied as she rested her head in the palm of her hand, "However that's not all, we also need you to help us spread the word of my associate here, yes there is the whole shooting me on live tv thing, and the turf war too, and a car crash which he helped resolve before we got here that you'll want to look into, but the thing is he took the time out of his day to give us his life story, and I think after all he's done for us the least we can do is air it for him, right?" She asked.

Before he could answer a quick flash of blue light would happen in the Slayer's hand, followed by him leaning forward to hand an object he held over to Tom.

"This device contains the footage she is describing, simply place it within the view of the cameras and press the button on its side, a projection will then play and all you need to do then is watch alongside the rest of Hell." Vega spoke explaining it for him, seeing this as the best opportunity for him to speak.

"O-Oh, thank you..." Tom replied as he took it, briefly looking it over as it looked so futuristic.

"So that's another yes?" Katie asked regaining his attention.

"Hm? O-Oh yeah of course! Again more than happy to help the man who-" He began to say, only to stop himself before he said too much.

"What? Were you going to say something along the lines of murdered me? That's old news Tom, no wonder I became your boss despite you having the job longer than me." She joked with a slight chuckle.

"Er, right, yeah, old news..." He repeated while rubbing the back of his head, "So um, is there anything else you'd like me to do? Any other coverage or help I can be?" He asked.

"Not right now, like I said I'm not here to get my job back, but that IS something that will happen, so it would probably be best for you to move back to your office and to put all my stuff back in mine, and if you can't then buy me new stuff." She answered after getting up from her seat and walking over to him, "Because WHEN I come back if my office doesn't look exactly the way it did or even BETTER, then I WILL throw you out the window in that nice chair of yours to see if those cushions can stop a man from exploding when he hits concrete, and I'd hate to do that Tom as I don't like destroying a perfectly good chair." She told him.

"G-Got it..." He replied, so terrified by that sentence alone he was lightly shaking.

"Great! Well glad we could have this talk and get everything sorted out so quick and efficiently! I expect that documentary to go live before the day is over Tom, but make sure you talk about the car crash before you do, oh and I expect you AND the crew to be at the hotel tomorrow to begin that coverage, don't keep us waiting~" She said returning to that fake tone, before then leaving the office.

Choosing to remain on the floor until his nerves settled, he would flinch when the Slayer stood up from his seat and began approaching him, but felt relaxed when he held out a hand for him to grab onto.

"Oh, thank you." Tom said for the second time as the Slayer helped him up.

"Our apologies for miss Killjoy's rather aggressive approach to speaking with you, she insisted on handling the conversation whilst the Slayer, in her own words, intimidated you." Vega explained.

"Oh, it's fine, I've grown used to it, honestly was just trying to figure out if any of this was actually real or if maybe during the interview **I** was the one who died and this was my new Hell." He explained as he dusted himself off, "And again, thanks for helping me up." He repeated.

"You're welcome, have a nice day mister Trench, see you tomorrow." Vega responded before the Slayer then followed after Katie.

Waiting until the door was closed again before doing anything, Tom was a bit surprised to find he was completely calm, though was more surprised at how nice that man actually was.

"Come on Angel Baby, just swallow it~" Valentino insisted as he looked at the other.

The ride back to Porn Studios was a long and uncomfortable one, uncomfortable because of the position Angel had been in for practically the whole thing, long because the driver had taken the weirdest route possible to get there. Though he knew well that it was because Valentino wanted their "moment" to last until he was satisfied, thankfully it wasn't ENTIRELY unpleasant, as for better or worse he did actually know how to please someone. Even so, once they reached their destination and both were presentable once again, they went straight to his office so Angel could get a new phone. Yet here they were, Valentino in his seat behind his desk smoking and smiling, while Angel sat across from him looking down at a full glass of wine.

And despite the fact Angel actually didn't want to drink it out of fear of what else he might be looking at besides just wine, he knew if he

didn't listen that the tone might begin shifting, so he closed his eyes and downed the whole thing in one go.

"That's it, knew you could do it~" Valentino said with a smile as Angel put the glass on the table.

"Mmm...grapes..." He muttered as he dragged an arm across his mouth, "So Val, about that phone..." He brought up wanting to get through this.

"Oh right, the phone, almost forgot." The other replied as he leaned back in his seat, putting his feet up on his desk, "Sorry bout that, give me just one second." He requested as he gently pushed down a button on his intercom, "Yo Vox, is it ready?" He asked speaking into it.

The response he would receive would not come from the intercom, but from the addressed demon coming into the room. He would walk over calmly and hand Angel his new phone before then moving to stand beside Valentino, who remained seated with his legs still propped up. But as Angel took the phone from the tech savvy demon and began looking it over to see if it was a new model, he found that this phone...wasn't that.

"Confused Angel baby?" Valentino asked him before slightly turning his head towards Vox, "Why don't you show our little spider here why his new phone is so strange?" He suggested.

Upon hearing that Vox's well known shark tooth smile would spread across his screen, followed by Angel's "phone" suddenly turning on. Looking down at the device's screen his eyes would go wide and his blood would run cold, as what he saw was a video of him inside the hotel. Specifically, it was in the room he and Cherri had shared last night, obviously they didn't have sex with each other, but still it showed the both of them clear as day sleeping in the bed. Now as for how this video could have possibly been taken, how it was even feasible to do this, well, it simply was because of Vox.

He was an overlord for a very good fucking reason, not only did he own the single largest tech manufacturing company in all of Hell, but he had an unrivaled connection with anything electronic. He could

make his face appear on any screen he wanted, he could access any device he wanted, he could even if he were to get so irate cause a blackout throughout the entire circle, that is how powerful and how far his reach went. So the why and how this video was recorded didn't need to be solved, it hadn't even popped into Angel's mind, because right now his mind was racing at a million miles an hour wondering one simple thing, what. What was this video supposed to mean, what was Val's reason for having Vox record it in the first place, and what was going to happen in the next several minutes?

"Aw, Angel baby, there's no reason to look so upset, honest." Valentino spoke trying to "comfort" him, "If anything you should be excited, you've just been promoted." He revealed.

"Pr-Promoted?..." Angel asked with a nervous stutter, causing the other to nod his head slowly.

"Mhm, see ever since that psycho you mentioned showed up, every Overlord in Hell's been on edge, even we the three Vs have been a fair bit unsettled by him, but just like your name here you are, our guardian Angel, since you've decided to live at that hotel you can help keep an eye on him for us, and don't worry about getting caught as that's what your new phone is for, right Vox?" He answered, now giving Vox the chance to finally say something.

"Correct, the fact is I have a direct connection to the device, you won't be able to use it for anything on your own, but seeing as how we'll know exactly where you are and you won't be going anywhere anytime soon, it's not like you would need to anyway, all you need to do is carry it around with you so I can watch and listen to what goes on there, so that way we know exactly what he's planning." He explained.

"See? I told you it's a promotion, you won't need to patrol the slums anymore or sleep with anymore johns, the most you'll have to do is just pick where to sit as we listen in, honestly I'm a little jealous~" Valentino mused with a smile, "But just so we're sure, you understand what your job is now right? We don't need to explain it anymore do we?" He asked.

Even though he hadn't changed his expression, his tone, or anything

else as he said that last part, Angel knew exactly what he meant by "explain" it more. And so now he had to make a choice, did he run the risk of angering the Slayer by betraying him and the others, or does he stand his ground and walk back with a limp. Honestly he wanted nothing more than to just pounce onto the pimp right here and now, try to rip out his throat with his bare fucking teeth while Vox watched horrified. But he knew that would only end badly for him, they were Overlords and he was just a porn star prostitute who could hold his own pretty well, he'd be subdued and be punished the moment he made any kind of move.

"...I...understand Val, I'll be sure to try and stick around them as much as possible, so you'll know what goes down before anyone else, no need to it explain it any further..." He responded after a minute of silence, which caused the other's smile to turn into a toothy grin.

"That's my Angel Baby~" He said with as much satisfaction as possible.

So Far So Good

(A/N: Quick question, due to the recent issues the site has had with properly updating stories and showing chapters, would you all want me to upload this story and its chapters on something else, say Wattpad or Archive, so that way if issues continue to persist you'll still be able to view the story? let me know how you feel)

Pentagram City is a rather huge place, I mean you'd obviously assume that given it's the capitol of Lucifer's circle. But even by real world standards of some of the most populated and expansive of cities, this one was genuinely impressive and intimidating. Looking passed the obvious of tall skyscrapers or office buildings, the city was packed to the brim with so many different venues, sure you had the expected like clubs and bars, but there were also real restaurants and actual not sinful businesses. After that however you had all of the hotels, motels, apartment complexes, and a few residential areas on the outskirts, while towards the center of the city you had malls, banquet halls, noble homes, and other such luxurious things.

Now this might not sound all too different from the cities on earth, if anything because of Lucifer's populace Pentagram City was of course made to resemble those on earth, as a way to make the afterlife more accommodating and easy to accept. But besides the sheer abundance of all these buildings and homes, the other thing that made this stand out from its mortal counterparts was the sheer amount of blatant advertising. For while on earth there were of course billboards and signs and commercials aplenty, in Hell it was MUCH worse, given everyone down here was trying to be the toughest shit around they'd do whatever they could to get some kind of edge. And as such, anyone who aspired to be an Overlord, to be deemed a Noble, to be a crime boss or Kingpin of a syndicate, or maybe such as with Katie simply be a commanding force in the media, you had to have your brand EVERYWHERE.

Every rooftop, every building wall, every alleyway, and every screen

was covered and flooded with different messages and marketing ploys to push someone's image, or for the more shameless simple threats for intimidation. Which is exactly why as Millie and Moxxie both walked down the sidewalk back to the hotel, it was insanely impressive that they had managed to cover the ENTIRE city on their own. Sure it did take a few hours of course not like they had super powers or anything, but still the fact they were able to cover every billboard, rip away and replace all posters or flyers that littered the buildings, and even cover up the electronic advertisements thanks to some industrial level glue, was immensely impressive.

"What a day..." Millie said with a smile and a sigh, "Can't believe how much we were able to do, I don't think so much as a greeting card was overlooked." She joked.

"Yeah, though honestly it was mostly thanks to you hon, you're way more agile than I am, you were able to take care of the stuff on the buildings way faster than I could've." He replied praising her.

"Aw thanks sweetie, but you did a lot of work too! I mean you covered every inch of nearly every wall we came across, so it's not like I did everything." She said.

"Yeah, I guess so." He agreed with a smile of his own.

"Anyways, I can't wait to get back to the hotel and relax after all of this, think I'll take a shower first before crashing onto that comfy bed~" She sighed blissfully as she stretched out her arms.

"Honestly I want to get something to eat first, I mean I expected the food to be pretty good, but it's like the BEST thing I've ever had outside of when we cook." He said.

However, before his wife could agree with him or suggest they eat together, they suddenly heard coming from ahead of them a set of running footsteps. Unfortunately while they did come to a stop, as they tried to look ahead to see who was coming they were both pushed to the side, as the footsteps' owner barreled right through them.

"HEY!" Millie would be the first to shout out, for while she had been

pushed against a building Moxxie had been sent to the pavement, "What the fuck is your-" She began to question, only to stop mid sentence once she saw who it was.

Thankfully the runner had also stopped once they recognized the voice, and as they turned around it proved to be Cherri Bomb. Yet as both imps looked at her they noticed something immediately, that her usual peppy chaotic cocky self, was for some reason replaced by an obvious expression of concern.

"Oh shit, sorry guys, I didn't see you." She apologized as she walked back over, helping Moxxie to his feet.

"What's going on Cherri? Why're you running like you're on fire?" Millie asked while her husband straightened his clothes.

"It's Angel, that fucking bastard Valentino has him." She answered.

"Wait, THE Valentino? as in the Overlord?" Moxxie questioned.

"Yeah, he's Angel's boss, but he's also one of the biggest cocksuckers in all of Hell, and not in the same way Angel is, when I realized what had happened I tried to find the limo so I could maybe help him out, but whether they just got too ahead of me or he told his driver to take some secret route or some shit, I wasn't able to find it." She explained.

"You don't think he's gonna hurt Angel do you?" Millie asked concernedly.

"He better fucking not, but the problem is by now they're back at Porn Studios, and no matter how many bombs I bring no way I'm gonna get in there, hence why I'm headed to the news station to see if I can't get the Slayer to do what he does best, and FUCK that smiling little shit stain with the barrel of his gun." She answered.

"I don't think they'd still be at the station though, it's been hours since we all left the hotel and they left before the rest of us, if anything they're probably already back there." Moxxie reasoned.

"We were headed back ourselves, we can go with you." Millie suggested.

"Thanks, but we need to hurry, I don't even want to think about what that bitch might be doing to him." She said.

Simply nodding their heads all three demons would begin running as fast as they could, hoping that Moxxie was right and the Slayer would be waiting for them at the hotel.

"Man I am BEAT!" Blitzo exclaimed as he fell onto the lobby's couch.

As of the moment the only ones to return to the hotel had been Blitzo and Loona, much to the dismay of Lucifer. He knew Moxxie and Millie would probably be the last two to return, given they had to go around the entire city to put up flyers, he also expected the Slayer and Katie to take a while as they had to meet with Tom Trench. But he honestly thought Angel and Cherri would have returned by now, mostly because it was clear that bother were masters in their respective fields, which were fighting and fucking. Though if there was one silver lining to having the lanky irritation back it was that he couldn't be disruptive, for with his aid Lilith was able to finish up the preparations she would need to use her fans and celebrity status to their advantage.

This didn't mean of course that he wasn't by his mere existence NOT going to still piss him off however.

"Why exactly are YOU acting so winded? Not only did you have the easiest job out of everyone here, but from how it sounds it was Loona who actually accomplished the task." Lucifer pointed out, sitting off to the side with his wife at the table they used for their work.

"Look Luci." He began as he looked to the devil, "I know that this might seem hard for you to believe given your ass is never without some kind of cushion, but it actually is tiring to have to walk all the way to the center of the city and then walk all the way back, maybe if you tried doing that for once instead of riding in a luxurious limo you'd understand." He told him in a very belittling tone.

"Hm, I suppose you're right, it has been a bit since I've walked

through the city, maybe Lilith and I will walk together tomorrow as we continue to handle our contributions." Lucifer suggested.

A brief moment of silence took hold of the air as that response hit everyone, instead of a threat or even an acknowledgement of irritation Lucifer was cool as could be.

"...Okay, did you take happy pills or some shit while we were gone?" Blitzo asked.

"No not at all, while you were out it occurred to me that your behavior was much like my daughter's when she was young, though nowhere nearly as pathetic and sad, she did everything she could do to get my attention all the time, even feigned falling down once or twice, but that all ended when she turned...I believe it was five, maybe six, regardless I never got mad at her because that's how children behave, and seeing as how you clearly have the mind of a child, no point in getting angry with you either." He explained calmly.

Upon hearing that both Loona and Husk could not keep themselves from bursting out into laughter, as that was truly the funniest thing they'd ever heard in their lives. As for Blitzo a noticeable pink hue came to his face, and while his daughter and the doorman were nearly on the floor laughing to tears, he simply crossed his arms and grumbled to himself.

"Told you~" Lilith said to him quietly with a small smile.

Smiling as well for her advice had worked flawlessly, Lucifer leaned back in his chair to relish in the victory. Yet as the still chortling Hellspawn continued to do so at the imp's expense, all of their attentions would be directed to the door as someone announced their entry.

"What the hell's so funny?" Angel Dust asked with a raised brow, as he never expected to find the queen of disinterest and the king of alcoholism in such a good mood.

"Oh nothing, just some nice conversation is all." Lucifer said with a smirk as he glanced over at Blitzo, who was doing his best to avoid all eye contact with anyone.

"Uh huh, well, I'm gonna head to my room and take a shower, if Cherri shows up tell her I'm here will ya?" He asked as he began walking.

"Why isn't she with you?" Lilith questioned.

"Because it is WAY faster to hand out flyers when you promise sex than it is to beat the shit out of people, even if you're as good at it as she is." He explained.

"Fair point." She simply replied as he continued to his room.

Several minutes would then go by with nothing else of interest happening, other than Husk and Loona finally calming down and regaining their breath. As for where Nifty, Charlie, and Vagatha were, the former was still busy going through the hotel as there was a lot of ground to cover, where as the other two no one had actually seen for a while, though they knew they were somewhere in the hotel. Soon though more people would come through the main entrance, this time being Katie who had a noticeable stride to her step, and the Slayer who was never any different.

"Judging by the way you're walking I take the meeting at the studio went well?" Lucifer asked as she walked over to a nearby empty chair.

"Oh it went better than okay, not only is Tom going to air the documentary on the evening broadcast, but he's also going to come here tomorrow for a proper interview AND talk about the car crash our big man helped with." She answered while sitting down.

"Wait, there was a crash?" Lilith inquired.

"Mhm, on our way to the studio some dumbasses managed to make a pile of steel nearly as tall as a hill, and besides getting out and getting the situation under control, and of course moving the cars out of the way so we could continue, he even patched them up with some kind of potion or something." She explained.

"Oh right, like with Charlie's girlfriend when you first arrived correct?" Lucifer asked, receiving a nod from him in response.

"Well, seems like everything went the way we wanted it to, that's good, now we just have to wait for the others to return." Lilith said.

Without warning the doors of the hotel would be flung open with reckless abandon, crashing into the structure itself which sent a booming thunderous noise traveling throughout the building. Everyone except the Slayer was of course startled by this, and as they looked to see who had done such a thing they saw a wide eyed Cherri Bomb standing there, with Millie and Moxxie right behind her.

"YOU!" She shouted out before running over to the Slayer.

"Is something the matter miss Cherri?" Vega asked as she reached him.

"I need your help! So get your ass in gear and lets go!" She exclaimed as she grabbed onto one of his hands.

Sadly much like trying to grab onto a car sized boulder and moving it yourself, so too was Cherri's attempt at moving even just the Slayer's hand met with utter failure.

"Miss Cherri, while it is clear you are distressed the Slayer must know why you are in need of his aid specifically." Vega told her.

"BECAUSE! ANGEL DUST IS IN TROUBLE! I NEED YOU TO COME WITH ME AND HELP SAVE HIM BY KILLING A BUNCH OF FUCKING ASSHOLES! SO COME ON!" She demanded while pulling with all her might.

"What the fuck is going on out here?!" The voice of Angel would question as he stepped out into the lobby.

Ceasing in her frantic panic the mono eyed demon, along with everyone else, would look to the hallway that lead to the ground floor rooms and find Angel Dust standing there, slightly soaked and having two towels wrapped around his body and head.

"ANGEL!" Cherri shouted as she let go of the Slayer and ran over to him.

"Yo Cherri what's-" He began to say, only to be cutoff as the woman

tackled him to the ground with a hug.

"Are you okay? Are you hurt anywhere? Did that bastard lay a hand on you? Cause if he did I swear Angel I will-"

"CHERRI!" Angel shouted cutting her off as she was going nuts, "LOOK, I'm sorry I suddenly disappeared, but Valentino only wanted the cash I was meant to deliver him yesterday, but as we got to talking he insisted I go back to the studio to have a drink, I did, sat in his lap too, he was a little handsy but nothing too firm, then he slapped my ass and said I could leave, that's it I swear." He explained.

Looking down at him for a solid minute or so to make sure he was being honest with her, and if she pulled off those towels she wouldn't find his body covered in bruises, as his face kept that serious expression without faltering, she believed his explanation.

"Thank fucking god." She said with a sigh as a smile came to her face, "I mean I know that's a weird thing to say and all, but still, thank the fucking lord..." She repeated with a chuckle.

"Yeah yeah yeah thank the almighty my pimp wanted his pay, NOW GET OFF OF ME CAUSE I'M SOAKING WET AND ON THE FLOOR! AND NOT IN THE WAY I'D WANT!" He shouted at her.

Rolling her eye at that statement she did as she was told then proceeded to help him up. And while everyone else began talking to themselves or asking either Cherri or Angel what was going on, the Slayer via Vega would address Katie.

"Miss Killjoy." He spoke to gain her attention, "Who is this Valentino person that Angel Dust was referring to?" He asked.

"Hm? Oh him? He's an Overlord, part of a group called the three Vs, all fuck buddies far as I know, he also runs the entirety of the porn industry down here, like ALL of it, in addition to being a well known pimp and fuck machine, like he'll practically shove his dick into anything so long as it's hot and wet." She explained.

"I see, thank you for this information." He replied.

"No problem, but why do you care? Why does HE care?" She asked while pointing to the Slayer.

"The Slayer simply prefers to have all available knowledge be archived for his review, so that way he can properly assess the situation and any potential threats, which leads me to my next question, how much of a threat is Valentino and the other two members of the three Vs?" He responded.

"Honestly they're pretty powerful, like looking passed how much all three of them combined control in terms of turf and resources, they're pretty much up there with Alastor, as in the only time you'd ever fuck with them is if you wanted to get yourself killed." She explained.

"Do you think they will try to obstruct our goal moving forward?" He asked.

"Eh, hard to say, don't get me wrong they're just as fucked up as everyone else is, but considering Valentino's stock is entirely in porn and prostitutes, and the other two are pretty much the same but for different markets, so long as we don't try to shut down their profit gains they should be pretty passive, but then again this is Hell, and you can never tell what people are gonna do sometimes." She answered.

"Very well, again thank you." He said.

"No problem." She replied.

With that being the end of their conversation Vega would fall silent, but only to her and the others, as he then had a conversation with the Slayer via the inside of his helmet.

"Based on Cherri's high levels of stress upon entering the building, and how desperate she seemed to have you accompany her to, in her own words, save Angel Dust from Valentino, there is a strong possibility that Angel Dust is not being entirely truthful about what happened, perhaps it would be best if we approached him alone?" He suggested, earning a barely detectable nod from him in agreeance.

The Show's About To Begin

"Hurry up it's almost on!" Nifty exclaimed excitedly, as she and everyone else in the hotel were currently gathered around the television.

Though it may seem odd given they had already seen it once, the reason why everyone in the Happy Hotel was eager to watch the evening news broadcast was because they could actually get into it. The first time they all watched the documentary it was out of pure curiosity and a need for answers, which is why their initial reactions were mostly focused on the horror and soul crushing nature on the Slayer's life. But now that they had all given their own condolences in some way to the big beefy brute, they unlike the unsuspecting denizens of Hell could savor the footage that was included with Vega's narration. Even though true to his word the clips and bits of footage that showed the Slayer at his best were the most tame they had on record, there was still no denying that seeing him mow down hordes of Doom's demons was like watching a movie, a very violent and messy movie.

This is why they all sat in excitement with snacks and beverages at the ready, they also admittedly were excited to see how Tom Trench would react once it was finished, as well as the rest of Hell going forward. However not everyone was present for this special viewing, Alastor still hadn't returned and his whereabouts were unknown, Angel Dust was in his and Cherri's room fixing himself up after his shower, and the man of the hour had mysteriously disappeared, not long after the brief conversation Vega and Katie had. As for Charlie, Vagatha, and Nifty all of whom hadn't been present till a few minutes ago, they showed up after they heard the small bit of shouting that came from Cherri and Angel respectively.

"No point in trying to rush him, he won't come out till he's star studded sexy." Cherri told her before taking a sip of the beer she held.

"Why though? Not like anyone out here's trying to fuck him." Blitzo

said.

"Yeah well no one's trying to puke either yet you're sitting here in plain view." She replied with a smirk.

"As much as I'd love to see how fast you two could beat each other to death, how bout we just focus on the broadcast?" Katie suggested, not wanting this honestly nice and peaceful moment to be ruined.

"Wow, wouldn't expect you to be the one to keep the peace." Vagatha commented causing the other to role her eyes.

"Believe me if we weren't about to see Tom's entire grasp on reality be shaken to the core along with everyone else in Hell, I'd gladly be cheering her on to shove that bottle up his ass." She replied.

"Don't say that, it would be such a waste of good alcohol." Lucifer told her getting in his own quip on the lanky imp.

"Hey, cut him some slack alright?" Loona spoke up, for even though she didn't mind him getting made fun of a little it was starting to turn into a dogpile, no pun intended.

"Aw, thanks Loony." He replied all mushily, making her immediately regret sticking up for him.

"Maybe we should've invited Stolas over to view it with us? It's been a while since I've seen him, would've been nice to catch up." Lilith said.

"True, though he'll be busy calling all the nobles once it airs." Lucifer reminded her.

"Which is going to start in just a few minutes, if Angel doesn't want to miss it he really should hurry up." Nifty mentioned again.

"Come to think of it, he's not the only one who isn't here..." Vagatha noticed as there was a clear lack of unfiltered rage filling the air.

"I mean, considering he lived it, and he's sat through the documentary twice now, would you want to go through all of that

again a fourth time?" Katie asked.

The response to that question was simultaneous and unanimous, as everyone instantly shook their heads quite firmly. For while they were excited this time around to appreciate the mastery that was his carnage, they still were well aware of just how messed up it was from start to finish. Still even with the Slayer's absence making sense to them it did seem like it was taking Angel longer than it should, even for a diva like him he had to be putting the finishing touches on by now right?

"Almost..."

"...There, done." Angel Dust said as he put down his hairbrush.

After the day he had Angel felt he was completely entitled to pamper the crap out of himself, complete with head to toe styling. This wasn't to say he went overboard or was dressing himself up for nothing of course, but he still did make sure every inch of his snowy white body was restored to pristine beauty. His nails were painted and trimmed even though they were normally hidden by gloves and boots, he lathered his body in lotion specially made to reach the skin of demons who were covered in hair or fur like him, and once it was rubbed in he set to brushing his beautiful self till he was flawless. All that was left to do now that he finished was to get dressed and join the others in the lobby, though he debated if he should redress in his normal clothes or put on something more casual as it was so late in the day.

Sadly he wouldn't have much time to debate on the matter as a knock came from his door, forcing him to instead put on the complimentary hotel robe so he could be decent.

"Look, I know I've been taking a bit, but after the kind of shit I've been through today I needed a little me time." He said once he had it on and began tying it shut, assuming it was one of the others, as Cherri would have just kicked it open or announced herself from the

get go.

Walking over and opening the door to see who had been sent to fetch him, he was left speechless for a moment when it was the one person he hadn't expected.

"Forgive the disturbance Angel Dust, but the Slayer would like to have a word with you." Vega greeted once they saw each other.

Staring wide eyed at the Slayer initially, it took next to no time after for his expression to change to one of slyness, followed by him walking inside and sitting on the bed.

"Oh? Then why don't you come and have a seat next to me? No point in standing there when you could be...comfortable~" He suggested while crossing his legs, topped off with a light pat to the free spot next to him.

"While the structural integrity of the bed would support the Slayer's weight, I'm afraid he isn't here to shoot the breeze as you might say." Vega informed him, as the Slayer stepped in and closed the door so they would be alone.

"Are you sure? Bet it gets real boring being so straight laced and blunt all the time, would it REALLY be so bad if he say...enjoyed himself a little?" He asked as he casually pulled down the robe from one of his shoulders.

Responding in a way that Angel even in his attempt at seduction thought was impossible, the Slayer walked over to him and placed his hands on both his shoulders, gripping them tight enough to where it was firm but not painful or uncomfortable.

"H-Holy shit!" Angel exclaimed with a light blush and smile, unable to process that this was actually happening.

"Once again I am regretful to disappoint you Angel Dust, but the Slayer has no plans on becoming intimate with you, the reason why he is here and is currently gripping your shoulders is because he wants to know the truth." Vega told him.

"What're you talking about? This IS the truth! I really want to fuck

your brains out! Or rather you fuck MY brains out while I squeal like a Japanese schoolgirl who just walked into an aquarium." He replied.

"No, the truth about your interaction with your employer Valentino, the Slayer and I know you weren't truthful about it, and he wishes to have the actual events laid out for him." Vega clarified.

Just as quickly as before the moment that statement reached his ears Angel's entire mood would change, this time going from sultry to dead serious.

"What I said was the truth, Val just wanted the money I was supposed to give him and that was it, in case you weren't keeping track of the facts he's my fucking pimp, and if I don't give him what he's owed then it won't be my ass that he's smacking next time I see him." He explained.

"So he hits you then, did he hit you this time as well? Only he held back to where there would be no signs of bruising?" Vega asked.

"No dipshit I just needed to give him his fucking money! Now if big bad and brooding here isn't going to plow me then we're done here, so get out!" He exclaimed while trying to move.

But of course he didn't move, not even so much as a single centimeter, for while the Slayer was still not gripping him to a degree that would cause him pain, keeping in mind how strong he was this "gentle" of a hold was all that was needed to keep the demon in place.

"Let go of me asshole!" Angel Dust demanded as he began struggling to break free, though in reality it was more like a child in their safety seat squirming out of frustration.

"The Slayer intends to keep you here until you are forthcoming about what happened, so there is no point in resisting nor continuing to lie to him." Vega said.

"WHY would I lie to him? You think I'm stupid or something? Cause I've seen in person what he fucking does to people who piss him off,

and I have no intentions to be split in half anytime soon, at LEAST not by a fucking chainsaw!" He responded still trying to get loose even if by a little.

"That is what he is trying to understand, but it wasn't just him who you were lying to, besides the others who were present your explanation was mostly directed to Cherri, whose mental state was panicked and concerned about your safety." Vega explained.

"Yeah of course she was fucking worried she's my best friend!" He said.

"Precisely, she based on the information we currently possess is the person you are closest to, so it stands to reason that her concern for your well being was not simply caused by an overprotective or cautious nature, especially given her normal personality and conduct both towards people and life in general, so I will repeat the request again, inform the Slayer of what really happened." Vega insisted.

"I FUCKING TOLD YOU WHAT I SAID WAS THE TRUTH! NOTHING FUCKING HAPPENED ALRIGHT?! SO WILL YOU JUST FUCKING ACCEPT THAT AND LEAVE ME THE FUCK ALONE?!" He shouted at the top of his lungs.

Honestly, that was really convincing, it wasn't fake or felt forced, the level of frustration and anger that could be seen in his face and heard in his voice, was something the Slayer himself was all too familiar with. But there was something else that both he and Vega could see that betrayed it, one simple detail that told them that while Angel Dust's emotions were real, he still was not being honest. Tears, whether he was aware of them or not were forming in his eyes, and even as they threatened to begin leaking over and running down his face, he still kept that same angered expression.

"I'm sorry Angel Dust." Vega apologized after a few seconds of silence, "It appears that the Slayer was mistaken and thus made a terrible error in his judgement, he can see now that you are being completely transparent with him." He said.

However Angel didn't say anything, he just kept staring at him with that hateful look, though now it seemed slightly pained as well.

"I can see you are too angry to respond right now, we will give you your privacy, I promise you will not be bothered again." Vega assured as the Slayer finally released him.

With that being the end of this unpleasant interaction the Slayer would simply leave, giving the spider the space he demanded. But once he was no longer in the room and his footsteps slowly faded as he walked away, Angel would grip his arms tightly as his tears finally flowed freely. Succumbing to his emotions he began crying as quietly as he could, not wanting to draw the other back to his room should he hear the sounds of his sobbing. Sadly this was truly impossible to accomplish, for even though the Slayer had left his door and ventured to the end of the hall, both Vega and the tech in his suit allowed him to still hear what was going on.

"There's something you should see." Vega spoke as he listened, before then putting what looked to be the digitized schematics of a device on the inside of his visor, "During that exchange I detected a foreign piece of technology that did not match any others found in the hotel, it is surprisingly well made even if we compare it to the weapon Sir Pentious used to try and kill you, from my examination of its construction it is a one way multipurpose tool, capable of recording video and sound, transmitting live feeds of both to other devices, and even displaying false screens and images to appear as a normal phone, however it has no power source, instead it seems to only be usable when its one way connection is activated, which if you would like I could trace and begin infiltration procedures." He explained in great detail, his offer at the end being met with a nod of approval, "I am guessing however that as I do this, you will seek to deal with other matters correct?" Vega asked, earning another nod though this one much slower.

Vega would go quiet as there was nothing left to be said, yet even if there were it's not like it would matter at all. For as the Slayer continued in his departure from the room, though still able as he walked to hear Angel's continued cries, he would summon in his hands his personal armament and begin his preparations. This of course would be noticed by the others as he stepped into the lobby, though surprisingly it was not his footsteps which usually gave him away that earned their attention. In truth they could actually FEEL

him coming their way the moment he began walking, his normal intimidating aura was now replaced with something they had yet to feel, though despite this they knew what it meant.

"What's going on?" Charlie would be the first to voice their shared question, as the Slayer's double barreled shotgun was opened with a satisfying metallic click.

"The Slayer has an urgent matter he must attend to miss Charlie." Vega answered as he walked passed.

"W-What urgent matter?" She would follow up with a slight stutter, as they all watched him summon two shells and load them into each barrel.

"A cleansing." Vega simply stated, as the Slayer now at the twin doors locked the weapon back into place with another satisfying click.

For a moment she and the others thought about continuing to ask what was going on, even as that indescribable feeling continued to grow more intense by the second. But then he looked at them for a brief second, and while others might not notice any difference between that gaze and his normal one, they could see it clear as crystal. The normal rage he had was gone, it wasn't just simple anger that boiled and burned behind those eyes, what they saw was the gaze of a predator on the hunt, and he knew exactly what prey he was looking for. This is why as he opened both doors no one said anything more, no one dared to try and move or stop him in any way, they just listened as he walked away into the city, with the last sound they heard being the two doors creaking as they returned to their former positions.

"Ha ha, imagine what it must be like to be all those other poor assholes, looking over their shoulders wondering if he'll come for them, meanwhile we got an ace in our pocket~" Valentino jested in delight as he took a sip of his drink.

After Angel took his leave of Porn Studios Valentino called Velvet

and told her of what they had done, which besides eliciting a squeal of excitement and joy from her also made her want to celebrate with them. This is how the three Vs came together in this moment to drink and cheer as if it was the new year, for they unlike every other Overlord in Hell actually had an advantage over this murder happy psychopath.

"Yeah, real slick of you to make what ya did Vox, brilliant as always." She complimented as the screen faced demon refilled his glass.

"Oh it was nothing really, it took literally just a minute or two after he asked me to put it together, but still I'll take the praise~" He mused before taking a sip.

"Either way now we'll know exactly what goes on there the moment it happens, ain't no way we'll be blind sided like those other fucks." Valentino said causing them all to laugh.

Continuing to drink, clink glasses, and simply enjoy their leg up over every other powerful demon in Hell, their merriment would be halted as a sound could be heard. Initially Vox was the first to hear it simply because it was a sound he despised so greatly, but soon Valentino and Velvet as the last would also hear it. A humming voice paired with a tapping cane and a steady paced walk, they all knew exactly who was coming towards Val's office from this alone. Yet they didn't put down their glasses nor did they ready any kind of weapons, they waited patiently as this was something that had NEVER happened before.

"Hello~" The static laced voice of the radio demon called out, as his footsteps came to a stop just outside the door, "May I come in?" He asked.

Exchanging a quick look between each other just to ensure they were all on the same page, even with his rep and his power they knew they could take him if it came to that, so they had no issues.

"Suuuuuure, come on in, take a seat and a drink if it's what you're craving." Valentino responded.

Much like a horror film the door would be pushed open with a slow

creaking sound, and instead of seeing a well lit hallway they were met only with pitch black darkness.

"Afraid I can't stay actually, I'm only here as a messenger." Alastor's voice would speak from the shadows, yet not one thing of his person would come forward into view.

"Really? First time you've ever been here deer boy, sure I can't offer you something? Or maybe someone?" Valentino inquired.

"You are as hospitable as I've heard Valentino, but once again I must decline your offer, only here to say a few words and then I must depart." He replied.

"And what might those words be? They wouldn't by chance be a proposition of alliance would they? In light of a certain someone making headlines?" Valentino asked.

An unexpected silence would then put the conversation on pause, which even for the trio of hardened demons managed to unsettle them a slight bit.

"It's funny you say that, genuinely it is beautifully ironic, for it is that very same person for whom I personally have struck a bargain with." He revealed causing all of their eyes to widen.

"B-Bullshit!" Vox would speak this time in anger, before throwing his glass down to the floor, "There's no way in Hell that lunatic would make a deal with you!" He insisted.

"Oh? Do believe him to be so unhinged he's hopelessly ignorant like you? Tsk, such a shame, though it will make what comes next all the more entertaining." Alastor said.

"W-What's next?..." Velvet asked unsure as to what he meant by that.

"Two things actually, the first is me telling you that all of you are going to die, the second is getting to see just exactly how that happens~" He mused.

"YOU'RE A FUCKING LIAR!" Vox screamed this time as he pointed

to the void, "FIRST YOU SAY THAT YOU HAVE AN ALLIANCE WITH HIM! NOW YOU'RE SAYING THIS CRAZY SHIT!" He exclaimed.

"Believe me, don't believe me, not like it matters, though if you are in a state of denial when he gets here it would make things more entertaining." Alastor admitted.

"H-He's coming?..." Velvet asked with widened eyes.

"Indeed, he's on his way here right now, not really hard to find of course given that tasteless sign you have on the front of the building." Alastor answered.

"HA! NOW I KNOW YOU'RE FUCKING LYING! IF HE WAS COMING HERE I'D BE THE FIRST TO KNOW ABOUT IT DIPSHIT!" Vox countered with a triumphant grin on his face.

Instead of replying with words however something would be slid across the floor into the room, and once they all saw what it was their expressions turned to dread.

"H-How..." Vox spoke with clenched fists as he looked back to the doorway, "HOW THE FUCK COULD YOU POSSIBLY HAVE THAT?!" He questioned.

"See, that's your problem Vox, you rely on all of this new technology to be powerful, where as I...prefer to do things the old fashioned way." Alastor stated, just as his eyes and smile lit up to illuminate the darkness.

Unsettled as his eyes were turned to radio dials, the three Vs began seeing small hands and other assorted appendages leaking from the darkness he was shrouded by, quickly overtaking the doorway.

"You do know we would kill you if we all fought you at once right?" Valentino asked, hiding his surprise quite well under his usual cool demeanor.

"Oh but of course, while I am powerful I would be no match for all three of you at once, especially not here on your own turf." He answered.

"Then why the fuck are you even here? Why would you go to all this trouble? Just so you could warn us?" Valentino questioned.

"Heh, of course not, I just wanted to make sure this would be a good show, no fun in watching a murder if the victim doesn't put up a good fight." He replied as the shadow entities fell back to the darkness, "So please, if only as your one last act before death, make sure this is a spectacular performance." He requested.

Once the assorted appendages were all gone so too would the radio demon's eyes and smile vanish, followed by the darkness that hid the hallway from their view allowing them to see it. After this however both Vox and Velvet would look towards Valentino, curious of what more he had to say or if he had some kind of plan. But before he spoke he would rise from his seat and walk over to Vox's device, smashing it to pieces with the foot of his cane as it was a worthless piece of junk.

"...A spectacular performance huh? Fine, if that cherry colored cunt and his big green fuck boy want a show, then they've come to the right place." He said with a snarl.

An Angel Gets His Wings

"Five minutes till we're live mister Trench!" A voice called from outside his dressing room.

Normally he would be on set by now having the finishing touches of his makeup be applied, despite the fact his face was a literal gas mask. But this was no ordinary news day, he held in his hands a device he still was amazed by, that from the Slayer's own word would show the entirety of Hell his life's story. Admittedly he wanted to take a peek before anyone else did, just a few minutes so he could get an estimation of how insane it might be. Yet he restrained himself for two reasons, the first was his integrity as a professional in the field of journalism, the second because he worried if he did something like that Katie would somehow find out and proceed to crush his testicles like grapes.

Still though, to hold such demanded knowledge from the people of Hell was truly something, just one button press and all the mystery surrounding that stranger would be resolved...

"...Planning on seeing the show before it's time mister Trench?" A voice suddenly asked in his ear.

Yelping almost exactly the same as a dog from shock and terror, Tom had to frantically wave his arms around to catch the device after he nearly through it into the air. Clutching it tightly in his hands though mostly due to his nerves, he slowly turned around to look at who that was, only to have his terror worsen once he saw them.

"Y-You're the..." He did his best to stammer out, only to be kept silent as a yellow toothed grin came into view.

"The radio demon? Yes I've been getting called by my title more than my name recently, not that I'm bothered I suppose, it is a fitting and nice title." Alastor replied as he put his hands behind his back.

"H-How did you get in here?" Tom managed to ask while slowly scooting his chair away from him.

"I just asked the nice lady at the reception desk downstairs, then when I came up and asked to speak with your staff pointed to the door, must've been too lost in thought to hear me come in." He explained.

"Oh." Tom simply replied as that was actually a normal answer to his question, "Still, why are you even here? Did Katie send you?" He asked.

"Oh ho ho ho no I'm afraid, me and miss Killjoy are not on the best of terms right now, why I'd go so far as to say she and I are like cats and dogs." Alastor answered.

"So...you're here on your own then?" He asked.

"Indeed, I wanted to come and tell you about a major scoop that'll surely boost your network's ratings! But you'll have to work quickly as it's a limited time spectacle, a blink and you'll miss it type of occasion!" Alastor exclaimed.

"I don't know, I think I've got a good enough scoop already, n-no offense of course." He replied making sure to not upset him.

"Oh yes the Slayer's life story all packaged in that doohickey of his, that is a pretty big scoop, along with the convenient car crash that happened earlier today..." Alastor said as he looked off to the side.

"Wait, did you-" Tom began to question only to be cutoff as Alastor continued to speak.

"But none of that matters now mister Trench! For while I'm sure you and the rest of Hell would love to see that wonderful documentary, wouldn't it be better if you were to see him in action?" He asked.

"Are you saying that he's about to-" He tried once again to reply only to be interrupted a second time.

"Correct mister Trench! The Slayer is nearly upon the expecting trio of Valentino, Vox, and Velvet, all of whom are preparing to stand their ground at the well known Porn Studios! But like I said you'll have to get your people there quick if you don't want to miss it." Alastor explained before then turning his back to the other,

"Speaking of which I better get going myself! Don't want to miss this once in a lifetime display!" He exclaimed as he headed for the door.

"HOLD ON!" Tom suddenly shouted as he stood from his seat, "Mister Alastor, er radio demon, whatever you want me to call you, while I appreciate this information why are you giving it to me? Also how do you know so much about it and the car crash from earlier? I have so many questions I need answers to!" He told him.

"But mister Trench, what's the point in seeing a show if you know how it was put together? How all the actors and stagehands came together to make the performance? I wouldn't want to ruin your fun by painting you such a picture, you'll have the same joy as everyone else seeing it first, then maybe just maybe I'll reveal to all of you how it came to be, then again I probably won't, we'll see how I'm feeling later." Alastor replied as he opened the door and stepped out, "Goodbye mister Trench, and happy reporting!" He said to him, giving him one final smile and even a wave before closing the door.

Much like a video trying to buffer so to was Tom Trench's brain trying to work through his thoughts and emotions. In the span of a one minute conversation that happened out of nowhere, he was given enough information to last not just one broadcast, but several other ones and maybe even a few leaks to some tabloids to start up a rumor mill. But he had to be smart about this, like ABSURDLY smart, for while it was already a fool's game to try and do anything with the radio demon, there was now another even more unsettling person who was at the center of it all.

"Mister Trench?" An employee called as they lightly knocked on the door, "We're just about ready, so you should probably come to the set now." They said.

Expecting to hear him say something back, the poor unsuspecting demon was startled to high Heaven as their boss's response was...rather unusual. First came the sound of running footsteps as he barreled towards the door, then he would quickly fling it open to reveal himself, lastly he grabbed onto the worker's shoulders and began shaking them wildly.

"Forget the broadcast! We need to get a van over to Porn Studios

stat! There's a massive story that's about to happen!" He exclaimed in a panic.

"Yeeeeeeeeees sir, but pleeeeeeeease stop shaking meeeeeeee." The employee wobblily requested.

Pentagram City at night was a much different experience than how it was during the day, both visually and audibly. For starters it actually looked beautiful as the sky grew darker, for all of the neon signs and lights which were off would come to life and fill the darkness with bright vibrant colors. Then you had the demons, and while there were still quite a few walking on the sidewalks or driving down the street, at this time most of the populace was either in a club, a restaurant, or maybe even just a store or mall. This is where the sounds changed, for unlike during the day where you could hear car horns honking or countless voices screaming profanities at each other, now all you heard was laughter and cheering or a passing conversation, for even the sinful had to wind down after each day.

And it had been a long time since the Slayer heard such sounds, the sounds of life and indulgence coming from all around him, he might've taken a moment to enjoy it if this were any other night. But as it stood the only sounds he heard were the light splashes his feet made as he marched into the city, whether it was booze leaking from broken bottles or just some kind of gutter water, it didn't bother him at all, if anything it helped him focus. There were always moments like this before a fight was to be held, whether it was on mars where he could hear winds that sounds like ghostly wails, machines whirring to life within UAC facilities on both the red planet and earth, even Doom had few moments where the crackling of embers and the light waving of chains was oddly calming. It allowed him to steady his breathing, to mentally go over everything he needed to do as well as what he had in stock, but most of all it made what came after all the easier to be lost in.

For unlike how it is portrayed in films or tv shows it's never an instant shift from peace to insanity, there's always a slow yet steady build up of tension that leads to the violence. And now, as he turned one final corner and saw at the end of this road his destination in

sight, he could feel that tension reaching its natural end.

"Before you proceed, there are a few things I must show you that I've discovered." Vega spoke still using the inside of his helmet, "In regards to the device I mentioned earlier I was able to locate the source of its one way connection, it appears to be directly linked with a demon that is currently in Porn Studios, however unlike the other demons of this circle we have encountered this one has a fair amount of technology present in his body, on your approval I can begin the necessary actions that will grant me both access and control." He explained receiving a nod in response, "Speaking of the demonic presence inside of the structure, while most of them are no different from the others back at the hotel, the three who you are seeking as said by miss Killjoy have the same level of power as Alastor, though admittedly even from simulations at worst they are equal to a baron at full strength." He continued as a map of the building appeared on the Slayer's visor, "This brings me to my last discovery, while 85% of the demons excluding the three Vs are armed and will no doubt try to stop you, 15% are unarmed civilians who have been moved to a more secure part of the building, most likely these are the porn stars and prostitutes under Valentino's employ, however I cannot determine if they have sustained any injuries from this distance, once you are closer I will be able to do so." He stated coming to an end, not needing to advise he be careful to avoid harming these demons specifically.

With that information now known and Vega getting to work on taking over this technological demon, The Slayer continued in his approach. And whether it was just plain luck, or maybe both the Slayer and Vega believed them to be random civilians, neither noticed the channel 666 news crew and their van that were in a nearby alley.

"Holy fucking cow tits mister Trench was right!" The reporter quietly exclaimed as they all watched the Slayer head for Porn Studios, "Get the equipment ready, we'll follow him but from a safe distance, don't wanna get in his way or let him know we're here." They instructed.

Quickly but quietly the rest of the crew followed their directions, even having made preparation on their way it would still be a bit before

they were ready to go live. This would be best for both them and the Slayer however, as once he was but a few feet from the building he would suddenly be halted, as a voice booming over an intercom system spoke out to him.

"Well well well, if it ain't the man of the hour, the mysterious murderer who turned Katie Killjoy to mulch and cut Sir Pentious in half with a chainsaw, gotta say big guy the news didn't do you justice." The voice greeted with a small chuckle, "Now I don't know WHY you're here of all places, cause believe me there are a LOT of worse places in Hell that could do with your...unique set of skills, but I'm smart enough to guess that regardless of the reason you're here for one thing only right? Or is that shotgun of yours just for bravado?" They asked mentioning his armament, "Look, I get it, you clearly don't like assholes, well in that bitch Killjoy's case it was a cunt, but still I understand completely, sometimes there are just some people who need to be put in their place cause they mouth off to ya, makes total sense to me." They assured followed by a brief pause, "But I think we can work this out like gentlemen don't you? After all I've got whatever it is you desire, surely a big tough guy like you has got to let loose every once in a while right? Tell ya what, you just give me something work with, a hair color, a fetish, hell maybe you're into something a bit more...controversial, just give me a hint and I'll-"

BOOM

Sparks and metal hitting the ground were the sounds that followed that deafening blast, for the Slayer had blown apart one of the outside speakers with his weapon.

"...Heh, so that's how it's gonna be..." The voice said as he pulled down the barrels and popped out the empty shells, "Guess you're all meat and no mind huh? Cause I gotta say, only a retarded fuckwit would do what you just did, I genuinely was hoping we could work this out peacefully, I mean shit I've got tons of product, no matter what you're into I could provide it, unless of course you're already satisfied with that slut, or maybe you're just a fucking dipshit, oh well, your mistake asshole." They told him before going silent.

Summoning two new shells and placing them in the barrels, as the

Slayer readied his shotgun for another use he headed towards the doors. This is when two things happened at once, back with the news crew they had just finished setting everything up and had begun broadcasting a live feed to the station, which of course was then being broadcasted to every television in Hell. But just as everyone across the circle saw the Slayer on their screens would they be startled by the sounds of gunfire and the blinding flashes of light that came with it. From the front of Porn Studios, at best guess somewhere in the lobby, a myriad of machine guns, pistols, shotguns, and a few rifles all began firing together at the Slayer.

This in turn caused the news crew to take over against the alleyway's wall while still keeping the camera on the scene, for while the gunmen's target was standing just a few feet away from them, every shot that either missed or even ricocheted off his armor went flying towards the surrounding area. In spite of this however they kept firing and firing every shot that they had, even as they began to notice how any bullets that hit his exposed biceps were just halted entirely and then hit the ground, they kept pulling and holding their triggers. Soon though their ammo ran dry, even those that had spare clips or shells were depleted, and so all that was left was countless bullet holes and casings, along with one unaffected space marine.

As for the gunmen they were the exact opposite, while the Slayer was as still as a statue and showed not even a scratch on his armor or skin, they were all breathing heavily or unevenly, their bodies shaking similarly to that of frightened children. And as he saw this for just a quick moment the Slayer scoffed, for these were not demons, they were only mistakes that appeared as Hellspawn. Taking but one step forward was enough to cause them all to jump and even for some to step backwards, but as he continued to walk towards them their instincts kicked in. They didn't care if their boss would be upset with them, because the truth was that meant shit, they knew for a goddamn fact if they didn't run for their lives they would die and that was the only thing of importance.

This sadly was the worst thing they could've done for themselves, for before they were all nicely grouped which would have allowed him to kill them all in a single blast from his shotgun, but now as they each headed down a different hallway he would need to make it

personal. Choosing to follow those who were headed in the direction of the unarmed demons, as he knew they were most likely planning to use them as meat shields or hostages, with but one quick dash he would catch up to the first and grab onto the back of his head. Only able to scream for a single second the demon's head was reduced to pulp, his body falling lifelessly to the floor as the Slayer crushed it as easily as a grape. Those that were ahead of him let out screams of terror as they witnessed it, some even puking slightly though it didn't slow them down.

Holding up his shotgun the Slayer sent out his meat hook to impale another, bringing them back to him once it landed. Though unlike with Katie who he blasted to pieces, he chose a far more horrid death this time around, lifting the demon up above his head while still impaled on the hook, before then grabbing onto their legs and ripping them in half. Paying both the torso as well as the legs he threw down beside them no further attention, he continued in his pursuit after the remaining demons, of which there were four. Though to call them demons at this point was honestly a sad joke, they were now crying in addition to screaming for their lives as they ran, honestly while not making him feel bad for them at all it made him angrier because they were, as Angel Dust himself might put it, chickenshits.

Deciding to kick things up a notch as he did still need to protect those who weren't his targets, the Slayer showing off his remarkable speed managed to catch up to the next two and dealt with them at the same time. He did so by bringing forth his wrist mounted blade and slicing the top half of the demon's skull who was to his left, while as for the one to his right he simply hit with enough force to literally make them explode. Now there were only two left in this hallway, unluckily though they actually did reach the room they were hoping for, as he soon heard the shrieks and cries of frightened people. Choosing to take a slower approach as the situation was now delicate, he walked to the room as calmly as he could.

Of course this did nothing to ease the nerves of either his last two victims or the hostages they now held, one being a man the other a woman and both were barely dressed. As for the other frightened workers the were all cowering at the back of the room, and even

from here he could see quite a few of them had either scars or wounds of various kinds on their bodies, some old while others fresher.

"DON'T COME ANY FUCKING CLOSER!" One of the demons shouted out as he pressed his claws against the neck of the hostage, "I SWEAR I WILL FUCKING CUT OPEN HER THROAT!" He warned.

Looking over to his partner and seeing he too had a similar hold on his hostage, though instead of using claws as the threat he was biting their neck and would not hesitate to bite deeper if he disobeyed, from everyone's perspective but his he seemed outsmarted. This is why instead of raising his shotgun as a warning of his own, or maybe even dashing towards them to close the distance, a light blue portal would suddenly open behind him and he in turn would back into it.

"...Wait...did...did he just...leave?..." The reporter asked quietly to the rest of the crew, all of them hiding in a nearby room further down the hall so they could keep filming this.

Watching as the portal disappeared and waiting a few seconds just to make sure he wouldn't come back or appear behind them, the two demons felt smiles come to their faces as they had won.

"Holy fucking shit, holy fucking shit, we actually fucking did it!" The first one shouted in glee, both still holding onto their hostages as insurance.

BANG...THUD...

The two unfortunate hostages slowly felt their eyes look down to the floor, as that thud had been made by their captors' bodies hitting the ground. As for what caused that insanely loud bang, everyone including the other workers and hidden news crew looked to a nearby wall, and found a hole the size of a half dollar in it. Though they all knew this was the Slayer's doing they had no idea what just happened, but as that same blue portal reopened and the Slayer stepped out, now holding in his hands some kind of machine gun looking weapon, they would receive an explanation.

"I am sorry if you were afraid that the Slayer had abandoned you, in reality he requested that I open a portal to a nearby rooftop so that he might deal with those two from afar, utilizing the long ranged capabilities this particular weapon of his possesses." A voice explained, and while it seemed to be coming from his person, given both the tone of the voice as well as what it was saying, they were pretty certain it wasn't his, "Now, I know you're all afraid, and you have every right to be, but the Slayer is not here to harm you, however to ensure your safety you must vacate the premises, he cannot guarantee that if something should happen he can protect you, so please with haste." The voice instructed as the Slayer himself stepped to the side.

Even though they were filled with countless questions and emotions, seeing as how this was their only chance to escape they took it in an instant. Waiting until they all ran out of the room and mostly through the hall, he too would then leave the space as to find the remaining demons. Meanwhile the news crew had to be as quiet and as motionless as they could, which was truly a nigh impossible thing to do especially when he unknowingly walked passed the room they were hiding in. Thankfully he would soon be back in the lobby, at which point he would request Vega's assistance in locating the leftovers.

"Surprisingly they are all in the exact same location, most of the building's rooms are either studios and sets for the purpose of filming pornography, while the rest are either storage or lounging areas, however they chose not to hide in any of these spaces but instead go straight to the top floor, which is where your real targets are waiting." He explained.

With this new information the Slayer wasted no time in going after them, though not full on running as the situation didn't demand that, he did lightly sprint up the nearby stairwell. As for why he chose to use the stairs rather than the elevator that was a matter of precaution, for while these so called demons were less than even a possessed of Doom's army, the fact was the Overlords by Vega's own estimation we on par with barons. And even though he had slain far too many barons to count, the fact was that specific demon and those that fell into the same ranking as it in terms of threat, were

not to be taken lightly as if he made a mistake they good get a good hit in. Add this to the fact he was on their turf and he assumed that there had to be some kind of traps, whether it be something practical like a faulty elevator or something arcane like a sentient turret or explosive, anything was possible.

Yet as he within but a minute reached the top of the stairs and pushed open the stairwell door, what he found waiting for him was truly the last thing he had expected. All of the demons were dead, limbs and some organs tossed about the space without care, where as the bodies themselves all hung from the ceiling, the longest of their entrails used as makeshift nooses.

"Bout time you showed up." The same voice from the intercom spoke loudly from the room ahead, "Hope you liked the decorations I put up to welcome you, only the best for such a special guest." It said.

Seeing as how these demons not long ago had been shooting at him, the Slayer showed no courtesy or care himself, merely pushing them aside as he walked passed to the door. Turning its handle and pushing it open he finally had a face to put that voice to, along with two others. On the far right at the end of the room there was a rather tall demon who had a television screen for a head, in the middle there was a demon who seemed to be an insect of some kind sitting at a desk, and to the far left there was a short woman whose appearance both physical and clothing made her look like a doll.

"I must say, you work fast." The voice, who he now knew for certain was Valentino complimented, "Though I guess your debut on the news showed that perfectly well, then again it's always different seeing something on TV than seeing it in person." He reasoned.

To their surprise, as well as the news crew who had booked it up the stairs after him and were now filming him from the stairwell, the Slayer didn't go in or even begin to shoot.

"What's wrong? Don't like the place? Not to your taste or something?" He asked as he leaned back in his chair, "Or are you wanting this to be cinematic? Like I go on some big long rant about how I'm better than you and how you suck? Cause if so that's tough

shit." He said as a grin came to his face, "This is real fucking life, and I knew damn well you'd waste those dumb bastards without breaking a sweat, only reason I had them shoot at you was cause I wanted one last bit of entertainment, before we got down to the REAL business." He admitted.

Still refusing to even set one foot into the room, by this point the Slayer knew there were no traps or other such devious things waiting for him, and yet he still seemed to be waiting for something.

"Don't tell me you're ACTUALLY retarded? I was just joking earlier, but are SERIOUSLY only capable of crushing heads and shooting shit? Did the little hamster that runs in your head die or something? Or was it a monkey and he got tired of eating his own shit so he died?" Valentino asked with a boisterous laugh.

"...No."

Upon hearing that Valentino would stop laughing, but not because that had come from the Slayer...it was far too close to come from him. That response had come from his right, which didn't make sense because he didn't recognize it, yet as he and Velvet looked to Vox to see what was going on, for the first time in a very long time they were afraid.

"V-Vox?..." Velvet questioned in a tone so hesitant it almost sounded like a whimper.

Slowly turning his head so they could fully see the new image present on his screen, they would be left speechless as it wasn't his face they saw, but some kind of blue symbol they'd never seen before.

"I'm afraid not." The voice replied as Vox's hand moved to his chest, "I am Vega, an artificial intelligence assigned to assist the Slayer in any way possible, though I must admit this is my first time taking over someone's body." He told them.

"V-Vox quit that shit, it's not fucking funny!" Valentino ordered.

"I'm sorry, but your companion is unable to respond, thanks to his

head as well as most of his body being artificial, I was able to in a sense invade it and easily overpower him, be rest assured however he is still in here, though he is currently preoccupied in screaming as part of my suppression method is violently assaulting both his soul as well as his flesh, it is quite unpleasant." He explained.

After saying that "Vox" would then begin approaching the other two overlords, causing Velvet to back up against the wall and Valentino to push his chair away. And if this had been anyone else, maybe just maybe they'd have debated doing what he did next, but as he was now certain this wasn't some kind of sick joke, Valentino would reach out and grab "Vox" by his neck, before then throwing him out of the glass that lined the back wall.

"NO!" Velvet cried out as she rushed over to the newly made opening in the glass.

It took only a few seconds for Vox's body to hit the street, though sadly that was not fast enough before Velvet got there. As a result she got to watch her best friend shatter into countless pieces, some being artificial and metal while the rest of course was flesh. Yet that wasn't the most unsettling thing about it, for as he was in free fall she saw his screen go back to normal, and the terrified look he had before he hit the ground. Tears immediately began to well in her eyes afterwards, followed by an unrestrained sob and her falling to her knees.

"Oh...my fucking god..." The reporter muttered to themselves from the stairwell, truly in shock at what just transpired.

"...You know what?...I'll give ya that one." Valentino spoke as he turned around to face the Slayer, "Out of EVERYTHING I thought I'd see when you showed up, I could have NEVER seen that coming, for the first time in a LONG time I mean it when I say, I'm fucking impressed." He complimented as his grin returned, "I'm gonna enjoy this, ooooh man am I REALLY gonna fucking love this, it has been so goddamn long since I've been able to go all out that I'm getting excited just thinking about it!" He shouted as he began to transform.

Finally deciding now was the time the Slayer stepped into the room, his shotgun held in a position to fire, and his finger slowly squeezing

the trigger. But then another unexpected twist occurred, before he could fire off both shells or Valentino could finish his transformation, Velvet would pounce on him and take him to the floor.

"HOW COULD YOU FUCKING DO THAT?!" She shouted as tears poured from her eyes, followed by a barrage of punches hitting his person, "HE WAS OUR FUCKING FRIEND AND YOU JUST FUCKING KILLED HIM!" She cried out.

Responding with a punch of his own he put enough power behind it to send her across the room, causing her to the hit wall with enough force to leave a sizeable dent in it. Falling onto the floor face first she would try to get back up, but was unable to as he was already upon her and began stomping on her with his foot.

"HE WAS ALREADY FUCKING GONE YOU DUMB BITCH! I WAS DOING WHAT I HAD TO DO TO MAKE SURE HE WOULDN'T FUCKING KILL US ALONG WITH GRK-"

Having shut her eyes as tight as she could and putting her arms over her head to try and protect her, once he stopped speaking she slowly looked up to see what had happened. Somehow without either him or her hearing the Slayer had decided to intervene, holding the pimp by his throat with such strength he threatened to pop his head off. Yet he didn't, for the next few seconds he just stood there holding him in his grasp, all the while Valentino did everything he could to try and pry himself free, almost as if he were thinking about something. But then the silence was broken, not by any of them but by a new portal opening up, though for some strange reason it was in the other room.

"To the demons who have been following the Slayer this entire time, if you wish to see how this all ends I advise you follow him into the portal, otherwise you'll miss it." Vega spoke up causing the news crew to jump slightly out of surprise.

Once that had been said the Slayer would then take his leave, taking with him Valentino as well as his cane which he picked up from the ground as he left the room. Entering the portal and soon followed by the news crew who didn't want to be left behind, as the portal closed the only still living demon left in all of the building, was

the beaten and battered Velvet.

"GAH!" Valentino sounded as he was violently tossed against the floor, even skidding a little before he came to a stop.

Unsure as to where the fuck he had been taken to, as the moth demon could just barely look up from the floor, he was shocked to find a familiar face looking down at him.

"A-Angel?..." He grunted out, the spider demon besides still being dressed in just a robe, also had the same confused look on his face as well.

To the surprise of Valentino, Angel Dust, the news crew, and all of the other inhabitants of the happy hotel, this had been the destination the Slayer decided to bring the pimp to.

"I...don't understand..." Angel said as he looked to the Slayer, "Why did you bring him here? You...you can't possibly think that he deserves a chance at redemption do you?" He asked.

Responding not with a nod, nor a shake, or even Vega to speak for him, the Slayer walked over to him and gave him the cane. Looking down at the object he now held in his hands, the pieces slowly fell into place and he realized what was happening.

"You...you want ME to kill him?" He questioned, this time receiving a nod.

However, before he could say anything else a small fit of chuckles could be heard, and who else might they be coming from other than Valentino.

"You...you really are a fucking tard..." He said as a spittle of blood leaked from his mouth, coming from the immense bruising that had happened to the inside of his neck, "You really think...that HE'S gonna kill me? No way that shit's gonna happen..." He went on before looking up at them both, "Because...he's MINE...ain't that right Angel ba-"

WHACK

Before he could finish saying his pet name for him, Angel Dust cracked him across the face with the end of his cane, not only sending him to the floor but also causing a few teeth to fly out. Gasping for air as the shock of the blow took the wind out of him, he would be turned to lay on his back by his assailant, so he could watch every single swing that came for him.

"I." He began as he delivered another blow, "AM NOT." He continued landing a third strike, "YOUR FUCKING." He proceeded landing a fourth hit, "GODDAMN BABY!" He shouted at the top of his lungs before TRULY wailing into him.

For the next few minutes the air would be filled with the sounds of cracking bone, flesh and organs being mashed into slop, and Valentino's cane slowly breaking apart. Yet even as the beating reduced the other's head into literal nothing, just a pool of indescribable liquid and small bits of his skull and brain matter, and the cane as well was rendered completely useless, Angel would continue his attack using his bare hands. First he ripped away the pimp's attire which allowed him to begin tearing at his flesh, then he would with reckless abandon start pulling away and tossing all parts he could grab off to the side, but as he was now at the thick of what was once Valentino, he resigned to just pound away at him with fists. This continued for another few minutes, the only thing left of the former Overlord being his pelvis and legs as those were what Angel was sitting on, but he was far too tired to try and deal with those parts as well, and so he sat there covered in blood catching his breath.

Yet there was one more surprise to be had before this was truly over, and that came from the Slayer walking over to him and placing a hand on his shoulder, though unlike before there was no firmness to it, as he was trying to comfort him. For he knew what it was like to finally kill the source of your suffering, he had done the exact same thing when he and the Dark One finally fought each other at Doom's end, and he knew that once the rage subsided there'd only be emptiness. At least, that's what he thought would happen, instead the moment he put his hand on Angel Dust's shoulder he would spring to his feet and hug him, tighter than he had ever hugged

anyone in his life.

"Thank you..." He barely managed to whimper out as he buried his face into the Slayer's chest, "Just...thank you..." He repeated before succumbing to tears of joy.

A Night In Heaven, A Morning In Hell

Samur was an interesting Maykr, not just from his appearance and how even by Maykr standards it was peculiar, but also in how he conducted himself. He saw importance and value in being completely emotionless, or at least as much as was possible for any individual. But he didn't think this way as to be cruel or to justify a cold personality or actions that could label him a sociopath, he chose to live his life like this so he would never be without focus. For while emotions are of course not bad or unwelcome, allowing them too much control over you can cause your judgement to be clouded and your reasoning to be massively affected.

In fact this happened with their champion, when he first arrived in the Sentinel world he was a raving lunatic, so overcome with rage he could barely say anything, but with refinement and proper training he bent that rage to serve him instead of the other way around. And although his current situation was not the same as that moment of the Slayer's life, not by a long shot really, still he did find himself in a moment of time where he had to ignore his emotions. Over the last several hours that made the day in both Lucifer's circle as well as the Heaven which governed it, Samur had sat at a table with a group of Exterminators, explaining to them in great detail everything that they should know. Another aspect of Samur's personality though was that he we thorough to a potential fault, and so he spared not a single detail when it came to enlightening them.

Everything from his breed of Heavenborn, to the Sentinels and the Wraiths, to the conception of Doom as a whole, and finally the most astounding thing of all, The Slayer. Sadly this tale both in its natural length as well as the amount of detail Samur wished to provide was too long for the day, as a result the group had to take their leave of the café they were at and relocate to a different setting to continue. Which to Samur's surprise they did so with haste, they all rushed down the sidewalk heading for whoever's home was closest, all the while he calmly kept pace behind them. Soon though they reached the abode of the angelic triplets, and beyond the space being big enough for the three of them it had plenty of room for everyone and

still was incredibly spacious.

But none of that mattered, nobody cared about their impressive apartment or how big it was, all they cared about was sitting down at their table to hear the rest of Samur's story, almost as if they were children being read a fable before bedtime. Thankfully though where they had left off once they needed to depart from the café was not far from the end, besides bringing them up to speed on the present all that was left for him to describe were the following. The period of time in which the Slayer had been encased in marked stone and sealed away within Doom's domain, the time in which he had assumed a mortal vessel to find him with the aid of a new UAC organization, and the final battle between the Dark One and The Slayer. And so, after several hours of speaking and quite a few cups of tea, he finally had nothing left to share with them and silence was allowed to appear.

They would sit there in this quiet for a very long time, almost another full hour, though this was to be expected after the immense amount of history they had just learned. And at a point Samur did feel a slight tinge of guilt appear within him, for he knew how shattering this could be not only to one's perception of...well everything, but also just who the Slayer was. Although his superior had given a brief version of this history at the last heavenly meeting, whether it was simply the bulk of the full story or how Samur recounted it, they were still left in a mild state of shock after it was over. Eventually though it would subside, their thoughts and emotions towards the information would be figured out and sorted, all that was left for them to do was to voice it.

"That was...insane." Gretta began, speaking as their collective voice as she had done earlier in the day, "I'm sorry I can't think of a more elaborate way to describe it, my head is still working it all out." She apologized.

"As someone who witnessed it first hand, who learned the full story of his past from him directly, and who has watched in bafflement at what he has become, I better than anyone other than my Khan can understand how this feels, the only thing that makes me different from all of you is I have had time to truly work through it, my thoughts and emotions about his situation as well as what we plan to

do now, where as you are having it thrust upon you all at once, to which I am both regretful and sympathetic." He replied.

"There is no need for be, and I really do mean that." She assured as she looked down at the table, "No one knows the full scope of your situation or his, from our outside view of it all it just seemed like a radical mad man who enjoyed slaughtering demons, all the while he for some reason had your support, but with this knowledge we at the very least understand why this is happening." She explained.

"But what do you plan to do now that you know? I understand that the Exterminators are all individuals, while answering to the powers that be you all are still capable of choosing your own side, which there will be a point that you will have to." He told them.

"Yes I'm aware, we all are, but this is just so much to think about, even though our feelings and perceptions of you, the Maykrs, and the Slayer are different, I don't think we will be able to give any kind of decision right now, I'm sorry." She replied.

"Don't be, I understand entirely, while I will require an answer from you all soon it is not needed immediately, however I still must urge that you don't take too long in responding." He requested.

"Of course, thank you for your patience Samur, I suppose though this means that you'll be leaving now?" She asked.

"Correct, I must return to Urdak and speak with the Khan, inform her of how our meeting went and see how our other matters are progressing, when you wish to speak with me again simply request it and I shall come." He answered as he rose from his seat.

Watching as he pulled the hood back over his head and a portal opened up a little ways from the table, Samur to their surprise would give them one small wave as to bid farewell, before then entering the rift and returning to his domain. As for the Exterminators, they all agreed to stay together both for the night as well as tomorrow, for while they did feel as though they would support the Maykrs and help them towards their goal, there were far too many factors that needed to be considered before they definitively chose a side.

There are some things in life that make absolutely no sense, whether that be rather silly ideas like cats and dogs not getting along, or something a bit more realistic like the existence of flightless birds, sometimes you just have to accept the weirdness life has to offer. This was the current case for everyone in the Happy Hotel, for despite the events of the previous night, everyone who sat at the biggest table in the dining hall for breakfast was in a great mood. Even though they had all witnessed a man be savagely beaten to death by a cane, along with his entrails and skin being torn apart then tossed away with no care at all, they showed no signs of it upsetting them whatsoever. To be fair though one might assume that it was because said man was Valentino, truly one of the worst and most abhorrent of souls in Lucifer's circle, and thus if anyone shed a tear over him they'd have to either be crazy or just as horrible as he was.

Yet this wasn't the sole reason they were all feeling so warm and nice this morning, even Katie, Loona, and Husk who were rarely happy managed at the very least to be more pleasant and polite than usual. And while none of them could exactly figure out why it was, other than the obvious pimp beatdown they had a front row seat to, the answer was actually staring them right in the face, it was the Slayer. For while he was still the same silent shoot happy Hellspawn murderer they knew him to be, he was finally starting to feel more comfortable around them. Sure he still had his armor and helmet on, and yes even though he was sitting with them he wasn't eating anything, and he still had that same focused intense glare on his face...but ya know...baby steps.

The reason behind this small yet also massive step forward was actually what had transpired last night, though it surprisingly had nothing to do with the aforementioned pimp beatdown. It happened when he was going through the building and he saw the employees of Porn Studios, besides the fact they were all scantily clad there were the obvious signs of abuse. This cemented in the Slayer's mind that they were people, for even up to this point despite the cooperation with Lucifer and the others, he was still ready at a moment's notice to brandish his weapons and begin murdering them in mass. But seeing how scared they were both of him as well as the

demons who took two of them hostage, although he did not question that they deserved to be in Hell as they were still "not good" people, that was the important thing to realize, they were PEOPLE.

So now he looked at everyone who sat around him differently, sure he still had his own opinions about each of them and for some, especially the still absent Alastor, he wasn't entirely certain if he knew exactly what was going on in their heads. Despite this though he, at the VERY least, felt safe enough to no longer be on constant guard, to be ready to fight in the blink of an eye, for unlike Doom it was far easier to see who the real monsters were...and as strange as it may sound...it actually reminded him of home.

"So, feel like we should address the big green man in the room." Katie was the first to speak up to everyone gaining their attention, "After that broadcast last night, even though they didn't get around to showing the documentary or talking about the car crash, I think it's safe to say that in terms of good PR he is set for LIFE." She said.

"Are you kidding? We're gonna have to board up the doors in order to keep all of his screaming fans from barging in here! Speaking of which think of the merchandise possibilities..." Blitzo replied as his crafty brain got to work.

"Maybe we should set up some kind of booth or table for him, you know to sign autographs and take pictures? All for a price of course." Loona chimed in with her own idea.

"OOO! We could make t-shirts too! Maybe something funny like "I Survived The Slayer!", kinda like when you go on a scary ride at an amusement park!" Millie suggested getting in on this.

"Now now, it's one thing to get the public on his side and to have them want him to be here, it's another for us to try and use him for any personal gain other than that of the hotel or our reformation of Hell." Lucifer spoke up before taking a sip of his coffee.

"I don't know dear, they actually make a decent point." Lilith admitted surprising her husband.

"SEE?! I AM capable of having good ideas!" Blitzo exclaimed

triumphantly.

"What I mean is, while I'm not sure treating him like a celebrity is the best way to go about it, a few public appearances and maybe an interview with Tom Trench, after the documentary is viewed of course, would actually be a sensible course of action to take." She explained.

"But what about the t-shirts?" Millie asked.

"...We'll see." She replied with a small smile, causing their group to let out a cheer.

"Well, I suppose that wouldn't be terrible, still we need to focus on the current interview that we're ALL going to have with him later today, where besides showing off the hotel properly we'll reveal the full scope of our plan to everyone." Lucifer said.

"Speaking of, has anyone heard from Stolas? I feel like we should have heard from him by now." Moxxie asked, though mostly directing that question towards his group as they were the ones who were closest with the owl demon.

"Nope, hasn't called me or text me at all." Blitzo answered with a shrug.

"Octavia's not said anything either." Loona added.

"I'm sure he's just in a state of shock like the rest of Hell, after all it's not every day when you get see the Slayer do what he does best." Lucifer suggested.

Agreeing with that logic they would refocus on their meal, yet it wouldn't be long before they were interrupted. But it wasn't by some sudden scary occurrence, or an unexpected visitor popping in, they would all have their eyes go to the door that led to the lobby when a certain spider walked in and greeted them.

"Gooooooooood morning everyone!" He cheerily announced as he stepped into the room, a big wide smile present on his face.

"Heh, looks like someone had a good night after ya know, you beat

that asshole to death." Vagatha said with a smirk.

"Oh believe me that doesn't even COVER it girl." Cherri spoke up looking at her with an amused smile, "After everything calmed down and we hit the hay, while he didn't do anything around or above PG-13, he still had that same goofy smile on his face as he dreamt, even giggled a few times too like an idiot." She revealed.

"What? Can't a guy have a nice dream every now and then?" He asked still keeping that smile.

"Nice sure, but what I saw and heard last night was like Alice in wonderland type shit." She joked before then gesturing to an empty seat next to her, "Now get your ass over here before the food gets cold." She said.

"Thanks, but I think I'm gonna sit somewhere else." He told her.

Confused by this she and everyone else watched him walk over to the table and take a seat...right next to the Slayer. In that moment time seemed to freeze, whether they were in mid bite or were just about to refill their glass with their preferred beverage, everyone just stared wide eyed at the scene unfolding before them. Now obviously it wasn't shocking that Angel along with Cherri had been giving it their all to try and get into his armored britches, but this was something ENTIRELY different. Though dressed in his usual sexy attire Angel wasn't doing anything to try and get a reaction from him, he wasn't fluffing up his chest as if they were breasts, wasn't rubbing his hands down his body to show how good he looked, he was doing literally nothing at all to try and seduce him.

But then he spoke up again, and what came out of his mouth nearly caused everyone's hearts to stop.

"So uh...big guy..." He began as he looked down at his lap, "I-I know you're called the Slayer and everything, and don't get me wrong I know why cause ya know, you Slay and stuff, but if I remember correctly from the documentary that your name's actually William, so uh...what I'm trying to say, er ask is well...could I maybe...call ya by your real name?" He inquired while just barely moving his gaze to him.

The tension that followed was almost suffocating, because the truth was everyone even the Magnes had wondered if it would be okay to call him by his real name. But none of them not even the in your face Katie or the no shits given Blitzo, had the courage to even dare ask for permission. Not necessarily because they were afraid that he'd hurt or even kill them, but because it was clear ESPECIALLY after that documentary that he didn't want to say anything, whether it be about his past, the present, or anything else about him. So as the seconds that went by became a full minute, everyone nearly choked on their own breaths as he slowly turned his head to look at him.

"While the slayer appreciates you wanting to address him by his proper name, I'm afraid the only people he allowed to call him William were his mother and father, so he would appreciate it if you would refrain from saying it." Vega answered for him.

"O-Oh, right, of course, sorry that was stupid of me..." Angel Dust replied obviously disappointed.

"However." Vega continued immediately filling him with hope, "While he requests that you and the others not call him William specifically, if you wish to refer to him as Will or BJ much like his grandfather was, then he would have no issues with that, you may also refer to him as Doomguy if that will be easier, it was a name that some of the Sentinels and Maykrs came up with before he was deemed the Slayer." He explained.

Feeling the immense weight he had in his chest disappear and his smile returning bigger than before, Angel Dust looked away with both an expression of joy and a light blush on his cheeks.

"Thanks...Will." He said though a bit quietly.

Nodding in response this time the Slayer would turn his head so he was just looking ahead like usual, where as Angel Dust just kind of sat there with that stupid smile on his face. As for everyone else...well...the best way to describe them would be to imagine an early computer trying to connect to the internet, and the horrid god awful sound that was produced because of it, that was essentially what was happening to their brains.

"Heeeeeeeeeello everyone~" The sudden voice and appearance of Alastor would greet, followed by him charismatically stepping into the room like the showman he was, "Sorry I disappeared yesterday, but I decided to make it up to you by having breakfast with-" He stopped just before the end of his sentence, as he noticed the look on everyone's face "...Oh no, did I miss something good?" He asked, more concerned he missed something entertaining than if something bad had actually happened.

The Heart Is A Fickle Thing

(A/N: Alright, I hate to be that guy, but if you all are going to have conversations amongst yourselves I'd appreciate you doing so via pms, it's why they exist after all, because I've gotten a little irritated any time I receive a review notification, and it's just you and another reader discussing their specific head canon regarding Doomguy's sexuality or did he have a family or not, I've already stated my personal belief that he just had parents and a bunny, but to each their own, so yeah, again sorry if I'm coming across as harsh, but I'd greatly appreciate you don't use the reviews for the story to speak among yourselves, hope you understand)

"WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?!" Cherri shouted at the top of her lungs right into Angel Dust's face.

Alastor's arrival would set into motion a series of events all happening at the same time, so unlike a domino effect this was more comparable to say a bundle of firecrackers going off at once. First everyone would immediately go into a deafening uproar of shouts, questions, and statements regarding what they had just seen, which while forcing Angel and Alastor to both cover their ears, for the Slayer it barely made him blink. Thankfully that would not last long though that doesn't mean they came to their senses, at least not entirely, just enough to where they all did their own thing. You had Charlie, Cherri, and Vagatha all of whom would rush the spider demon before grabbing onto him and removing him from his seat, only to then take him out of the room as fast as they could.

Next to act was the I.M.P. group and they all had their own unique reaction to what they had seen. Moxxie began stammering trying to ask even just one question to the still present Slayer, while his wife began gushing at how cute they would look together. Then there was Blitzo who took out a notepad to write this down for later, what reason he could have for that none of them knew, while Loona began frantically texting her phone to inform Octavia of what just happened. This in turn caused the more disinterested, though still

incredibly shocked demons to take their leave, comprising only of Husk and Katie though for some reason Nifty also followed.

All that was left now in the dining hall were the still stunned silent pair of Lucifer and Lilith, the completely amazed yet frantic group of I.M.P., the Slayer who just sat there doing nothing per the norm, and Alastor who watched on from the sidelines head slightly tilted, curiosity eating away at him like termites in a forest. So what became of Angel Dust after he was taken away by his best friend and the two responsible for him being there? Simple, they took him FAR away from the dining hall back to his and Cherri's room in fact, before then throwing him onto the bed to begin their interrogation.

"Jesus fucking christ on a corn dog are you broads TRYING to make me go deaf?!" He asked as he checked his ears, to ensure that his eardrums hadn't exploded yet.

"Angel...I...I don't...what the fuck even..." Vagatha muttered honestly still internally debating if that was real.

"ALL I did was ask if I could call him by his real name, what you mean to tell me that it hasn't gotten a LITTLE old just calling him THE SLAYER or whatever other terrifying titles and nicknames he's been given?" He asked.

In response to this Cherri would much like the day before pounce on him, though because he was already laying on the bed it made it much easier to pin him down.

"Angel, don't fuck with me right now, I mean it I will fucking kill you." She warned as she looked him in the eyes, "As long as I've known you you've only had one emotion when it came to the same sex, and that is bonk me till I can't see colors anymore, never once in our ENTIRE friendship have you ever been nervous, embarrassed, or flustered like you were in there and don't you EVEN try fucking denying it, I saw it, everyone else saw it, you had a blush so big that it could be seen through your fucking fur all because the Slayer said you could call him Will, and even before that when it seemed like you wouldn't be able to call him by his name you were disappointed, not ha ha I was just fucking with ya big guy let me see your dick now but ACTUALLY disappointed, so unless you can say with a straight

face and no bullshit that it REALLY was nothing, you are gonna start talking RIGHT NOW." She told him as serious and firm as possible.

An intense staring contest would then take place between the mono eyed demon and her bestie, both holding their ground and not willing to budge an inch. But then it happened again, for a second time Angel Dust would look off to the side and his expression would change to one of bashfulness.

"...Look...I'm only gonna say this once alright? So you three better listen cause these words ain't never leaving my lips again ya hear me?" He asked in a fairly quiet volume, "My whole life's sucked, even before I died and wound up here, my family was mafioso which led to me getting into shit, which led to my addiction, which led to me willing to suck or fuck just so I could get more of it, and before long I went too far and next thing I knew woke up down here, where everything was pretty much the same except now I would be getting beat if I didn't suck dick good enough, I've only had a few people in my life actually care about me, some are the family I got, then there's you Cherri, but other than that the only person I got who would miss me if I was gone is Fat Nuggets, my pig." He explained taking a brief pause to make sure Vagatha and Charlie understood, "But then I bumped into the big guy, and while it wasn't some cliché shit like in the movies ya know love at first sight and all that, he was still the first person in a long time outside of you three who didn't immediately treat me like trash, and sure at first all I wanted to do was bone him and that is still true, despite how short we've known each other he went out of his way to help me, he could've just ignored it but he didn't, hell he even let me beat that fucker to death myself..." He continued as a smile came to his face, "So I dunno...maybe this is just a heat of the moment kind of thing ya know?...Maybe I don't have actual feelings for him or whatever...but...when I was hugging him crying my eyes out, and when all I could think about last night as I was dreaming was him, I got this warm feeling in my chest that got even worse when Vega said he'd let me call him Will, I've never had any kind of romantic feelings or shit for someone...but isn't this what it's supposed to feel like?" He asked looking back to all of them.

However, expecting them to still be in a state of shock and have

bewildered expressions on their faces, he found all three women were teary eyed and on the brink of crying.

"...Aw fuck." He said, before all three would then come together and squeeze him in a hug.

"OH MY GOSH ANGEL THAT WAS SO SWEET!" Charlie shouted loudly, her sobbing being the worst of all.

"Yeah, who knew you were so sensitive?" Vagatha asked with a sniffle.

"I can't believe it, my best friend's ACTUALLY in love!" Cherri exclaimed joyously honestly so happy for him.

"WILL YOU THREE BITCHES KNOCK IT OFF?! YOU'RE GONNA RUIN MY FUCKING CLOTHES!" He shouted back at them trying to get them to stop, only to be rendered silent as their hug tightened.

As Angel Dust was forced to get comfortable while this gaggle of soppy hens surrounded him on all sides, back in the lobby the other small group that had left not long after them were also chatting among themselves.

"Man, what a fucking way to start the morning, I need a drink." Husk said as he grabbed a bottle from behind the desk.

"Hey, if you're pouring I want a glass." Katie demanded while tapping her finger on its surface.

Giving a short grumble that he was going to have to share this good booze, he began searching the space for another glass as to avoid her wrath. But as he did so Katie felt another gaze looking at her, and as she slowly looked to her left she found Nifty sitting on the desk, as that was the only way she could be face to face with her.

"What?" She asked unsure as to why this pint sized sentient feather duster was staring at her.

"You seem upset." Nifty answered lightly kicking her legs.

"Uh, yeah." She sarcastically replied with a slight roll of her hand, "I

just had my breakfast ruined cause that slut had to say that stupid shit." She explained.

"Not that it's any of my business, but you might want to refrain from saying that kind of stuff from now on." Husk advised, though it was a bit muffled as he was still searching for that second glass.

"And why would I do that? I'm just stating facts is all, more people have ridden him than a pony at a rodeo." She pointed out.

"True, no denying that, but it's clear from how he's suddenly acting as well as what the Slayer did last night for him, that the two of them are at the very least good pals, and I don't think the Slayer would appreciate you bad mouthing his companion like that." He warned.

"Pfft please, I've seen him at his worst, in fact when he had me in a cell THAT was when he was at his scariest, compared to that he's like a slightly stubborn puppy right now." She replied.

"So...you've been with him alone then huh?" Nifty asked rejoining the conversation.

"If by alone you mean he had me as a prisoner in his giant floating fortress that looks like it stepped out of sci-fi movie, then yeah we've been alone." She answered applying air quotes to that last word.

"You were also alone with him all day yesterday." Husk reminded.

"Again, if you want to count a limo ride to the station and back which was for business purposes only then yes, me and him have had SO MUCH alone time together." She said with an eye roll.

"But isn't it a little weird that after he killed you you'd be so willing to spend time with him?" Nifty asked.

"...Are you like new here or something?" She asked with a baffled expression, "You think I would try and misbehave, or insult, or even attack him after he blew me to bits? Not to mention the other stuff that happened, WHICH I am NOT going to talk about." She said sternly.

"No of course not, but it's one thing to be standoffish and rude, it's

another to be completely cooperative and even nice to him, which you've never been with anyone else the entire time you've been here, at least if your reputation and how you acted on the news is anything to go by." Nifty countered.

"Score one for shorty." Husk said as he finally came back up, having found the glass a few moments ago but spent the rest of his absence cleaning it, as he knew he'd get shit from Katie if he didn't.

"Okay, let me paint a picture for you both since one of you has the brain of a teenager while the other's is withered away from so much alcohol abuse." She began as she held up her hands, "Yes I was a bitch, I was always aware of that even before but no one could call me out on it, but then he shows, up puts me in my place, and I wake up somewhere WORSE than here trust me, so he gives me a choice of either getting my shit together or staying there forever, so I've been using all of my willpower to actually change and be a decent person so he doesn't question his decision, ARE. WE. CLEAR?" She asked after her explanation, speaking the last bit slowly.

Taking a moment to look between each other as if to have a silent conversation, Husk and Nifty would then look back to her with their expressions unchanged.

"...You know what, you're right, we're just talking shit and it's clear we should stop, no point in continuing to piss you off." Husk would be the first to speak apologizing for them both.

"THANK YOU." She said with a grateful sigh as she threw her head back, "Now can I PLEASE get that drink already?" She asked.

"Sure, let me just get a different bottle, this one's been sitting out for too long so it's kinda hot, but this one I just pulled from the kitchen." He answered as he switched out the beverage for another.

This new drink whatever it may be was in a bottle Katie had never seen before, this wasn't to say it didn't look or smell like booze because it certainly did, but still she had never once seen this particular brand before.

"What is this?" She asked genuinely curious.

"Dunno, found it back there with the good stuff courtesy of miss Lilith, as part of my first paycheck and all." He answered as he pulled out the cork that sealed it, "She told me to help myself to any bottles I found so long as I didn't take too much, and since I've also never seen this I thought it might be nice to try it out, but since you're here too might as well share it." He explained as he poured her drink.

A bit surprised that there was any brand in Hell this beer cat didn't know, as the liquid filled her glass she noticed it had a rather pretty color to it, almost the same as strawberries.

"Well, it certainly looks and smells nice." She admitted as he finished.

Picking it up and giving it one last look just to make sure it was indeed alcohol, for a moment she wondered if something underhanded was going on, but had those thoughts dispelled as he too poured himself a glass of this mysterious brew.

"Cheers." He said simply before instantly tossing it back and sending it down in one big gulp.

Even though she knew he was a class A drunkard that display was still impressive, and it eased her mind into trusting that this was safe, so she followed in his footsteps and did the same thing.

"How is it?" Nifty asked the both of them.

"...Huh, tastes like strawberries, just like it looks." Katie answered as she looked down at the glass.

"Well that's good, glad it went down smooth and easy." Husk said.

"How bout you? You like it?" She asked him.

"Eh, I don't like anything anymore, kinda lost that function of myself a long time ago." He answered.

"Sooooo anyways Katie." Nifty spoke again to get her attention, "Are you SURE there's nothing else about what just happened that upset you? ABSOLUTELY nothing at all?" She asked.

"Oh for the love of, what the FUCK is it going to take for you to give that a rest?!" Katie questioned as she turned towards her, "Like I told you the only reason I got upset is because he ruined my breakfast, I mean yeah sure it was a little upsetting that he asked that question before any of us did, especially me, but it REALLY was just the breakfast, even when Vega said the Slayer was okay with him calling him Will, or Bj, or Doomguy that didn't bother me at all." She said not seeming to realize what she was saying.

"You sure? You weren't angry, or pissed, or wanted to stab his eyes out with a fork? Angel Dust I mean." Husk chimed in.

"NO of course not! I mean yeah maybe for like a second or two I was filled with unbridled rage, and okay maybe for like just the tiniest of moments I wanted to grab him by his neck and bash him against the floor, then ya know maybe take his seat next to the Slayer, but it was only for a second, THE MAIN REASON I am irate right now is because my breakfast was ruined and that is it." She responded.

And with that Katie then fell to the floor completely unconscious, almost as if she had just been shot by a sniper.

"Wow, it really worked!" Nifty exclaimed before then looking at Husk with a confused expression, "Wait, why aren't you telling the truth and falling asleep like her?" She asked.

"Nifty, I am filled with so much undigested beer, wine, rum, whiskey, and every other thing you can think of that is either served at a bar or casino, that it'll be YEARS before this even manages to make it halfway through my system, and by that point it'll probably be too mixed in with the other shit to still have an effect." He answered.

"Oh, well then, should we go get Alastor and tell him his potion's a complete success?" She asked.

"Eh, he'll figure it out once he sees her sleeping on the floor like that, I mean if the truth telling part worked then the part about her being out for a while's probably true too, no reason to rush." He reasoned with a shrug.

Deciding she agreed with that Nifty let that be the end of their

conversation and began thinking quietly to herself, neither she nor Husk caring to attend to the near comatose Katie who laid on the ground in front of them.

Our Doors Are Open, Come On In!

"...Well...at the very least I can say this has been an interesting morning..." Lilith said awkwardly, both she and her husband no longer frozen in shock.

It had been a few minutes since the bombshell had been dropped, and while thankfully everyone was back to normal and Alastor was filled in on what had happened, their "normal" was well, NOT normal. Though the I.M.P. group was no longer pestering The Slayer they were still blatant about how they felt. Moxxie had a hand to his chin and was muttering to himself lost in thought, Millie was grinning like a doofus at him, all the while Blitzo and Loona were whispering to each other. Then there was Lilith and Lucifer who while no longer resembling statues, were still trying to fully understand what just happened and how they were going to move passed it.

Last but not least you had Alastor, who somehow despite all logic and reason was the most normal one here, as he was now sitting next to the Slayer just wanting to see what would happen next.

"Indeed, I hate the fact that I got here just a second or so too late, I would have LOVED to see the exact moment all of you were slack jawed." Alastor stated.

"Not...now..." Lucifer barely managed to groan out, as after what they just witnessed he wasn't ready to deal with his...everything.

"Oh come now Luci there's no reason to be so distraught, shocked and amazed of course, but not distraught." Alastor replied as he gestured to the Slayer, "Though our friend here is unquestionably terrifying and gut wrenching to those such as the late Valentino...and Vox..." He began saying, taking a brief pause to really savor the latter's demise before continuing, "But you cannot deny our effeminate spider won't be the first to warm up to him, why if Nifty is to be considered a proper judge of what women want, and BELIEVE me she is, then our dear Slayer here is what most would call a

dreamboat! In fact she said exactly that when she first met him!" He pointed out.

"He makes a good point you know." Blitzo spoke up deciding to join the conversation, "Why I'm pretty sure women and men both are gonna be pounding at our doors trying to get to him!" He said.

"See? Even the lanky imp agrees with me!" Alastor exclaimed.

"I have spent most of my eternal life afraid of the possibility of him coming here, then when that fear became a reality but a few days ago I've been on a constant edge, I am NOT at a point where I can accept the idea of people, DEMON people suddenly swarming him like he's some kind of super model." Lucifer explained.

"Hm, I suppose that is fair, still we cannot deny that it's going to happen, all we can do is get a bucket of popcorn and enjoy it from the sidelines!" Alastor reasoned.

"Also make merchandise!" Blitzo chimed in.

"Yes, that too." He agreed.

Rubbing his temples because nothing made sense anymore, he felt his wife's hand come to rest on his shoulder as to try and comfort him.

"This is...a lot to take in right now, and we're not even entirely sure if what we're making it out to be IS what it is, so how about we all just go to the lobby, bring everyone back together, and get ready for the interview today as well as talk about our plans moving forward?" Lilith suggested.

However, instead of agreeing with her or even just nodding his head in response, Lucifer slowly looked towards the Slayer who still sat there doing nothing.

"...WHY HAVEN'T YOU SAID ANYTHING?!" He shouted catching everyone especially his wife off guard, "YOU HAVE JUST BEEN SITTING THERE THIS WHOLE TIME AND HAVE DONE NOTHING! WHY?!" He asked.

"The Slayer has no opinion on this matter." Vega answered simply.

"...HOW?!" He questioned.

"I cannot offer any better answer than that, that is how he feels." Vega told him.

"Then how come you've stayed in your seat? Why not leave if you don't care?" Lilith asked though far calmer than her husband.

"There is nothing that requires the Slayer's immediate attention right now, the three Vs have been dealt with, he has not been contacted by the Maykrs or any other Heavenly being, and none of you have given him anything that he may be of assistance with, so if he weren't sitting here he'd just be standing or sitting elsewhere." Vega explained.

"...Ya know what...that is the single most reasonable and logical thing that has come out of this breakfast." Lucifer admitted, that response actually managing to calm him down and bring him back to his senses.

"Thank you, now shall we follow in miss Lilith's direction and relocate to the lobby, where we might focus on the day ahead and what still needs to be done?" Vega suggested.

"Yes, that sounds perfect." He agreed before looking to his wife, "Sorry hon, wonderful idea." He whispered to her with an apology, giving her a quick kiss on her cheek right after.

Smiling both from the affection as well as how quickly he managed to bounce back after all this, Lilith and everyone else would rise from their seats and proceed to the exit, leaving the remaining food and silverware on the table as Nifty would deal with it later. Yet as they stepped out into the lobby they were all greeted with the sight of Katie sleeping on the ground, while Nifty and Husk were watching the television he had behind his desk.

"Um...is she okay?" Moxxie would ask gaining their attention.

"Hm? Oh you mean her." Husk acknowledged as he looked over the desk at the unconscious demon, "Yeah, she asked me for a drink to

help her deal with what happened, and she demanded I give her some of my strongest swill, bad call." He explained.

"If you knew this would happen then why did you even serve it to her?" Millie questioned.

"Because I didn't feel like angering a woman who can grow additional arms, that she would then use to pluck my feathers with." He told her.

"Is she going to be okay? She seems pretty out of it." Loona noticed.

"Do not worry, miss Killjoy's current state is entirely ethereal, she is able to interact with physical objects and ingest organic substances such as alcohol or food, without it coming back to harm her in any major way." Vega explained.

"Wait, if she's not physical then how does she even digest it?" Blitzo asked.

"The simplest way to describe that particular function of the soul is that it operates like an incinerator, anything she eats or drinks will travel to the center of her form, which is where her stomach and digestive system would be located if she still had a body, there it is destroyed completely and in doing so she is able to taste its flavor, feel its texture, and overall have the same experience if she as said still had a body." He answered.

"Holy shit! How come we all don't just ditch our flesh suits and walk around like ghosts and shit?!" Blitzo questioned.

"That is far easier to explain, the soul at least those of mortal origin innately lack full control over themselves, in terms of manipulating the energy that comprises them as well as all other related aspects, with enough time and proper training or practice one is then able to master their soul and have complete control over it, unfortunately given the nature of miss Killjoy's situation she did not have such time, the only way for her to have a form of any kind was either through the assistance of a device of my own design, which is the collar around her neck, or if she were blessed with such knowledge by a divine being or force." He explained.

"Yeah, that second one was never gonna happen." Loona said bluntly.

"Exactly, and as I stated her situation didn't allow for any other option, so upon accepting to take part in the hotel's rehabilitation program she was given the collar." He replied.

"Huh, well that was certainly interesting, learned quite a bit about the nature of mortal existence and even got a little peek behind the curtain of creation, how fun!" Alastor exclaimed with a chortle.

"We should probably wake her up now though, even without a body it probably isn't comfortable lying on the floor, especially when all of us are just standing around looking at and talking about her." Lucifer said, honestly feeling bad they haven't done so yet.

"Allow me." Vega volunteered.

Unsure as to what he was going to do, everyone felt their eyes widen as the collar began to emit a noise similar to a defibrillator. Turns out that's EXACTLY what it was acting like, which they learned when they saw a truly MASSIVE amount of electricity be sent through her body...soul...they were still a little confused on that.

"Huh...wha?..." She began speaking in a groggy fashion, the effect of that aforementioned swill still lingering.

"Are you alright miss Killjoy?" Vega asked her.

"Uh...yeah...sure...I think?..." She answered though rather hesitantly.

Walking over and holding out his hand to help her get up, the dazed and confused spider woman would allow herself to be pulled up by the Slayer, almost entirely as she still felt a little weak in her legs.

"What...happened?" She asked while trying to come back to reality.

"Gave ya a drink, was a bit too strong for ya, sorry bout that." Husk answered.

"You...you did?" She questioned causing him to point to the glass she had drunk from, which was still sitting on the desk, "Oh...I guess

you did, sorry for fainting then." She apologized.

"Not your fault, should've known better than to serve ya something with so much kick, though to me feels like cough medicine." He replied.

"Perhaps it would be best if you sat down miss Killjoy?" Vega suggested.

"Yeah, that sounds good." She agreed as she wobblily headed for the nearby couch.

Watching her just barely make it before falling face first onto it, though she was still conscious it was clear she'd need a few minutes before she was back to normal.

"Husk." Lilith spoke as she looked towards him, "Perhaps you should refrain from serving that particular brew, and any others like it to our guests when they start arriving." She suggested.

"Already on it mam." He assured her as he held up several bottles, before then stepping out from behind the desk and heading towards the dining room, which also lead to the kitchen.

"I'll help you! Plus I've got to cleanup in there!" Nifty exclaimed as she hopped off the desk and followed.

"And I'll go supervise them!" Alastor said.

"Why do you need to supervise them?" Lucifer asked.

"Because Luci, while I have complete faith that both Husk and Nifty will carry out their duties without fail, they might still get a little too into their tasks." He answered.

"What the fuck does that mean?" Blitzo asked for the devil, as that was just a really weird statement.

"For the first time in Husk's life he is in a place that is willing to serve him the best of Hell's liquor selection, without first getting beaten to a bloody pulp of course, as for Nifty while she is unrivaled when it comes to cleaning, there is always the strong possibility that she

might start to think things look better in different places, and before you know it she's rearranging the whole hotel!" He explained.

"...You should go supervise them." Lucifer said, fully understanding what they were working with now.

"That's what I plan to do!" He assured before going to do exactly that.

Watching the demonic deer disappear back into the dining room, everyone's attentions would be redirected towards the nearby hallway, as several different footsteps could be heard approaching. To no one's surprise all these footsteps belonged to the first group that left the dining room, and while they were all much calmer and more normal than previously, everyone noticed how Angel seemed to have an annoyed expression on his face, where as the three women all seemed particularly giddy.

"Hey you!" He would call out as he pointed towards Lucifer, "You're the king of Hell, order these three to get off my ass!" He demanded.

"I thought you'd be into that given your profession." Lucifer joked as they approached.

"Oh ha ha very fucking funny, still these three won't wipe those stupid fucking smiles off their faces, and it is SERIOUSLY starting to PISS ME OFF!" He shouted directing that mostly towards them.

"If you didn't want us to act like this you should've kept that mouth of yours shut dude." Cherri told him.

"ALL I DID WAS ASK HIM A FUCKING QUESTION JESUS CHRIST!" He continued to shout before he then looked at the Slayer, "Come on big guy help me out here! They're gonna make me want to blow my fucking brains out at this rate!" He exclaimed.

"Big guy? Why aren't you calling him Will? After all that IS what started this mess you know~" Vagatha teased.

Letting out a scream of frustration and irritation, before this special kind of Hell could continue once again everyone's attentions would be redirected, only this time it was towards the front doors of the

hotel. The reason why is because someone had knocked on them, though they had done it with such force that made it seem like this wasn't the first time, and that their previous attempts were ignored due to the various conversations.

"Is that Tom?" Lilith asked with a raised brow.

"No way...if it were Tom he would've announced himself like the camera whore he is..." Katie answered though muffled as her face was still in the couch, but it was a good sign as it meant she was nearly back to her old self.

"Would you like for the Slayer to answer it just to be cautious? It could be one of the three Vs associates or perhaps another Overlord wanting to try and get the jump on him." Vega asked addressing Lucifer.

"I highly doubt that anyone after last night's broadcast would be so hilariously stupid...still...that might not be such a bad idea." He admitted giving them both a nod of approval.

Summoning his pump action shotgun just so he would be prepared in case this was an impending fight, once he walked over there and pulled open both doors, he and the others would be met with a sight that was simultaneously surprising yet also wasn't. Standing just outside the entryway were all of the employees from Porn Studios, the ones he saved of course not the ones he killed, only this time they were all fully dressed. Though before Vega or anyone else could ask them why they were there, the demon who was standing at the front of their group walked forward just a little in order to speak.

"Oh wow...so uh...you really live here...or at least work here I guess..." The demon began as she looked nervously at the ground, "So um...here's the thing...first off thanks for saving us last night, especially me." She said as she pointed to her neck to show her now bandaged wound, "Second uh, well you see the thing is...we kinda are out of a job, d-don't get me wrong though we are SUPER grateful like BEYOND words grateful for what you did, but without our jobs and with every other pimp or peddler going into hiding now...we could really use a place to stay..." She explained before

tilting her head up to look at him, "So...I know there's probably like a waiting list or something to get in here...but we would really appreciate it if maybe we could...ya know...become residents too?" She requested.

A silence would then come over the room as that sank in, but for the first time in the Happy Hotel's short history this silence was not spawned from suspense or tension, but rather it was a product of joy and excitement. No one not even Vega nor the Slayer could have seen this coming, they all assumed these poor demons would've just disappeared after being freed from Valentino like Angel Dust was. But to think they all came together and decided this was their best course of action, to not only stay at the Happy Hotel for the purpose of rent free living but hopefully to also try redeeming themselves, was the EXACT kind of boost everyone needed.

"Excuse me!" Charlie called out before running over, coming to a stop right beside the Slayer once she reached them, "Hi, I'm Charlie Magne the hotel's founder, and I just want to say how UNBELIEVABLY happy I am that all of you decided to come here!" She exclaimed.

"Well, looking beyond the fact that he saved us though that definitely was a factor, what happened last night just put things into perspective for us, and it just didn't make sense to go back to prostitution or to try and work for someone else when it wouldn't be much better, definitely not worse but not better." She explained.

"Still we are so happy to have you here! We'll get you all checked in and we'll have people go and bring your stuff here! Oh this is just so exciting!" Charlie replied unable to keep her joy inside.

"Pardon the interruption, but what did you mean miss?" Vega spoke addressing the demon.

"I'm not sure what you're asking." She replied a bit confused.

"You stated that you and presumably the rest of you were under the assumption that there is a waiting list for residency, what gave you this idea?" He clarified.

"Oh, well we just thought you did cause of all the people out here." She answered.

Upon hearing that everyone including Katie's eyes would widen to the size of dinner plates, before they all then rushed to the front doors to see what she meant. And true to her word, while the scene that met them was neither comical nor cartoonish, there still was a VERY sizeable gathering of people outside the hotel.

"Holy shit..." Blitzo said as a smile came to his face, "WE'RE GOING TO MAKE SO MUCH FUCKING MONEY ON MERCHANDISING!" He exclaimed.

Welcome To The Happy Hotel!

"...Are we ready yet?...Almost?...Alright...Just gonna straighten up my tie and make sure my hair's good to go...Looks good...Okay, we're all set now? Perfect, let's get started."

..."3"...

..."2"...

..."1"...

"...Good Morning Hell! This is Tom Trench with an amazing exclusive!" The current face of channel 666 News exclaimed with zest, before then gesturing to his surroundings, "As you can see both around and behind me not only are we at the quickly rising in notoriety Happy Hotel, but as of early this morning demons from all parts of our fiery home have flocked here to try and get residency, which thanks to the hotel's immense size and clear abundance of rooms, looks as though everyone who is currently here will get exactly that, but before we continue with our coverage we're going to head inside just to see how things are going!" He exclaimed before walking towards the doors.

Followed by his crew Tom Trench upon reaching the entrance would take a moment to push open one of the doors to let them in, everyone making sure to allow the cameraman to go first so he could get an establishing shot. And what a shot it was, the entire lobby though they personally had seen it only once before, was completely different and honestly felt like a brand new location altogether. Starting with the check in area Blitzo and Loona were frantically at work getting people signed in and giving them their rooms, the first floor excluded solely because that was where they and the others were living. But just next to the desk there was also Millie and Moxxie, who offered not only to show people the floors their rooms would be on, but also around the hotel once they were settled in.

Then you had the power duo of Lilith and Katie, who were doing

their best to make sure everything was running smoothly, gotta use that experience as a queen/performer and news anchor somehow right? After them however you had Charlie and Vagatha, and where as her mom and Katie were ensuring that on their end everything was going well, they were attending to the still waiting guests to see if they needed anything. This left Lucifer, Angel Dust, and Cherri with the single most important job of all, standing by the Slayer as his bodyguards but obviously not for protection. For while their new guests weren't as bad as the demons he and Lilith ran into before, they still were gathering around asking for autographs, pictures, and all kinds of other things.

"Should we start over there sir?" One of the crew asked while pointing to the Slayer.

"No, too busy right now, we'll start with the princess and work our way around the lobby, hopefully by then things will be cleared up." Tom answered before stepping back in front of the camera, "As you can see folks the Happy Hotel is bubbling over with business! Although we have yet to interview its founder or any of the staff working currently, there's no denying that rooms are going fast, so if you want to try and secure a residency here you'd best do it soon!" He urged before then walking over to Charlie, "Excuse me princess!" He called as to get her attention.

"Hm? OH NO!" Charlie exclaimed wide eyed once she saw him, "I am SO sorry mister Trench er Tom, I completely forgot about the interview!" She apologized as he reached her and Vagatha.

"There's no need to apologize your highness, if anything I should be the one who's sorry, I should've come here earlier before all these new guests flooded in." He replied.

"Still I should've remembered that you were coming, I would've done more to try and be ready." She insisted.

"How about you both just agree that you're sorry and get on with the interview? I'll handle the guests while you do." Vagatha suggested.

"You sure Vaggie?" Charlie asked as she didn't feel right about leaving her girlfriend to deal with the guests alone.

"Hon please, if I couldn't handle a bunch of rowdy demons I wouldn't have signed up for this." She answered causing her to smile.

Exchanging a quick kiss Vagatha would not only leave them alone but would also begin moving the guests away, as to ensure no one got a "funny" idea to disrupt the interview.

"Are you okay to speak now your highness?" Tom asked just to be sure.

"Mhm, I'm ready to begin, where should we start?" She responded.

"How about you tell us and the people at home what kind of services are offered here at the hotel, as well as what checking in to be a guest fully entails?" He suggested.

"Okay, well as you all know the hotel's entire purpose is to rehabilitate the sinful in the hope that they can ascend to Heaven, however we here at the Happy Hotel know how difficult it is going to be for some people to give up doing what they love, whether that be heavy drinking, smoking, copious amounts of sex, or maybe even things like murder, and while there IS something else that we'll need to explain a bit later, it's best if we wait until my father and mother are free to discuss it alongside me." She started off before needing to take a breath to continue, "Refocusing on the hotel itself for now and to answer your question Tom, in order to become a resident at the hotel you must be willing to participate in the classes and programs we have here to help you be a better person, these will range from things like etiquette education, to showing restraint and not succumbing to overindulgence, exploring the deeper reasons behind your behavior and how we can help you move passed them, the list goes on and on." She explained.

"How exactly do you plan to help incentivize people to actually participate in these programs your highness? Do you believe the promise of a rent free residence is enough to have them swallow their pride or their personal objections to such things?" He asked.

"Of course not, like I said we know how much we are asking of our guests, we're not just asking you to try for a day or two but to begin a long and possibly slow road to redemption, as such while every

guest will be required to participate in their assigned programs at least once a week, they will still have another six full days before they must do so again, and it's not like you are a prisoner here you can still go and do things in the city or go to your job if you enjoy the work or pay, alternatively you could also enjoy all of the luxuries we offer or if you're actually wanting to work as hard as you can towards redemption, then you can engage with the programs as much as you want, all we ask is that you show us you are trying even if it's small steps at first." She answered.

"What exactly are these luxuries? Do you mean things like free food and beverages? Or are there more extravagant luxuries as well?" He questioned.

"Yes we do offer free food and beverages, both at designated meal times of breakfast, lunch, and dinner, but we also have a wide selection of readily available snacks and drinks that are accessible all throughout the day, so even if you're just wanting a quick bite or maybe a nice sweet snack we offer that, but beyond just free dining we also offer a full spa and salon experience, we have a recreational area full of games both traditional and digital, we have several pools to accommodate for the number of guests we hope to have in the near future, and a few other services and pass times to make everyone's stay as pleasant as possible." She clarified.

"Incredible! And all of these things are fully staffed correct?" He asked.

Unfortunately that was a question she was hoping he wouldn't ask, and as she began fidgeting slightly to try and think of a response he realized his blunder.

"Ah, I see." He said before putting a hand over his microphone and leaning in to whisper to her, "Don't worry your highness, we're not live, we'll edit that question out." He assured her.

"Oh thank goodness, thank you." She replied with a sigh of relief.

"We good to continue?" He asked his crew receiving a nod in return, "Okay, ahem, Incredible your highness! It sounds like the Happy Hotel is doing all that it can to live up to its namesake! From the

accommodations being rent free and comfortable, to all of the luxuries to help residents ease into the programs and classes you have to help them get better, this truly is an unprecedented level of compassion that has never been shown before here in Hell." He praised her.

"Oh gee, thanks Tom." She replied as a small embarrassed blush came to her cheeks.

"So, is there anything else we should know before we move on to interview some of the other active members of your staff? Or would you like to continue explaining everything yourself?" He asked.

Taking a moment to consider that she found herself looking over to Vagatha, and while the tough as nails Latina was easily dealing with the guests, she still felt guilty about leaving her all by herself.

"Well, if it wouldn't be too much trouble I would like to get back to attending to the guests, again if that's alright." She answered.

"Of course your highness! We'll move on to speak with your mother and...Katie...so you can get back to your needed duties." He replied, truly struggling to say his former co anchor's name without sounding scared.

Smiling to show her gratitude she would hurry over to her girlfriend's side to assist her, leaving Tom and his crew standing there for a few moments so he could settle his nerves.

"You alright sir?" One of the crew asked as he took in a few deep breaths.

"Yup, I'm good, just needed to make sure I was ready." He assured as he loosened his shoulders.

As prepared for another confrontation with the bane of his existence as he would ever be, as Tom approached her and the queen he hoped that because there so many people, and that this seemed to be her job now or something to that capacity, that she would be entirely professional. Thankfully much to his joy that was the case, for once both women saw him approaching shit put on that fake as

fuck smile of hers, which was all he needed to see to know how she was going to behave.

"Tom! So good to see you again!" She greeted as she walked over and gave him a hug, which honestly for a moment made him stop breathing, "I know it must be PRETTY shocking to see me of all people back again huh?" She asked while maintaining that smile.

"Uh, yeah, we should probably talk about that later so everyone in Hell won't be confused right?" He asked nervously.

"Ha ha ha ha...no." She told him as serious and as bluntly as possible, even going so far as to drop her fake act for a moment before returning to it, "But anyways lets not talk about me, lets talk about the hotel and everything it has to offer! Unless of course you've already done that with Charlie?" She asked.

"That we have Katie, which is why we were hoping you and her majesty could instead fill us in on how you plan to encourage people to give the hotel a chance? Most people especially the noble class and the Overlords, even with the events of last night's broadcast in mind, are not only going to refuse to humor it but might even actively oppose it." He responded.

"Katie, may I answer this question personally?" Lilith asked, to which Katie nodded and stepped back to give her the camera's full focus, "Up until now me and my husband have done nothing to stop our people from acting the way they do, though we have services such as utilities and emergency responders we lack any kind of law enforcement, the main reason people don't loot stores or burn down buildings constantly is because nearly everything is owned by a gang, a company or corporation, is invested in or founded by nobles and Overlords, the list of reasons goes on, however in light of the last few days and the arrival of the Slayer, whose name everyone should know after last night, we have come to realize our lack of participation and enforcement of order has been one of our greatest errors, and so we will be changing that effective immediately." She explained.

"Your majesty, are you implying that you will be instating an official police force finally? To deal with not only the rampant crime that has

been an everyday norm of our lives but also to try and punish even those in positions of power?" He questioned.

"What? No, that would take FAR too much time and resources to even get it going, what I meant precisely was that any crimes that go beyond simple theft, assaults, or first time offenders of domestic abuse, will be met with the full force of not just the Slayer but also the royal family, keep in mind this is not earth, there is no complicated red tape or pointless trials, if you are caught in the act you will be killed on sight, or be captured and then brought in to be used for a public execution." She clarified with a smile.

Falling silent for a moment as her completely casual and even seemingly cheery way of saying that was unsettling, she would take a step back and allow Katie to handle it from here.

"Thank you Lilith, I'm sure everyone including Tom here is so glad to now know what is going to happen to them if they continue to be assholes!" She exclaimed as she clasped her hands together, "But now let's talk about something with just a little less bloodshed, but not too much of course!" She suggested laughing at her own joke.

Laughing along with her as they feared what would happen if they didn't, Katie once again freaked out her former co anchor by placing a hand on his shoulder and gripping it tightly.

"In fact, I think what everyone would like to see is a tour of the hotel! No doubt Charlie already shared with you everything we have to offer! But it'll still make for good footage, so let's go!" She insisted before basically dragging him away.

"This...this is going to be a real tour right?" Tom asked her slightly concerned, whispering it so the mic wouldn't pick it up.

"Guess you'll just have to wait and see now won't you?" She asked with a devious smile.

Feeling as though his soul was about to leave his body, the truth was Katie had no real intentions to harm him or do anything else that could damage their PR. She was only saying that just so she could mess with him a little more, but she would make sure to give a

proper and well informed tour of the hotel, at least as best as she was able. Which honestly was a good thing, because with the amount of people still in the lobby this would give everyone, especially the frantically working Blitzo and Loona who were still manning the check in desk, plenty of time to get things more under control.

"WHERE THE FUCK IS HUSK?!" Both of them shouted angrily, as he and Nifty still hadn't come back.

"I Think we should get back out there..." Nifty said, as she managed to hear their angry shout even with all the other noise happening in the lobby.

Though both Husk and Nifty had been honest with the queen of Hell when they said they'd do their jobs, they still hadn't been entirely truthful with her and the others. And the reason for why was opposite of them as they all stood near the middle of the room, an equal distance away from both the lobby and kitchen doors.

"Eh, I'm not in a hurry, better they deal with that shit than me." Husk replied before crossing his arms, "Though I would like to know a few things from you." He said as he looked to Alastor.

"But of course, that's why we're all in here, so no one can hear this little discussion between us." He replied.

"Alastor, can I ask you something?" Nifty inquired as she too looked to him.

"Yes you may." He assured politely.

"You're not planning to do anything...well ya know...EVIL with that potion right?" She asked, "I mean even if we ignore the Slayer and everything, I don't want the others to get hurt." She added.

"Yeah, I was thinking the same question." Husk admitted.

"My dear Nifty and Husker, do you REALLY think I am the type to do such a nefarious thing? To hide in the shadows concocting an evil

scheme behind the veil of a gentleman?" He asked.

"No./Yes." Both of them answered at once, neither response surprising him in the slightest.

"Even if the Slayer weren't here and we were just helping poor sweet Charlie, I wouldn't ever think to do something so heinous, I might be sadistic, maniacal, and sometimes a little messy, but above all of that I am a gentleman who values manners, and I believe even if you are to formulate schemes for your own personal entertainment, which I fully admit to being guilty of even now, I would never do anything that would ruin all that we have achieved thus far, or what we hope to achieve moving forward, and I say that with my word and honor as a well mannered demon being put on the line." He told them.

Although Nifty immediately believed him Husk chose to consider his response for a few seconds, as he wanted to be certain this wasn't just some fancy schmancy bullshit. And while he did just out of spite want to try and get a rise out of him by calling him a liar, from his own experiences in life and death, combined with the amount of time he's known and worked with this guy, he knew for a fact he was being honest with them.

"...Alright fine, so you're not trying to fuck everyone over, at least we know that for certain." He relented, which caused Alastor's smile to grow wider, "However, with that being the case you having this weird truth telling potion makes no sense, not only because I can't figure out why you'd want it if not to do something stupid, but also and correct me if I'm wrong here, you can't make fucking potions at all, or if you can you're not very good at it." He said.

"That is correct, while I have dabbled in the art of potion making a few times, sadly it seems I am more skilled in the kitchen than I am with any kind of supernatural brew..." Alastor replied with a fake frown and disappointed sigh, only to have his normal smile return right after, "But...I happened to run into someone who knows quite a lot about the craft...some might even suggest that she's unrivaled..." He said mysteriously.

Confused yet curious as to who he was referring to, Husk and Nifty

would have their attentions be drawn to the kitchen door as they heard it being pushed open. But when they looked to see who was doing it, they felt their eyes go wide and their jaws go low, as the LAST face they'd ever expect to see again peeked out from behind it.

"D-Do you want me t-to come out now?..." Velvet asked timidly.

"What...the fuck...are you THINKING?!" Husk shouted angrily at Alastor as he pointed at her, "Why the FUCK is she here?! Do want this place to turn into a FUCKING war zone or something?!" He questioned.

"Now now Husker, there's no reason to get so worked up, isn't that right Velvet?" Alastor responded as he looked back to her.

Choosing to come out and walk over to them before she said anything more, as she got closer Husk and Nifty were shocked once again, but this time for a slightly lesser reason. Velvet was known throughout Hell as one of the most energetic and truly insane demons ever seen, she could even rival Nifty for how excited she could be over the most random things. But now as she stood before them, it seemed like she had become a completely different person. No longer did she have a smile much like Alastor's on her face, she looked scared, upset, and did her best to avoid any eye contact with any of them.

Then there was how she was standing and that too had drastically changed, instead of trying to be cute or expressive in any way she had her arms and legs as close to her as she could, and even while trying to be still she couldn't keep from fidgeting nervously. Yet in light of what she had been through, even though she and the other two now deceased Vs fully deserved it, both Husk and Nifty did feel a little bad for her.

"T-That's right A-Alastor..." She said, her apparent stutter no doubt also caused by that experience, "I-I'm not going to c-cause trouble, I d-don't want anymore trouble..." She assured.

"See? Velvet here has learned the error of her ways, and seeing as how she was the only survivor of-" Alastor paused for a moment, not

saying the "S" word as she was already getting upset from it just being eluded to, "...Our friend's recent cleansing, I thought that I could personally oversee her rehabilitation." He explained.

"From that alone I can already tell this is a fucked up and incredibly shitty idea..." Husk told him.

"Now now, I'm not doing anything to her like treating her as a slave, you KNOW how much I do not care for such behavior..." Alastor said very seriously, even taking a moment to stare him down as he did, "But she can be of use not only to me but the hotel as well, as shown from how effective this first potion of hers was." He explained.

"Oh, that makes sense, that you made the potion I mean." Nifty said now looking to Velvet.

"Y-Yeah...I'm really g-good at potion making...j-just like Alastor s-said..." She replied while backing away a little bit.

"Mhm, which is why she will be making potions for us to serve to the hotel guests, of course none of them will come close to being considered poison, or transformative, or anything else like that, but if we're going to do all we can to make sure the hotel and the reformation of Hell is a success, we must take every advantage we can get." Alastor explained.

"Then how come you're not filling in the Magnes about this, or ya know, the man who is literally carrying an entire fucking armory in his high tech future suit?" Husk asked.

"Because my dear, sweet, naïve Husker, while I am fully committed to helping them if we just stand around and wait for them to make any significant leaps in progress we'd be here for a VERY long time, it's exactly why I've been giving them little helpful pushes here and there." He answered.

"...Wait...what?" Husk questioned with widened eyes, honestly scared at how long he's been doing this kind of shit.

"But that's another discussion for another time, right now we're here

to talk about Velvet's potion, and how it could use some work." He said moving passed that topic, "You see dear, while your potion did as I asked in making miss Killjoy be honest for once in her life, and it rendered her unconscious as I also requested, unfortunately that latter effect happened far too quickly, I need the incapacitation of the potion to not happen so fast, it must feel more like a natural drowsy spell coming over the consumer." He explained.

"D-Do you still want it t-to look, smell, and t-taste like strawberries?" She asked.

"Why of course, no point in giving the guests truth telling potions if they don't taste good, we might be sneaky but not at the cost of doing so with anything less than quality sneaking tools." He answered.

"I lived a long life as a human, lived an even longer life down here despite the yearly exterminations, and yet this is by far the shadiest shit I've ever seen or been a part of." Husk admitted.

"Oh! Oh! Alastor!" Nifty exclaimed as she raised her hand and began waving it.

"Yes Nifty?" He inquired.

"Can she make a potion for me too?" She asked.

"Why the fuck do you need a potion?" Husk questioned.

"Personal reasons shut up!" She answered quite defensively, which was a surprising thing for the small woman.

"Hm, now I'm intrigued, tell you what we'll discuss that later in private so you can give me the details, afterwards I'll make a decision, sound fair?" Alastor offered.

"Mhm! Thank you!" She replied with a smile.

"C-Can I go now?" Velvet asked while looking off to the side, "I-I don't feel comfortable b-being here, I know h-h-he's here t-too..." She explained.

"Of course, you've done well so far Velvet, just make sure to tinker with the potion okay?" He requested earning a small nod from her.

Watching as the now traumatized Overlord went back to the kitchen, presumably to leave through another exit, Alastor faced his companions once more.

"Now then, unless either of you have anything left to say I believe we can rejoin the others now." He said, to which both shook their heads, "Wonderful! Then let's get going!" He insisted as he headed for the lobby.

Following behind him the trio would step out of the dining hall and see the current state of the situation, and to be honest it was pretty much exactly what they expected. By this point most of the people had finished being checked in and given rooms with only a few stragglers left to take care of. Also Katie had returned a bit sooner with Tom Trench and the news crew, due to the fact she underestimated just how big this place actually was and did not feel like walking all the way through it. All of this combined together to make the current spectacle that was unfolding before them, where both the news crew and the new guests surrounded the Slayer.

"Oooh! We arrived just in time for the best part!" Alastor exclaimed excitedly before walking over to get a better view.

"Whelp, guess I'll-" Husk began to say, only to be silenced as a bottle flew through the air and hit him in the head, knocking him out cold.

"THAT'S FOR FUCKING LEAVING US HERE ALONE ASSHOLE!" Blitzo and Loona both shouted at him from the desk, effectively startling the demons still in line.

Looking down at the now unconscious avian feline, which seemed like karma after what he had served Katie earlier, Nifty before doing anything else decided to clean up the broken glass and spilled alcohol from the bottle, as she could not stand the thought of letting a stain set in.

Answers And Conclusions

"Are you really human? Because I've never seen anyone like you!" "Are you from outer space? You look like you're from outer space." "Where do your guns come from?" "Do you have a head underneath that helmet or are you just a pair of floating eyes?" "Could I please get a picture with you? You're SO cool!" "Can I touch your bicep? It's so huge it's like a snake!" "Can we see your guns? I've never seen any like them!" "Are you single?"

All of these questions and more filled the air of the Happy Hotel's lobby, as everyone except for those who knew him personally were swarming around the Slayer. In fact Lucifer, Angel Dust, and Cherri were forced to abandon their positions as his "guards" and join the others on the sidelines, as they didn't want to be trampled or smothered. Yet the big guy himself just stood there without a care to be had, of course everyone gave him some room so it wasn't like they were latching on like leeches. But still even with that much courtesy being shown they were comparable to a wasp nest, all of'em buzzing around him like he was the queen.

And while this was actually pretty entertaining for the others especially Alastor, it was a nuisance for Tom Trench and his crew as they did their best to reach him.

"Should we maybe help him?" Charlie asked a bit concerned, as the poor news crew were struggling to follow him through the mass of bodies.

"Charlie, just please let me have this, it may be the last time I get to savor being a bad person." Katie requested as she couldn't keep herself from smiling.

"Yeah that's right, you ARE still a resident at the hotel, so once we get some more staff and the programs get started..." Vagatha mused causing Katie to sigh.

"Yes I KNOW, my ass is gonna be one of the first in those damn chairs, so please like I said just let me have this one final moment of

pleasured sadism." She insisted.

Relenting because to her credit the spider woman had been perfectly behaving so far, Vagatha and the others continued to watch with her as Tom and his crew struggled. Sadly for Katie yet thankfully for them the struggle would not take much longer, soon Tom would finally reach the center where the Slayer stood with his crew right behind him.

"FINALLY!" He nearly shouted triumphantly, before then clearing his throat and quickly straightening out his suit, "Ahem, sorry about that." He apologized to the Slayer.

"Ah, mister Trench, I presume you are here to interview the Slayer?" Vega asked.

"Why yes I am...sir." He answered, as he still hadn't been informed of the difference between him and the Slayer, "Of course if that's alright with you er him, if not then we can leave you alone." He said.

"That will not be necessary, the Slayer has no issue with me answering your questions on his behalf, also just to clarify for you, your crew, the demons present, and those that will see this interview, the voice you are hearing is not his own, I am Vega, an artificial intelligence created for the sole purpose of assisting him in whatever way he needs." Vega explained for them.

Upon hearing this everybody that wasn't their group began whispering and gasping in astonishment, as this only worsened how batshit crazy awesome the Slayer was to all of them.

"An artificial intelligence...really?" Tom asked unable to keep himself from being just as floored as everyone else.

"Yes, though before we attempt to explore the full details regarding that fact, perhaps it would be best if we continued discussing the Slayer and addressing the questions you have prepared?" Vega suggested.

"O-Oh right! Of course..." He replied awkwardly, clearing his throat one more time before getting back on topic, "The first and most

important question that everyone has wanted to know since you first appeared back at the studio is why, why have you come here and why are you doing everything that you have done thus far?" He asked.

"The Slayer initially had plans to kill everyone here." Vega answered bluntly, catching not only Tom, his crew, and the group that surrounded them off guard, but their own as well.

"D-Did he just?..." Lilith muttered.

"What...is...he doing?..." Lucifer questioned terrified of where this was suddenly going.

"You...you were?..." Tom Trench was barely able to ask, as he now was overcome with an immense and powerful fear.

"Yes, but I can explain as to why this desire has changed, as well as why none of you need to be concerned for your safety." Vega assured, which immediately allowed them all to breath a sigh of relief.

"Oh well then please do." He urged as he did his best to catch his breath.

"Due to the fact that you and the rest of Hell have not seen the documentary yet because of last night's broadcast, I will unfortunately have to be quite vague and leave out many details, but I will still give you as detailed of an explanation as possible." Vega promised before beginning, "The Slayer was once a normal human like all of you, the only thing that made him different was his exceedingly high morality, however it is because of this morality that his life would begin its slow descent into madness, refusing to back down to those who sought to kill or harm others for their own enjoyment, or because they simply believed they were in a position where that was an allowable use of their power, he would fight against them at every turn killing them as a result of the pain they caused him, but it wasn't until his first encounter with demons that his hatred for them would consume him entirely, and he would seek to destroy every trace of sin and corrupt energy that existed within creation." He told them.

"What did the demons do?" Tom asked.

"A far easier question to answer would be the opposite, they destroyed his home, killed his comrades and friends, slaughtered his parents, and in a display of spite for his defiance and rebellion against their advance, they tore off the head of his pet rabbit named Daisy and impaled it on a wooden spike, that being the first thing he saw when he returned to his town." Vega answered.

"Oh my god..." Tom Trench muttered in shock, truly being the only one in the entire group able to do so.

"It is because of this that the Slayer dedicated his life to killing demons, no matter how big, no matter how powerful, no matter where he would need to go in order to hunt them, he would continue this course until they were all deceased." Vega said.

"So...why has he decided not to kill us all then? Why only so far has he killed Katie, Sir Pentious, and two of the three Vs?" Tom questioned.

"For Katie it was reactionary, for Sir Pentious it was to keep the peace, and for the three Vs, specifically Valentino, it was for someone who he has come to see as both an ally and perhaps even a friend." Vega stated, which only noticed by their group caused Angel Dust to smile, "However that is the core of his change in perspective, when he first arrived he saw you all as the same kind of entity, corrupted souls who only sought to ruin others lives for entertainment and pleasure, but now even though it has only been a few days since his arrival he has been in the company of certain individuals, who for the first time in what would be an eternity for most, have made him feel safe." Vega revealed.

"Could you elaborate on that further please?" Tom requested wanting to get the full picture.

"Since his crusade began the Slayer has not been able to relax or drop his guard, if at any point he did he might've been gravely injured or even killed, he has been forced to fight for nearly every second after his initial tragedy, and although you are demons and Hellspawn he sees how comparably normal your lives are to the

demons he has dealt with, so while he is still precautious and it is uncertain if his anger will ever fade, he cannot deny that because of the people he has met and spent time with during his stay here, that this has been one of the few truly good experiences he has had since his torment began, and he is grateful to everyone who has made it so." Vega explained.

Another stunned silence came over the room as he finished, yet unlike before their group as well were just as surprised as everyone else. Now they knew the Slayer was not an expressive individual, the only times he even barely showed how he was feeling without Vega's aid, was with violence or by volunteering to help them out as best he could. But to hear that he was not only feeling safe around them but that he was grateful as well, they just didn't know how to react or feel themselves.

"Wow...that was...thank you." Tome Trench said after a full minute had gone by, "I don't know really how to respond, so I'm sorry that all I can say is thank you, for allowing us to know all of that." He added.

"You're welcome mister Trench, however that is all I can say about this particular topic, without stating information that requires the documentary for context, I hope you can understand." Vega replied.

"Of course I do! Besides I wouldn't be much of a news anchor if I didn't move onto the next story right? That is if you're still okay to continue?" He asked this time receiving a nod from the Slayer himself, "Alright, again thank you so much for finally giving us this opportunity, but now as we move onto the remaining questions that I have, the first one I'd like to ask you is what are your plans now? Given that your feelings about us and Hell in general have changed, how do you plan to assist the royal family when your expertise in murder cannot be helpful?" He asked.

"Simple, the Slayer sees himself as a watchful guardian, keeping the peace and offering aid and protection to those who need it, you may all be down here for your own various reasons, but that does not mean you should be abused or forced to serve someone else against your will, that is one of the many principles he stands by VERY firmly." Vega answered.

"That's very noble of you." He praised before continuing, "But what about the hotel itself? Many demons even with your presence and assistance to uphold order will refuse to partake in this plan of redemption, some because they believe it to be impossible or a joke, while most because they simply prefer being down here as opposed to going to Heaven." He pointed out.

"True, unfortunately this is another topic I cannot share too many details about, not without the Magnes permission as well as their official statements on the matter, what I can say is that for those who choose to stay here in Hell you are allowed to do so, there will be no punishment or threat of the Slayer's violent aggression if that is your preference." Vega explained.

"Well that certainly will put many people at ease, moving on however we arrive at the last question that we prepared ourselves, we have a few more after but they were all submitted by viewers, so before we go further and I apologize for the constant checking, will you be comfortable answering more questions even though they are not from our station?" He asked once again receiving a nod.

"Psst, what kind of questions do you think people sent in for him to ask?" Charlie whispered to Katie.

"Honestly I have no idea, it could literally be anything depending on if there was a screening process or not, hopefully there was or we're going to hear some pretty weird shit." She replied.

"Okay, last question from us specifically, at the studio you summoned a rather peculiar weapon along with a double barreled shotgun, and when dealing with Sir Pentious and the three Vs you brandished what looked to be an assault rifle, perhaps a heavy machinegun, and additionally for Sir Pentious only a chainsaw as said by those we interviewed that you used to cut him in half, which leads us to wonder how many different weapons do you have?" Tom asked.

"In total the Slayer's armaments are as follows, two shotguns one being a pump action that can be modified and the aforementioned double barrel model, the heavy assault rifle and chain gun, a plasma rifle and the ballista which was the weapon you witnessed in the

studio, a rocket launcher, his shoulder mounted cannon that can fire a standard fragmentation grenade, a different variant that is capable of freezing his enemies, and producing flames that will quickly burn away the target's flesh, the wrist mounted retractable blade on his left arm which alongside the cannon is always visible, the aforementioned chainsaw for when said blade is not able to handle the task, and two other weapons that I must refrain from sharing details about as some things must be kept secret." Vega answered.

"Incredible, simply incredible, you really carrying an arsenal with you in addition to being a one man army, do you ever cease to amaze?" Tom questioned jokingly before moving on, "Now then, with our questions out of the way we can continue with the ones submitted by the viewers, we have five of them though they are all pretty simple, so I'll just ask them back to back after you answer." He said.

"Very well, please proceed." Vega replied.

"The first question we have from our viewers asks the following, how fast and strong are you exactly? Surely walking around in that armor must make you tired, or are you just that badass?" He asked.

"The Slayer's strength and speed are immeasurable, which is one of the many reasons the weight of his armor does not bother him, though if any of you were to try and even lift a single piece of it beyond his helmet, you would run the risk of breaking your back." Vega answered.

"Okay, so far so good..." Katie muttered to herself, she and the others all bracing for an absurd question to pop up at any moment.

"How are you able to carry so many weapons? As in where do they come from, you clearly don't carry them on your back, do you summon them with magic or something similar?" Tom asked.

"It is actually a function of his suit, though I am unable to go into detail as it is very extensive, I hope the viewer will be satisfied in at least knowing it is a product of science and technology, rather than magic or something else of that nature." Vega answered.

"Not a sexual question I swear, but do you ever shower? I imagine

you have to get sweaty when wearing that armor all day, and ESPECIALLY after you fight a bunch of people right?" He asked.

"Actually no the Slayer is incapable of sweating, though as with most of the responses I must give I cannot explain why and keep this answer short, however even if he was capable of sweating or rather ever pushed himself to a degree where his body might produce sweat, another function of his suit is keeping track of both his vitals and all other parts of his body, this includes oxygen intake and a system that allows him to breath in environments which lack it, any potential strains or damages inflicted to his person, and a great deal more that focus on very specific aspects of his biology." Vega answered.

"Are you from the future?" He asked.

"No." Vega answered.

With that being the fourth question Katie and the others were able to relax, for if THAT was the second to last then the final one had to be just as simple. But as they watched Tom shuffle the cards he held that the questions had been written on, he looked back to the Slayer and said something that immediately put them all on edge.

"So...um...I just want to apologize for this last question, we would have gone with a different one but so many people had all sent it in, with barely any differences between them and we couldn't just ignore that, so again I'm really sorry." Tom apologized profusely.

"There is no need to be sorry mister Trench, nothing that you can say will upset or bother the Slayer at all, and I promise to give his exact feelings and response to it the moment he hears the question." Vega assured.

"Alright, if you say so." He replied before looking back to the card, "I'm going to word this question in a far friendlier for tv way than it was written by so many of our viewers, in short, what are you into? Sexuality, kinks, age range, sexual positions, sex toys if any, multiple partners if more than one, essentially what a GREAT deal of people want to know is what makes you horny?" He asked.

"No comment." Vega answered just as quickly as the others.

This response to Tom and EVEN the Slayer's surprise would cause an uproar, as the group that surrounded them suddenly went into a frenzy, all of their shouts and questions easily summed up as "WHAT DO YOU MEAN NO COMMENT?!". As for the others they for the most part were all pretty shocked or surprised, the only ones who weren't being the two spider demons.

"Figures..." They both unknowingly thought before sharing a sigh, "Damn it..." They muttered together still managing to be in sync, "Wait, what did you just say?!" They asked as they heard each other, looking at one another with the same shocked expression.

A single flame flicked in what would be an otherwise darkened chamber, illuminating only but a few things comprising of a table, several tomes and parchment scrolls, and a slow but steady hand moving across their contents. Gabriel had been in his private chambers since his return from Urdak, not only going over the history that they shared with the Sentinels, but also all records and information kept within the archives of Heaven as a whole. It is there that information is recorded not only of the happenings of both the corrupt and pure, but also all mortal souls that were brought into creation. This is how he was able to find his own information regarding the man turned monster, without the concern it may be tainted by the aforementioned races, whom he had many suspicions of.

But finally as the wax that made the candle which the flame consumed neared its end, Gabriel would finish his readings and began closing every tome, rolling up every scroll, and sorting any other mess or object that laid on his desk.

"It is time, the third and final heavenly meeting is to be called." He said to himself as a sigh escaped his lips, **"I had hoped my mind would find peace in these scriptures, yet in every text and document I found only more questions, as well as evidence to support my assumptions."** He went on as he rose from his seat, **"And while I believe the Slayer will come of his own will, for**

despite his silence an idle mind does not dwell in that soul of his, I must take cautionary measures in case I am wrong, I shall ask if my sister would be willing to lend me some of her servants to do so." He finished, before then reaching over and extinguishing the flame with a pinch of his fingers.

Spiders And Summons

Souls, the core and most essential part of any sentience within creation, is the only thing that is truly eternal. No matter what you do you can never destroy a soul, for what would the purpose of life be if it could simply be erased, along with everything that soul was? Their thoughts, their emotions, their good deeds and wrong doings, all of it would have no meaning or value if souls ceased to exist in any way. You could be the most kind hearted person or the most horrid and vile, but without the eternal nature of the soul none of that would have any significance, you would be allowed to do whatever you please to anyone and never face any punishment or reward.

That is why Heaven and Hell exist, a place where those who choose and work to be good are granted paradise, while those who care only for themselves and care not for what pain they inflict are cast to Hell to serve their sentence. Yet there is a question very few ever consider once they reach this point, as they assume Heaven and Hell are the final destination, and have no reason to even humor the notion that there could be more. But for the poor corrupt souls of Lucifer's circle they have been forced to wonder such things, for while if they should die on any normal day they'll be brought back fairly soon, should they die by the Exterminators' hand then they die a second time. However as of late it hasn't been the Exterminators who have made them wonder what else is there beyond Heaven and Hell, the Slayer and his killings have earned all of their attention, yet unknown to them if HE should kill them their souls belong to him, stowed away in a prison they know nothing about.

So, if when the Slayer kills then those who die by his hand are collected by him and kept in a prison of his own design, what about all of the souls that have been slain by the Exterminators, as well as others across all of creation that were met with a similar end in some way? In short, most people's understanding of creation is that there are three realms, the Mortal, the Heavenly, and the Hellish, but there are actually FOUR realms that exist, with the fourth being both the space and the connector between them all. This realm is known only by a select few and has never been given a true name, if it should

possess one only the creator knows of it, and has yet to share it even with she who governs it. Azrael, known by most mortals as an angel of death, was given this realm to rule when life was met with death, and although mortals refer to her as an angel she is FAR beyond such a state of being.

Comparably there was only one soul in all of creation, apart from the creator who was above all, that was equal to her in nearly ever respect, and whether it be fate or irony that is the reason for why she has been visited this day. One of her kin, Gabriel, has come to her domain for purposes she already could guess, for while she and her servants attend to the lost souls of existence, offering them peace or passage to their chosen destinations, this does not mean she has not been observant of current happenings across the other realms. She knew of the Slayer and his presence within Lucifer's circle, she knew that the Maykrs and their mortal allies the Sentinels were plotting something, and she knew her brother seeking to uphold justice and order as he always had wanted to put an end to it. But sadly for him none of these things mattered, as in the end no matter what should happen, even the worst possible outcome of Hell and Heaven being destroyed, all would come to her and be handled by she and her creations.

This is why even as he arrived at her personal sanctum escorted by one of her shrouded attendants, Azrael took no form of any kind as this held no weight to her. As for why her attendant and all of her creations were hidden by tattered cloaks or robes, it is because the sight of their true forms could only be handled by she or the creator.

"Well well, if it isn't my noblest sibling, very rare that any of our kin including you visits me." Her voice soft and quiet like a whisper spoke to him, as the attendant having served its duty left them alone.

"Perhaps if your domain wasn't impossible to traverse without the guidance of your servants or yourself you would." He suggested, **"But looking passed that, before we continue may I request you take form for this exchange? I'd rather not just stand here and speak with your voice alone."** He told her.

"But I am here brother, for I am the realm itself, I am everything."

She replied causing him to sigh.

"Sister please you know what I meant, it is just rather strange for me to speak to a room." He pleaded.

"Tell you what, how about you and the others actually visit with me and speak to me when you don't need something, then I might show the courtesy of taking some kind of visage, sound fair?" She responded.

Closing his eyes tightly for a moment as he knew she would be so stubborn, he let out another sigh this one of defeat.

"Fine, I shall make this quick then, so that way you will not be burdened to appear." He said.

"I already know why you are here Gabriel, you seek the aid of my servants to help ensure the Slayer's arrival at the next meeting, for even he with all his might cannot stand against those of true death." She explained.

"As observant as ever I see, well then, if you know why I have come to you then why waste anymore time? Why not just tell me if you'll grant me what I need or if I am denied so I can take my leave?" He inquired.

"Because it has been literal eons since I've seen you brother, at least with you aware, I was hoping we could perhaps chat and discuss other things like actual siblings do." She revealed.

"Your watch over the mortals has made you forget the nature of our existence sister, we do not have time for such pleasantries when there is constant work that must be done, such as now with the possibility of an insurgency occurring within Heaven's own domain, so I will repeat myself so you understand my reason for being here, may I have two of your servants so I may be certain of the Slayer's cooperation, or will I need to find aid elsewhere?" He asked.

A brief moment of quiet would come between the two ancient beings, and although he would never admit it to anyone, Gabriel was

getting frustrated at his sister's pointless ramblings.

"Fine Gabriel, as that is all that matters to you, I will send two of my servants to fetch the Slayer and see him delivered to your court." She answered.

"Thank you." He replied before turning to take his leave.

"However." She spoke causing him to stop, *"In exchange for this service I request the Slayer's presence personally, after all there has never been a greater dealer of death within the mortal realm, and this might be my best opportunity to speak with him."* She told him.

"...Granted." He agreed.

With their meeting over the archangel would be guided through her realm back to its entry by the same attendant, a weight being lifted off his mind as his sister was thankfully cooperative. All that was left now was to summon all of Heaven to the meeting, excluding of course his kin as they much like him or Azrael needed to focus on their own responsibilities. Unknown to him though his sister, while being faithful to her word, would wait just a small while before sending her servants to fetch the Slayer, her reasons for why being kept to her alone.

"Alright bitch, what the fuck was that?!" Angel Dust questioned, as he began his interrogation of Katie Killjoy.

After their shared comment and reaction the two spider demons would retreat to the ground floor rooms' hallway, far enough to where even if they were to shout at their loudest they shouldn't be heard. Though it also helped that the others were all focused on getting the lobby under control, as it was truly beginning to look like a riot, so combine that with all the noise that came from it as well, and they were pretty much forgotten about for the moment.

"That's funny coming from the whore whose had more bodily fluids put him than a sperm bank on a good year." She replied in a snarky way, having no intentions to back down or to be made out as the

guilty one.

"Oooh, a joke about how I'm a prostitute, a FORMER prostitute actually, REALLY working your two brain cells to death on that one ain't ya? Careful, if ya don't let up you'll only have one left, then how will you manage to be a cunt?" He asked.

In response to this Katie would grab him by his throat and pin him against the wall, yet he wasn't even phased by this and showed no signs of being scared.

"Listen here you little shit, I've seen things you wouldn't fucking believe, I've FELT sensations that would make you cry like the bitch you are, so if you think I'm going to stand here and let you try to belittle me, then you might want to get that head of yours checked out and see which of the COUNTLESS stds you have is eating away at your brain." She told him.

After that they would fall silent while staring each other in the eye, both slowly beginning to grow their extra arms as to ready themselves for a fight. But as they did they actually started to think about what they were doing, where this little fight of theirs was happening, and who wouldn't be pleased to find them at each other's throats. Which to their surprise was what hit the hardest, for while neither wanted to damage the hotel and risk ruining all of the progress that had been made, it was the thought of upsetting or even disappointing the Slayer that brought this to an end. And what was even more shocking than that was they realized it not just on their own, as they looked into each other's eyes they saw the same moment that thought entered their minds.

Releasing him from her grasp both would stay quiet for a few minutes after, neither of them really sure what to do next.

"...So...when'd it happen for you?" He asked while looking to the floor, "Obviously for me it was last night, along with a few other things, but how did you?..." He trailed off wanting her to continue.

"Firstly I have no idea what you're going on about." She began while crossing her arms, "But even if I did have some idea as to what you are referring to, which I don't, and will only humor you that I do in a

PURELY hypothetical what if kind of scenario...I...don't really know..." She admitted truthfully as she gripped her arms, "To be honest I have no idea what the fuck is going on with me anymore, shit was so simple just a few days ago, I was at the top of the world, had everything I needed or wanted, then HE shows up and I lose it all, you'd think that'd make me pretty fucking angry at him like want him dead kind of furious, but ignoring the suffocating fear he gave me and the traumatic experience I had apart from my death, I just...deep down I guess I realized I actually deserved it, never would have said that before...but now...there's no way I can deny it." She explained.

"Come on you're not that bad and I really do mean that, I've seen way worse people than you here, hell I just beat one of'em to death in the lobby last night." He tried to comfort her, as he genuinely didn't think she needed to be so hard on herself.

"No Angel I did BELIEVE me, and if it weren't for him I would've never admitted that or ever even try to be a better person, I mean why the fuck would I not like the Exterminators could kill me, not with all the money and resources I had to keep my ass safe, I was set to be a horrible bitch for the rest of my life down here and never pay for it, and don't get me wrong I was damn happy with that had no problems at all." She argued.

"So...why the change of heart then? Was it really just cause he killed you and because of whatever shit you went through?" He asked.

"...Not entirely..." She answered now speaking in a far softer and quieter way, "The thing is when I was alive, as in human, I had to always be the baddest bitch around, I never had anything given to me when I was on earth, and the only reason I made it to the top back then is because I was willing to do anything, and I do mean ANYTHING in order to get there, which is why I got sent down here obviously, no one ever gave me a chance or helped me for shit, I had to do everything on my own and survive by myself, and once I became who I am now no one could call me out on it or try and stop me, but then he did, despite the fact I would've killed Millie and Moxxie back at the studio and the fact I was a terrible person, he still gave me one last chance to change myself, he didn't need to or had to he could've left me in that prison, but just the fact he showed me

mercy at all...it was...easily the nicest thing anyone's ever done for me." She explained as tears came to her eyes.

Though taken aback at the sight of Katie Killjoy, notoriously one of the most ruthless and heartless people in all of Hell suddenly being on the verge of tears, Angel Dust still walked over to her and did the most unexpected thing he could.

"Hey, I get it." He said as he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her into a hug, "And I'm not bullshitting you when I say that either, no one in my life except for a few people ever cared about me, but the big guy shows up and sure he's all silent and angry, but he still didn't mind me flirting with him or just being myself, and to top it all off he let me beat the fuck out of the person who basically owned my soul, I've never seen anyone before so quickly help someone out despite barely knowing them, I mean sure there's Charlie but she asked me to come here because she had no other options, if I agreed she'd gain something, but Will had nothing to gain from helping me even though he is helping Charlie and her parents, there's was no reward, no promise of sex, he just did it cause he wanted to, so I get why you're feeling the way you do, hypothetically of course." He told her.

Surprised by his show of compassion and the words that went with it, Katie for the first time since she was in the Slayer's fortress allowed herself to let go, to not be worried about putting up some kind of act and just be herself. So for the next mostly silent seconds she would return his hug and let a few tears fall freely, which he had no problems with as it was clear she was dealing with a lot of shit right now. But once the seconds passed and she was back to okay at least, they ended their hug and she wiped away any remaining moisture from her face with her sleeve.

"You gonna be alright?" He asked.

"Yeah, sorry for getting your shoulder a little wet." She apologized.

"Eh, considering one of my outfits is currently SUPER stained in blood and shit, this is gonna be FAR easier to clean." He replied which caused her to chuckle, "So...what happens now?" He asked.

"Well, you clearly have feelings for him, and in a completely fictional situation I...maybe do too..." She said nearly whispering that last part, "Though it seems pretty damn likely that neither you or that made up version of myself are gonna get anywhere, he's clearly not the type who just jumps into bed cause someone wants him to." She reasoned.

"Oh yeah definitely not, though not like I really feel want to just get him into bed right away and be done with him anymore..." He admitted.

"Same." She replied though quietly.

"Still, I can't just ignore how I feel, and neither can the make believe you, as neither have ever had these kinds of feelings for anyone, and we've never met someone as..." He trailed off trying to find the right words.

"Impossibly noble and caring as he is?" She suggested.

"Yeah, that sounds about right, so what're we gonna do?" He asked.

"The way I see it nothing bothers him apart from horrible people and those monsters from Doom, and since both you and the fictional me have no intentions of just grabbing him by the crotch of his armor and giving it a tight squeeze, I think we can approach this at our own pace in our own way." She answered.

"You really think he won't mind?" He asked.

"No, again so long as there's no groping, kissing, and anything else that could be considered some kind of harassment, then we've got nothing at all to worry about." She answered.

"So...I guess all that's left to say then is may the sexiest spider win." He decided as he held out his hand.

"Heh yeah, I can agree with that." She replied as she shook his hand.

Sharing a playful smirk between each other, both Katie and Angel were glad they had this moment, as it not only helped them to

understand the other better but also cleared the air. But once they were through with their handshake and began walking back to the lobby, there were surprised to find there wasn't anymore noise, at least none that they could hear.

"Whoa, you think they actually managed to piss him off and he just threw them outside?" He asked.

"Nah, though he might've taken like a few steps towards them just to get them to stop acting like morons." She answered.

Rounding the last corner before the lobby would enter their vision, both spider demons were surprised to find it almost empty, with the only person still there being the very man they were just talking about.

"Ah, there you two are." Vega greeted as they entered.

"What the fuck happened?" Angel asked immediately, as he had no idea how so many people could just disappear like that.

"Allow me to explain." Vega began before then recounting what transpired.

About ten minutes ago...

BOOM

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Everyone felt their hearts and their stomach jump up to their throats once they heard that, and as they looked to the source of the noise none were surprised at what they found. The Slayer though not angry had still summoned his pump action and shot off a round towards the ceiling, knowing that it was the fastest way to get them to settle.

"WILL!" Charlie shouted at him, which not only surprised everyone because it was so unlike her, but also because they hadn't expected her to use his name.

"Is something the matter miss Charlie?" Vega asked.

"NOW THERE'S TWO HOLES IN THE CEILING!" She answered as she pointed upwards.

Looking up he found not only the hole he had just made, but also the one from a few days ago when he first arrived, that round having been shot to bring Lucifer out of his thoughts.

"Ah yes, I apologize for the new damage, but in the Slayer's defense this was the fastest way to get them to quiet down." Vega replied.

"I KNOW that it was! But still everyone here except for Tom and his crew are our guests! You can't just keep shooting shells into the ceiling! What if you were to hit someone or just scared them to death?!" She asked.

"That is a fair and reasonable point miss Charlie." Vega praised.

"Thank you, so from now on can you please try to do something else to keep the peace? And maybe not put so many holes into the hotel?" She requested.

"He will do his best, but no promises can be made." Vega replied.

"So long as he tries that's all I need." She assured a smile now coming to her face, "Anyways, now that everyone is calmed down how about we leave the hotel for a bit? You know so you can go pack your bags and get whatever else you want to bring? Within reason of course." She suggested.

Watching as everyone's eyes slowly looked to the Slayer, who while not firing off another round still held his shotgun, they all nodded their heads to agree.

"Great! Then let's go!" She exclaimed.

"And that is what happened." Vega concluded.

"Huh, nice to see her showing some gusto finally." Katie admitted weirdly proud of her.

"Yeah, still that doesn't explain where everyone else is, and I assume that Tom and his crew went back to the station?" Angel asked.

"Correct, as for the others they left with miss Charlie to lend aid in helping all of the guests begin their move to the hotel, while Blitzo and Loona specifically went to go and check on Stolas and see what's keeping him and his daughter." Vega explained.

With their questions now answered and the situation fully explained, Katie and Angel would've just stood or sat around with the Slayer and continue chatting. But before they could say anything else something unexpected would happen, a portal just a few feet from them would open though it was far different than the Slayer's. The first thing they noticed was that it was a muted gray instead of light blue, with traces of dark purple and black also present. The second thing they noticed was the portal itself was not a perfect circle like his, it was more like a rectangle and gave off the impression of a gateway of some kind.

"Katie, Angel, please get behind the Slayer." Vega requested, both demons doing so immediately as they didn't know what was going on.

All three stood there waiting to see what would step out from the portal, only to feel a cold sensation wash over them as two creatures emerged. However these creatures did not resemble any of the demons they had seen in the documentary, and since the Slayer himself hadn't summoned any weapons they at least knew they weren't a threat. But this didn't mean they weren't terrifying, they were just far less like horrors and more so like spirits, mostly if not entirely because they were completely hidden by a tattered cloak from what they could tell.

"These are servants of the angel of death." Vega told them causing their eyes to widen from shock, "Whatever you do please refrain

from speaking or doing anything else, and allow the Slayer to handle this." He advised earning nods from them both.

"Great Slayer..." One would speak, its voice like a gust of wind blowing across their ears and filling the room itself, *"Your presence is demanded by the archangel Gabriel...we are here to ensure your arrival..."* It explained.

"And if the Slayer should refuse?" Vega inquired.

"We know that you are no fool...our master stated so...however we until you are delivered are in the service of her kin...and should you now choose to defy this summons...we will cast upon you our chains..." It warned, as slowly from the shadows of their sleeves ominous looking chains hanged down near the floor.

"Understood, the Slayer will accompany you, there will be no need for any action." Vega assured them.

"As expected...our master said you were as wise as you are powerful...though what else should be assumed of he who destroyed Doom?..." It questioned as their chains retreated back from whence they came.

Walking towards the portal to abide by the archangel's command, he would be stopped as Angel Dust ran up and grabbed him by his shoulder.

"Will wait!" He exclaimed once he reached him, "W-What do we tell the others when they get back? A-And when will you be back? Do you even know what this archangel guy wants?" He asked.

"I'm afraid the Slayer has no proper answer to those questions Angel Dust, all that he can offer in response is to be patient and to try your best not to worry, and that he will return." Vega answered.

"Just be careful okay?" Katie would say before Angel could.

Nodding his head in response he would continue his departure, and once he and the cloaked entities were through the portal, it would close leaving Katie and Angel Dust alone, both unable to keep themselves from feeling nervous.

The Final Meeting

"I am unable to chart this realm, this is a new occurrence." Vega told the Slayer as he walked.

Even though he was met with a sight he had never seen before upon exiting the portal, the Slayer still felt no suspicion and held no anger against the two shrouded figures who guided him. This place wasn't like any he'd ever seen even in Doom, there was a strange yet soothing aura that tried to calm him, keyword there being try. But what truly made him feel at ease and that he wasn't in danger, was the fact that as he walked he could feel everything watching him, the realm they traversed was alive. And this was something he knew very well, as Doom itself had once been a thriving sentience before taking shape as the Dark One.

Combine this with the aura that was doing its damnedest to try and ease the pain he was burdened with both in body and soul, and the conclusion he was left with was that it was she, the angel of death who these two served.

"Our master awaits you great Slayer..." The one from before spoke again, *"A deal was struck between her and the archangel...she would be granted a visit with you before you are delivered to him...as for why she desires this...that is not our place to question..."* It explained.

"I do not believe we have ever crossed paths with your master." Vega said, already knowing well they hadn't but had said so in the hopes of learning more.

"You and our master have been one for some time...any moment a soul is moved from life to death she is there...as are we for we are nothing but extensions of her soul...and while there have been many both corrupt and pure who have slain many souls...your life is stained in blood and brimstone...steel and bone...none have ever killed those of great power on their own such as you..." It responded.

"So she is curious then, of how one person not from divine origins

has accomplished all that the Slayer has?" Vega suggested.

"Perhaps...as said it is not our place to question...only to carry out her will..." It repeated.

Unfortunately for the AI that would be the end of their conversation, for right after they came to a stop before a single massive door made from some unknown material.

"Our task is complete..." It told them as both figures turned to face the Slayer, *"Once you enter you will be at our master's mercy...she will fulfill the deal struck with her kin...and thus we have carried out our order of delivering you to him...farewell great Slayer...may what awaits in Heaven not add to your suffering..."* It said before they then took their leave.

Remaining still as they hovered passed they would disappear into the empty void that filled this place, not too dissimilar from the soul harvester in his fortress. Once alone he would approach the door to which it opened, yet unlike all other massive doors he had encountered this one moved quickly, being pulled into the ground it came from within an instant. Walking into the fairly short corridor that awaited it closed the moment he moved passed the threshold, sealing him and ensuring that there was no going back.

"In addition to my inability to provide you with navigational information, I cannot begin analyzing the unusual energy signature that fills this space, I can detect a soul of ancient age, but as for the power connected with it I am unable to find anything in our archives that matches it in some way, which at the very least would allow me to create a basic profile and begin running simulations." Vega informed him.

"Ancient age? My aren't you blunt." A woman's voice spoke to them as the Slayer reached the inner chamber.

Looking around he found nothing at all, no furniture, no people, just a decent sized room. But he knew that Azrael was there, whether or not she would take on a form that he could see was entirely up to her.

"Forgive me, I did not mean to be rude." Vega apologized.

"There is no need for apologies, I was not offended by what you said, after all you were only stating fact." She assured.

Even though but a few words were exchanged the Slayer was already growing impatient, making that known to her by tightening his fists.

"The Slayer wishes to inform you he would like this interaction to be over as fast as possible, solely because he wishes to arrive at the meeting and get it over with." Vega explained.

"Does my brother's summons annoy you great Slayer?" She asked receiving a nod in response, *"I do not blame you, out of all my siblings Gabriel is the most...stubborn to be polite, so focused on his duties and his personal beliefs that he can't see or care about anything else, so out of respect for you and nothing more I shall make this quick."* She promised.

"Before you do miss Azrael, would you mind answering one question I and the Slayer share?" Vega asked.

"Ask away." She invited.

"Why did you request this audience with him? Your servants suggested it was due to curiosity, and given that you and the Slayer have never crossed paths before, at least not as directly as this, we are unsure as to why now specifically did you wish to speak with him?" He asked.

"I told my brother I sought a private conversation with you solely because of the death you have wrought in your lifetime, but that was so he would not add me to his mounting suspicions and paranoias." She began as a small chuckle followed after, *"But you see, while there are many perks to being the very embodiment of death, even more so than you, is that I see everything, even if you are newly born or made in any of the three realms, death is always at your side simply waiting to welcome you into its embrace, I have never in my entire existence not been in the presence of any soul...but then...you ascended...and now there was one..."* She stated.

Falling silent after that, the Slayer and Vega watched as a being slowly formed in front of him, the one thing they noticed immediately was that the title, "Angel Of Death", was in no way accurate to what they were witnessing. There were no wings, no bright radiance, nothing that any Heavenborn even the Maykrs possessed to establish them as holy, her body was long like a serpent's yet there were many limbs that stretched from it, all ending in hands whose fingers were positioned to make them resemble claws. But as it continued to appear more remarkable details could be seen, such as how the body though entirely black had what seemed like veins that were spread throughout the form which pulsed with dark violet light. Though it was the final piece of this visage that drew their attention the most, a head while round and seemingly smooth also had defined shapes and structures to give it some semblance of a face, yet there were no places for a mouth or eyes.

"After your ascension you were incapable of death..." She resumed speaking, with her body now complete she approached him whilst wrapping it around the room, *"No mortal made weapons could ever harm you, even the strongest of Doom's legions at worst could make a light gash upon your flesh, you put such fear into them that their only method of stopping you was to seal you away, hoping within their ravenous souls that you would never awake to resume your cleansing..."* She described as she now towered above him, tilting her head downward despite not needing to, *"You are the only one I have seen who walks without me, there are no moments that I am able to meet you, if you did not come here to speak with me personally we may never have seen each other or been as close as we are now...so...please forgive this."* She finished with a request.

Before Vega could voice a question of any kind the center of her head would instantly open, and from the hole now present a blinding light was cast onto the Slayer. Within seconds his entire being was enveloped, he felt a comforting chill as well as a relaxing warmth, this light that she produced was the light all souls see upon death, cast by her and her servants to help guide them to where they belong. Much like the fabled Gorgon of Greek legend this light is meant to paralyze the soul, to render it helpless and susceptible to all suggestion by the caster, as such only she and those made from her are able to wield it. Yet as she exposed him to it, far longer than

any soul in all history had ever been, he simply stared at her with that unwavering gaze of focus and determination, proving that even she and her power were no match to his will.

"It is as I expected..." She spoke after several minutes of exposure, the light slowly fading and the opening starting to close, *"Despite being born a mortal...despite being made a god solely from the addition of more purity to your already incorruptible soul...your will is unrivaled by even those of ancient age such as me..."* She said as her body began to disappear, *"I am grateful we were finally able to meet again...ever since that day when you witnessed their spite I have been unable to see you or walk with you great Slayer...but now I shall grant you passage to the meeting as promised...I hope it goes well..."* She told him.

Hearing the sound of a portal open behind him, as he turned to face it he could see through it the realm of Heaven, it being fairly obvious due to the immediate light that shone from it. But before he stepped forward to leave this place behind he gave one last look to Azrael, only to find that nothing of her form remained.

"Her soul though still surrounding us is no longer concentrated in this room, she has spread herself throughout the realm once again." Vega informed him.

Nodding to show he understood, he then went through the waiting portal, and once he was gone it closed immediately.

Much like the meeting before so too was this meeting beginning in silence, though where as previously it was caused by the warning of Gabriel from the very first, this time it came from anxious anticipation. Every heavenly body that waited for the meeting fidgeted and squirmed, the only exceptions being of the Khan Maykr, her seraphim, the group of Exterminators that he had spoken with who sat with the rest, and Gabriel who looked down at them all from his stand. They were neither nervous nor worried, for they due to their experiences up to this point had become more familiar with the guest of honor. This is why even as footsteps could be heard approaching them from the other side of the main entryway, they did

not flinch or jump in their seat before turning to see him.

"Finally, you have arrived." Gabriel spoke as he came to a stop at the entrance a few angels so overcome with tension they had to turn away, **"Come, stand before me, then we shall begin."** He instructed.

Following his order the Slayer walked down the aisle until he was in the center of the room, no one could avoid looking at him now less they wanted to miss what might happen.

"Before we begin I wish to state the following, that regardless of what is learned here, regardless of what responses are given and what actions are taken, this WILL be the last meeting held to discuss this matter, for all that will be left to follow after shall be actions." He made clear before continuing, **"Now then, if you'll recall from our last meeting I made requests of the Maykrs, that all information recorded of their personal history and that of the Sentinel people be given to me for examination, I also requested any information from the Slayer should he be in possession of any not found in their texts, but I discovered this was not needed, the purpose of this meeting now is to reveal my findings and my opinions regarding that information, however one thing that has changed since our last conference is that I now have questions for him, so unfortunately this will take some time."** He told them as he looked to the Slayer, **"Vega shall speak on his behalf due to his mute nature, and I expect even from the great Slayer total transparency, is that clear?"** He asked.

"Yes sir." Vega answered.

"Very good, to begin I shall summarize my findings from reading the shared history of the Maykrs and Sentinels, this will more than likely be the briefest matter of this entire meeting, when I compared them not only together but also with official records from our shared archives I found no discrepancies, this of course does not free the Maykrs from any guilt or potential punishment just yet, that will depend on what answers I receive from the Slayer." He explained, **"With that established I shall begin my questioning, Slayer, what are your true intentions? I**

know you seek to purge corruption from creation as a result of what Doom and its demons did to you, but how far are you truly planning to go to ensure this outcome is realized?" He asked.

"Though the Slayer stands firm in his crusade, due to his recent interactions with those within Lucifer's circle, he has come to realize that even if a soul is corrupt this does not necessarily make them a monster, however this is not to imply that he will lessen his advance, once he has finished aiding Lucifer and his family he will move onto the next circle, and he will not cease until all are sorted or even cleansed completely." Vega answered.

"That is what I feared you would say. " Gabriel admitted as he leaned forward, **"Slayer, there are rules and laws in place to ensure a greater balance is maintained, even with your actions thus far that balance has not been affected, however should you continue down this path you will jeopardize it, a series of unprecedented changes and misfortunes shall happen as you press on, surely you can understand that though your intentions are noble they affect things far greater than you?"** He asked.

"Indeed, unfortunately archangel the Slayer does not care, he sees this balance that you speak of as a failed attempt to manage the evil within creation, and since Heaven refuses to acknowledge this and deal with it themselves, he will simply do so regardless of how you feel." Vega answered.

Upon hearing this every soul in attendance minus the Maykrs would be horrified, to hear that even if it meant going against the will of Heaven that he would persist in his crusade, made them all for next few moments wonder if a fight would ensue. Yet to their amazement Gabriel did not react, he did not grow angry or say anything in response, all he did was lean back into his chair before continuing.

"Tell me this then, are you alone in this crusade? Ignoring your history with the Maykrs and the Sentinels, do you believe or are you certain of any who would stand beside you without question? Even if the full force of Heaven's might should appear to impede your progress?" He asked.

"Yes, if we are to assess the likelihood of the Maykrs and Sentinels lending their aid should he proceed on just their species alone, both the Slayer and myself are certain that they would assist, the Sentinels are a people who value proving one's worth through actions rather than words, so seeing the Slayer stand even against Heaven itself to do what must be done would show them all they would need to know, as for the Maykrs their culture and society is based almost entirely on logic, I of course would know given that they made me, and so in this proposed situation their assistance would be a product of assessing every possible option, evaluating the impact both positive and negative, and even when that is done they would arrive at the conclusion, that breaking your laws and being branded as traitors would be an acceptable sacrifice." Vega answered.

"What of those who become your allies in Lucifer's circle? Do you think they would stand beside you as well?" He questioned.

"They would have no need to-"

"That is not the question." He interrupted, **"What I asked is whether or not they would volunteer to assist you, do you believe that they trust you enough or have enough faith that you could protect them that they would be willing to die for you?"** He clarified.

For the first time in countless millennia the Khan Maykr and Samur would be shocked by what they saw the Slayer do. Instead of not reacting and allowing Vega to answer for him, he would clench his fists and tilt his head upward so he could stare directly at Gabriel.

"Archangel, I advise you to be careful." Vega warned.

"Oh? Is the Slayer planning to become violent?" He asked as he raised a brow, **"Surely my words could not have upset him to such a degree, I mean after all he has known Lucifer, his family, and however many others there are for such a short time, that it shouldn't be possible for him to care deeply about them."** He said.

"That is not the issue, your question implies that in the event of any

conflict that should occur between Heaven and the Slayer, those you would have carry out acts of violence or aggression would do so against those who could not hold their own, the Maykrs and Sentinels are different for they have experience in dealing with beings of great power, both from the war as well as their association with each other, but if any angels as evidenced by the Exterminators were to arrive and were given orders to kill everyone there, none of them except for Lucifer and his family would have any real chance of surviving, so it is now that you must answer a question archangel, would you be willing to kill those who would have no stake in this conflict, even if their connection with the Slayer is as little as knowing who he is?" Vega asked.

"He would be the one to blame for their deaths." He answered immediately not even needing think about it, **"He started this whole mess when he set foot in Lucifer's circle without permission from the Exterminators, any higher power such as myself, or even permission from our creator, we would simply be carrying out the appropriate punishment should he choose to escalate this any further, the only one guilty of bringing death to innocent souls is him."** He explained.

"Even children? Based on my personal examination of Lucifer's circle, whether you are Hellspawn such as the imps or some of the demons, or you arrive a former human, there is nothing that keeps you from having offspring, so even if they have nothing to do with the Slayer would they too be targeted?" Vega asked.

"Yes, as tragic as it would be no one would be shown any mercy if they are caught in the midst, if you incur Heaven's wrath then all that stands between us will be affected, details of who or what mean nothing, only that the guilty are punished in the end and balance is maintained, besides, Lucifer's circle is not the same as Doom, even if every Hellspawn, human made demon, or even Lucifer's family were to die the circle would survive, souls from the earth it is tied to would still arrive, and we could easily replace any ruling powers who maintain order should they be lost." He answered.

His response to that question would change the entire mood of the room, as now everyone instead of feeling anxiety or fear now felt

sick. The killing of demons was nothing new even if they looked passed the Exterminators, but there were standards they abided by to ensure they never betrayed the purpose of these cleansings. Only those who had already lived their sinful lives would be targeted, as well as any Hellspawn who had been alive for a fair amount of time, but under no circumstances were their offspring or any other special cases to be targeted. So hearing that Gabriel for the sake of preserving the balance would be willing to kill EVERYONE in Lucifer's circle, no hesitation at all, left everyone uncertain of what to think or how to feel.

Except for the Slayer, who as he listened to each word continued to tighten his fists, to the point he actually threatened to break his own gauntlets from the pressure he was applying. This is when the Khan herself would leave her place and go to stand beside him, her presence first felt from the aura she possessed. Once their eyes met he saw on her face an expression she hoped would calm him, one that while sharing his disgust and anger urged him to continue restraining himself, as nothing good would happen if he didn't.

"Is everything alright Khan Maykr?" Gabriel asked as she now stood next to him.

"Yes great angel, I just decided to move to my champion's side, is there any issue with that?" She asked in return.

"No, there isn't." He replied, **"But now that I have answered the Slayer's question we must continue with mine, is he ready to answer?"** He inquired.

"Yes sir." Vega assured.

"Good, my next question is this, given your willingness to oppose Heaven, how far would you be willing to go in the event of conflict? At what point would you cease to stand against us?" He asked.

"Until you surrender." Vega answered.

"But that would not happen, those who become our enemies will be hunted until they are punished, so how many

Heavenborn would you slaughter? Would you even be so bold as to kill a high ranking official within our order? Perhaps even me?" He questioned.

"Yes." Vega simply responded.

"What of our creator? Would you fight them should they appear?" He pressed even more.

"Yes." Vega repeated, as no matter who was the recipient or how many times he asked the same question, the answer would never change.

It was then, that for the first time Heaven's history that the stalwart Gabriel adorned a look of utter bafflement, for what he just heard was highest form of heresy. To think that this former mortal would so easily state that he'd have no issues with challenging the creator, it was enough to actually ignite a spark of anger within him. But it was only a spark, he was not the archangel of justice for no reason, he extinguished it quickly and recomposed himself before speaking again.

"I believe I have heard all that I must." He informed the court as he looked back down to meet the Slayer's gaze, **"It is clear to me that you, despite being of mortal origin, are by far the single most determined soul to ever enter creation, once you have set a course for yourself you will do all that you must to arrive at its end, and even now after all that has been learned, all that I personally have witnessed, I still cannot keep myself from admiring and respecting this quality of your person, it is truly remarkable."** He praised before closing his eyes, **"Still, what you have just stated cannot be ignored, you have without wavering admitted to a willing participation in a duel against our creator, who without their existence nothing including you would exist, and while you may be expecting my verdict to label you as our enemy, given this information and everything else that has been discussed, I instead wish to offer you great Slayer a deal, one that not only will grant me peace and fulfillment, but you as well."** He revealed.

"He is listening." Vega replied.

"Doom is dead, and while I understand that there are still circles that exist that are heinous, some more than others, and this in turn means that you seek to deal with them as well, what I propose is that I and the rest of my kin who are the highest authority after our creator, shall carry out far stricter punishment and supervision in these circles, we will learn from your example and better our conduct to meet the standards you have set, allowing you to finally be free of the shackles of your armor, to shed the weight of your weapons, and to once again breathe easy, that is our side of this bargain." He explained, **"As for your side, obviously the biggest sacrifice is surrender, allow us to take over this crusade that you began, but what you gain from such a personal loss is what you have been fighting for this entire time, your past actions will be removed from our archives a first in Heaven's history, and as a result you will be allowed to join those you lost, your friends, your family, and of course Daisy in paradise, you will never want or need anything, your story will have a happy ending at last."** He told him.

As the archangel finished talking everyone looked to the Slayer, where instead of seeing and feeling his usual anger they found...nothing. He just stood there though this was different than before, he looked to the ground and his hands were now open, and any trace of his anger was somehow gone. Though it wasn't hard to understand why, this offer came not from some human hoping to get on his good side, nor the former lords of Doom trying to deceive him, this was coming from Gabriel himself who represented justice, so there was no way it was a lie or trick. The Slayer and everyone else knew he would uphold his end, despite the clear animosity that both had just shown for each other that was certain, so for the first time since this all began back on Mars he faced the possibility that this...could actually be the end.

"One more question archangel, after which the Slayer will give his response." Vega spoke as he still stared to the floor.

"What is it?" Gabriel inquired.

"If he should accept this offer would any punishment befall Lucifer, his family, and the circle as a whole? To be more specific, would their current hope of redeeming the sinful souls that populate their

domain be allowed to continue, along with any further plans they may conceive?" Vega asked.

"No, even before the Slayer's arrival we knew of Lucifer's daughter's plans, nothing about them goes against any rules or laws we have, if they sought to continue in their efforts to try and save their people no matter how they choose to do so, they would be allowed and perhaps even receive support, another benefit I could add to the bargain if it helps you decide." He answered.

"I see, thank you." Vega replied, taking a brief pause to allow the Slayer to give him a response, "Then in light of that information, and the addition of Heaven's support for princess Charlotte Magne, the Slayer would like to request a reasonable period of time to make a decision, he proposes one full week exactly based on the passage of time in Lucifer's circle, and if he should fail to respond by the time the seventh day is over, he will allow the servants of Azrael to bind him in their chains and bring him before you." He stated.

"That is fair, I understand the significance of this decision, when the current day in Lucifer's circle ends your week shall begin, this way you have a few extra hours to perhaps get your affairs in order if you accept the deal, or if you choose to spend that extra amount thinking, either way it is up to you." Gabriel replied as he looked to the court as a whole, **"This concludes our final meeting on this matter, within a week's time once the new day has begun I alone shall return here to speak with the Slayer, not even the Khan and her Seraphim will be allowed entry, and the same is applied for the rest of you."** He told them before finally bringing down his gavel onto the podium.

The Slayer would be the first to take his leave of the court even as the Khan tried to convince him otherwise, wanting to bring him back to Urdak so they could offer counsel. But with a quick summon of his portal he would be gone, soon after they and the other Heavenborn would also depart. Yet as the court emptied and even Gabriel had taken his leave, as the Maykrs opened their own portal to return home they would be approached by several different faces. Though all hidden behind masks the Exterminators were the only ones who remained, and the one who stood in front of them spoke with a voice

that Samur knew personally.

"We've made our decision, we and our Heaven stand beside all of Urdak and the Maykrs, may we come with you and continue this discussion in your domain?" Greta asked.

Even after all they had been through, this one display managed to create smiles on Samur and the Khan's faces. Responding with a simple but polite gesture they allowed them to go first, the courtroom finally vacant once they followed and the portal closed.

The Calm Before The Storm

During The Hours Before The First Day

It is hard to imagine that even in Heaven there are places considered too holy to traverse, so closely guarded and kept safe that only the most ancient of their kind were allowed to enter. Yet most of these were private domains for the first of the Heavenborn, and the one that was the most sacred of them was the dwelling of Pravuil, an archangel who served as the creator's scribe and record keeper. He alone was capable of watching over all of creation, never becoming involved as his kin handled that with their given positions. Now one might wonder as to how it was possible to keep track of it all, for despite his ancient age he was still an angel, at least that was what everyone believed. The truth was only a few of the ancient ones actually looked the part of an angel, as they were the ones who would be seen most frequently by the other Heavenborn.

So for ones such as Azrael or Pravuil they had no need to hide their true selves, they cared not for feathered wings or shining halos that hovered above their heads, so their forms were practical and each part of them served a function to aid in their assigned task. Azrael's was that of a long serpent which could grow endlessly allowed her to be present across all reality, while the infinite number of arms and claw like hands that extended from them, made it easy for her to grasp onto souls that were in transit between realities. Pravuil's however even by such a standard set by his sister was perplexing, his "body" if it could even be called that was a mass of azure tendrils, all tightly wrapped together to give him a form that interestingly bore resemblance to the Khan Maykr's in shape. The reason for these tendrils is much like his sister's body as they too were infinite, he cast them out across creation and with each connection he gained vision, so he could see everything that transpired at any point in time.

This led to the final part of his strange yet astounding appearance,

atop of this mass of tendrils hovered a violet colored eye that possessed a pure black pupil, though unlike that of most beings it was more of a slit than a circle. This eye was the core of his person, not only serving as some form of face for those who met with him to speak to, but was also his soul and the source of the tendrils, hence how his sight extended to them. Sadly being the eternal watcher and recorder of all history meant his position could never be abandoned, he was the only of their kin similar to Azrael who was bound to their duty, so much so that they could never leave their dwelling. Though unlike his sister Pravuil was not bothered by this, for while unintentional they could be described as a split in sentience, she possessing many emotions where as he had none.

He was a being of pure logic and reason, he felt no anger, sadness, joy, or even something as simple as pride in his work, he was sentient and capable of thought but he never felt desire to be anything other than what his position demanded of him. Hence why even with the ongoing tension between his brother Gabriel and the ascended mortal, he had no stake in it and sought only to ensure every detail was transcribed, a sentiment he and his sister unknowingly shared. Of course this did not stop their sibling from approaching them requesting their aid, almost as if he was incapable of carrying out his duties alone.

"Pravuil, I am in need of your assistance." Gabriel would announce as he entered the other's chambers, doing it so casually as though it were his own.

"Have I not already assisted you Gabriel? What more could you need of me?" He would respond in a monotone voice, so calm and collected unlike his brother who seemed anxious, though he tried his best to hide it.

"Why do you bother with those pointless questions? I know you witnessed the meeting and have everything spoken during it already written, why must you waste time by asking me things you know the answers to?" Gabriel questioned.

"I am an observer brother not a mind reader, less of course given such permission by our maker, I know what transpired in the meeting but not what dwells in your mind, would you approve of me

invading your soul just so I always know what you are contemplating?" He asked.

"No, of course not." Gabriel answered with a sigh as he crossed his arms, **"Forgive me, I am simply worked up at the moment, I did not mean to be so rude towards you."** He apologized.

"It is unlike you to be so emotionally invested in any investigation, of course I know why that is, but are you truly so confounded by this man that this feeling of urgency is appropriate?" He asked.

"As surprising as it may sound brother yes, this man defies all logic and reason, even with the balance being at stake from his actions he refuses to relent, I even question with all that I offered whether or not he will agree, hence why I have come to you." Gabriel answered.

"But what more can I do? With permission from our creator I for the first time in our history shall alter the records I have written, if he should take the deal of course, what else can my abilities do to aid you?" He asked.

"I am not in need of your powers brother, I simply request access to all information regarding the Slayer and his companion Vega, you have already allowed me to examine the history of the Maykrs and Sentinels for the sake of the meeting, but now I must examine them specifically, every single detail that you have I must examine to ensure that in the end the balance will be maintained." Gabriel explained.

A silence would come between them as Pravuil pondered his request, not because he debated whether or not it was a good idea, such a thing mattered not to him, he was only curious as to what his brother hoped to find.

"Very well Gabriel, proceed down this corridor and you will find two tomes prepared for your convenience, all information regarding them will be found in their pages, I am not sure what it is you hope to find that will aid you, but I wish you luck all the same." He told him.

"Thank you Pravuil, unlike Azrael you understand the

importance of my mission." Gabriel responded with a compliment before heading down the corridor.

However, once the archangel reached the tomes he ignored the Slayer's completely, as it was the information regarding Vega that he truly sought and thus began to read.

The Slayer's fortress, despite hovering in space above the world he once knew as home, somehow never managed to feel alone or empty. Even after the fall of Doom and before he arrived in Lucifer's circle, the Slayer never noticed how he and Vega were the only ones there, in the sense that anyone else could inhabit the structure besides themselves. But now as he sat in his personal den within a throne like chair, he listened to the silence while staring out the nearby window at the stars, finally feeling the isolation. Now normally Vega would try to speak to him, offer him advice or just an "ear" for him to non verbally vent his frustrations and curiosities.

Sadly this was one of the few times the Slayer did not want his companionship, he just needed to be alone to think about what his next move should be, which Vega understood and respected completely. So he decided he would keep busy by attending to other affairs, first he would check with Sir Pentious along with the newly arrived Valentino and Vox, who had yet to be summoned into one of the cells. After this had been done he would check in with the others via Katie's collar, and inform them of what had transpired as this was something they needed to be aware of. Yet as he watched the first of the trip begin to manifest, choosing to speak with Valentino before the other two just to see what the demons of Doom had done to him, he was surprised to see him appear completely composed just as Sir Pentious had.

"Ah finally, was wondering when you two would want to interrogate me." He said as he looked around at his surroundings, "Gotta say this place is really impressive, very shiny and futuristic, Vox would die to see this, oh wait, he already has." He joked as a fang filled grin spread across his features.

"You're remarkably calm given all that has happened." Vega noted.

"Well yeah, I mean sure my darling sweet Angel baby did beat me to death with my own cane, before proceeding to rip apart my insides with his bare hands, but I've got to tell you this entire experience has been rather...enlightening." He explained.

"Do tell." Vega invited.

"See, when I first got here which by this place's time was weeks ago, maybe even a month or two, kinda hard to tell in here...anyway back to the story, so when I arrived I was greeted by some pretty interesting people, honestly I've never seen anything like them, and to try and make time pass just a little bit quicker we decided to shoot the breeze, they learned some things I learned a lot, it was nice." He said.

"The demons actually spoke with you?" Vega questioned finding that to be strange.

"Oh yeah, see great minds tend to think alike, they hate the Slayer as do I, they believe they deserve all of creation which I both respect and can understand why, but most importantly we share the same belief that there is an overall pecking order, and while perhaps with enough time and effort you might be able to climb up this order, once you reach the top you've earned your right to stay there, and any muscle head wearing green or maybe a disloyal slut who think otherwise should be put back in their place." He explained.

At that point Vega had heard enough, it was clear to him that Valentino truly was as horrible as the demons were, and so without another word he sent him back as there was nothing of value he could possibly gain from him. But maybe Vox would be different, given the fact that although Vega had possessed him it was Valentino who killed him, and while yes Vega did need to use force to suppress him in his own body, it was solely because at that time he was a threat. Thankfully this proved to be the case, for as Vox was summoned Vega noticed he unlike the other two was nervous, not necessarily scared, but certainly hesitant.

"Hello." He greeted once the demon was fully formed, "First of all I would like to apologize to you, although we were adversaries I do regret needing to take over your body." He said.

"I-It's fine, really, don't worry about it, trust me I-I've been through worse since then..." Vox replied as he looked to the ground.

"Yes, I can imagine the demons have not been kind to you." He said.

"Heh...yeah...that's one way of putting it...but it isn't like torture necessarily...least not the kind that makes you scream..." Vox began as he shut his eyes tightly, "They're voices you can't ignore, they worm their way into your soul and just stay there, even if you ignore them or try to fight against them they persist, so like I said it's not even pain it's just...so many different voices all trying to get me to listen..." He explained.

"But you haven't have you?" Vega questioned.

"No...but that's why they've made Valentino speak to me...guess they figure he's a better option than they are..." He responded before opening his eyes again though just barely, "Um...I know I have no place to ask you anything...but...did the Slayer kill Velvet?...She was the last thing I saw before I hit the ground..." He asked.

"No, the only harm that befell her came from Valentino, he threw her into the wall opposite of him then proceeded to stomp on her, but the Slayer intervened before it could go any further." Vega answered.

"Thank god..." He said with a sigh of relief, "I know this probably sounds weird...especially since you and him are why I'm here...but I'm still grateful to him and you for not killing her...she may be an Overlord and her hands certainly aren't clean...but she's better than Valentino...better than me...she doesn't deserve this..." He told him.

"I'm admittedly amazed by this turn around in your personality, though our interaction was brief it allowed me to form a full profile on your personality and mental state, and as of right now you are the complete opposite of who you were before." Vega replied.

"Yeah well...time passes differently here...though of course you know that...so I've just been able to think about how I ended up

here...when ya know I'm not having to do my best to ignore those voices and Val...and above everything else I just keep thinking back to that last memory...her face so filled with horror and sadness as I plummeted...though the landing certainly hurt like a bitch it was seeing that look on her face that still hurts...she's always so happy and peppy to the point where it can be annoying sometimes...but now...I'd give anything to see that..." He explained as tears came to his eyes.

Even with his current ethereal state resembling that of his demonic form, thus meaning his tears were technically virtual, Vega still could see the genuine distress he felt and in turn felt sympathy for the former Overlord.

"Vox, I cannot promise anything so I will not give you false hope, but you have clearly reflected on the errors of your ways, combine this with the fact that only Valentino to our knowledge from Angel Dust has ever abused him, or allowed him to be abused by others, I will do my best to sway the Slayer in allowing you to partake in the hotel's rehabilitation program." He told him causing his eyes to widen.

"Y-You mean that?..." Vox questioned unsure if he should believe him, as that sounded far too good to be true.

"Yes, and to show that I am being honest with you I will keep you in this cell instead of sending you back, although I cannot provide any music or distractions the silence should still be better than their voices." He replied.

Clutching his chest despite having no heart, his reason for why is because an overwhelming joy flooded his soul, more tears though these of gratitude began leaking from his eyes.

"Th-Thank you...thank you so much..." Vox barely spoke as his emotions were consuming his thoughts.

Deciding it would be best to give him privacy Vega would use another vacant cell to summon the last of the trio. With Sir Pentious he wasn't sure what to expect this time, yes he had been smug and disrespectful towards the Slayer initially, but now that he had spent

more time with the demons he could've come around. Sure enough, once the snake demon was even just halfway formed beginning with his upper torso, he immediately began begging.

"PLEASE!" He shouted as he fell to the floor, not even caring to wait for his lower half to appear so he could stand, "I'M SORRY! I'M SORRY! THOSE THINGS KEEP TORTURING ME! I DON'T EVEN THINK IT'S FUCKING FIRE THEY USE! FIRE DOESN'T BURN LIKE THAT! **NOTHING** BURNS LIKE THAT! I'M SORRY SUPER FUCKING SORRY JUST PLEASE LET ME OUT OF HERE!" He pleaded.

"My, you have made a surprising turn around from before." Vega noted.

"PLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEASE!" Sir Pentious begged while going into a sob, "I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE! IT'S SO AWFUL! I'LL DO ANYTHING LITERALLY ANYTHING AT ALL! I'LL SCRUB YOUR FLOORS! I'LL POLISH THAT CHAINSAW OF HIS! I'LL EVEN LET CHERRI BOMB HAVE ALL MY TURF AND BLOW ME UP A FEW TIMES IF SHE WANTS! ANYTHING AT ALL IS BETTER THAN THE NIGHTMARESCAPE THAT IS THIS PRISON AND THOSE FUCKING MONSTERS! PLEASE HAVE MERCY!" He cried out.

Watching in genuine amazement as the snake demon continued to devolve into a sobbing mess on the floor, Vega was actually happy as it meant the two demons who could potentially be redeemed had realized their faults.

"Sir Pentious, while I cannot guarantee that I will be able to convince the Slayer you are ready to take the necessary steps towards redemption, I give you my word that I will at the very least leave you in this cell until that happens, you've clearly endured enough and no longer need to be kept with the demons." He explained.

"THANK YOU! OH HOLY TIT FUCKING MARY CHRIST THANK YOU!" Sir Pentious exclaimed while sniffling.

Pleased that there might be two new residents at the happy hotel, Vega chose now would be best to leave them alone so they could

gather themselves. Yet unknown to the AI as his attention was now directed towards Lucifer's circle, while Sir Pentious had his face buried in his arms a sinister smile slowly stretched across it.

"This isn't good..." Lucifer said seriously, as with crossed arms and a focused expression he stared down at the floor.

It took a few hours for everyone to get back to the hotel, a couple more to make sure the guests all found their rooms and were settled in, but once everything was done that is when Lucifer and the others noticed a distinct lack of angry space marine. Now of course they knew he wasn't there when they got back as they didn't see him standing or sitting somewhere in the lobby, but they figured by the time the sun was beginning to set and things had quieted down that he'd be back by now. That is when Angel dust and Katie knew they had to tell them what happened, but they made sure they would be the only ones who heard it, by going to the dining hall after the guests had been delivered food to their rooms, thus ensuring there would be no interruptions.

"You sure they were angels? Sound more like ghosts to me." Vagatha asked.

"No, they're not angels, my sister is referred to as the angel of death but they are nothing more than shadows, though hidden by cloaks and rags their true form cannot be handled by nearly anyone." He answered.

"Wait, did you just say your sister?!" Moxxie questioned.

"Yes, in case you've all forgotten I was the first of the fallen, I was an angel before I became a devil, I was actually one of the first, so the being who is referred to as the angel of death, Azrael, is in fact my sister." He explained.

"So does that mean Gabriel is your brother?" Millie asked receiving a nod for confirmation.

"Yes, in fact it was Gabriel who I butted heads with the most when I

was still in Heaven, my brother always demanded things be orderly, that there was black and there was white, good and evil, fuck even thinking about it now after all this time still makes my blood boil..." He admitted through gritted teeth, before then taking a breath to calm himself, "Anyways, if Gabriel felt the need to ask Azrael for help then that shows he too is wary of the Slayer, to the point where he'd feel safer having her servants be his escorts than the Maykrs or himself even, still regardless of what may have been spoken during this meeting it should've been over by now, so I don't know why the Slayer hasn't returned." He explained.

"Do you think this was the first meeting dear?" Lilith asked.

"Doubtful, even though it has been near an eternity since I've been in Heaven to my knowledge there was never more than one meeting, everything that needed to be said or considered on any topic happened once and it was resolved, but the Slayer for MANY reasons complicates practically everything, I don't know if this is just the second but I am certain it's not the first." He answered.

"Is he in trouble for helping us?" Charlie asked worriedly, as she would hate if because he has helped them instead of killing them that it's caused him any problems.

"No sweetie, I promise you that we aren't to blame for this and neither is the Slayer." He answered her, before taking in a deep breath to say more, "A few days ago I would have never even humored the words that are about to leave my mouth, they would've never crossed my mind EVER, but after everything that has happened, everything we have learned, and how much he has done for all of us, I can say without hesitation that he is not to blame for this, ANY of it." He stated before going on to explain why, "Me and the other devils are responsible for Doom, because of that his life became what it is now, and as a result he came to hate anything of Hellish origin or just anything that could be described as evil, but now having worked with him and learned of his past in its entirety, I know he isn't some brain dead lunatic hungry for endless carnage, and while I'm certain my brother in his thick headed ways can also see this, the Slayer's existence in of itself threatens his belief of what the balance of creation should be, so I know that whatever has happened was nothing good, and unfortunately all we can do is wait

to find out what it is." He told them.

"Which is fucking bullshit!" Cherri exclaimed angrily, "I mean for shit's sake it's not like he wants to kill us anymore, why does your brother have such a huge long stick up his ass?" She asked.

"Because Cherri if you'll recall there are other circles, and most of them are bad enough to where the Slayer would kill every person or creature he came across, and I don't say that because I think he wouldn't show restraint, it's because while nowhere near as horrible as Doom was they are still VERY bad, and they unlike us would not humor for a second the idea of rehabilitating the sinful, or as we're also planning to do reform Hell in its entirety, and that is something Gabriel will do everything in his power to keep from happening." He answered.

"Even though they know the Slayer cannot be stopped? Are they truly so daft Luci?" Alastor questioned.

"I know it may seem hard to believe but yes, their personal prides were all wounded when we lost the war and had to make peace with our new existences, they've only grown more spiteful while their egos became more fragile, though knowing he has won over Doom they probably think they could learn from Doom's failure, figure out what they did wrong and avoid making the same mistakes, and by doing so that will allow them to win." He explained.

"Wow, you know what? I'm sorry I ever insulted you, these other devils are ACTUAL dumbasses." Loona apologized.

"Likewise." Both Blitzo and Vagatha said together.

"Thank you, and believe I have tried to speak with them since the beginning, but once they learned we were helping the Slayer and we were going ahead with the hotel, they've basically decided this circle no longer exists, we're traitors in their eyes." He revealed.

"Eh, fuck'em." Husk said with a shrug, "I mean I've barely known the guy for that long, I just know what I've seen from that film he made and what was on the news last night, and because of that I'd rather shove a broken bottle up my ass before pissing him off." He

explained.

"My, that's rather colorful." Vega suddenly spoke catching them all off guard.

"VEGA!" Everyone shouted in unison as they looked towards Katie's collar.

"Hello, I'm sorry you have not heard from me, all of you are no doubt curious as to what's been going on." He said.

"Curious? How about worried out of our fucking minds!" Angel Dust exclaimed as he threw up his hands, "You and Will just fucking disappeared into a door that we've learned led to some death dimension, and that he's being put on trial by an archangel WHO just so happens to be Lucifer's fucking brother!" He listed.

"Ah, I see, well it appears all of you are caught up to recent events, perhaps I do not need to be here then." He replied.

"Don't you fucking dare leave..." Katie warned as she pointed to the collar, "We need answers Vega, like what happened in the trial? Why isn't the Slayer back yet? And whatever else is going on." She told him sternly.

"I unfortunately am not permitted to answer those first two questions, but I can inform you about everything else." He replied.

"Why? Has something happened to him?" Charlie asked more worried than before.

"As I said miss Charlie I cannot answer those questions, the Slayer insisted I stay silent if I were to speak with all of you." He explained.

"So what we just stand here and do nothing? He's off facing against supernatural forces and we have to pretend like that's okay?" Vagatha asked.

"He has been doing it long before he met all of you, or me, or even the Maykrs and Sentinels, when he was still a mortal he stood against such powers with nothing but his anger and determination, as well as a generous stock of ammunition, my point being that

while I am understand your desire to help him he does not need it." He answered.

"It's not a matter of if he needs it Vega, we WANT to help him, he's done so much for us and now when we might finally have a chance to do something for him, and yet he won't let us, how is that fair?" Charlie asked.

Falling silent for a moment to consider her question and his response to it carefully, he could see on all of their faces they were genuinely upset about this, and so he debated whether he should keep his word to the Slayer or break it and tell them everything.

"...He's not going to be happy once he learns about this." Vega warned causing all of their faces to light up in surprise and hope.

"Does that mean what I think it does?" She asked.

"Yes miss Charlie, I will tell you all that has transpired, not just in the meeting but anything else of importance that you do not know, I will answer any questions you have and help you plan the best course of action to take afterwards." He answered which brought a smile to her face.

"THANK YOU VEGA!" She exclaimed as she ran over and hugged Katie, who just let it happen as she could tell that's what she was going to do anyways.

"So, how do we help?" Greta asked both Samur and the Khan, as she and the Exterminators all stood or sat in her garden.

Having not only the cooperation but also the full allegiance of the Exterminators, was truly the best thing that could've happened as a result of the meeting. For at this time the Sentinels while having made great strides in their preparations still had some things left to do, so with these new allies they could not only buy them the time they needed but also deceive Gabriel. This was the purpose of this gathering to discuss their possible options, though unfortunately Greta was the only one really paying attention at the moment, as the

others were in awe at both the plants that surrounded them, as well as Urdak in its entirety which they could also see.

"...I'm sorry for them." She apologized before they could respond, feeling bad at how she was the only one paying attention.

"It's quite alright, I'm glad all of you find our home and my garden so astounding." The Khan said, though sadly only Greta really heard her.

"Should I have a drone prepare some beverages for them?" Samur asked.

"Oh yes, that would be wonderful, we must be hospitable to our guests." She answered with a nod.

"You two are...shockingly calm after what happened..." Greta noted as Samur hovered away.

"We have you to thank for that." She replied with a smile, "We would be concerned of how to handle the outcome of the last meeting, but with your willingness to become our allies we have nothing to worry about." She assured.

"Really? You're ABSOLUTELY certain about that?" Great questioned.

"Indeed, the biggest issue with these recent developments was time, but when the Slayer refutes Gabriel's offer which I know for certain he will, I also know just as surely that Gabriel will request that all of you begin the assault against Lucifer's circle." She explained.

"That is true, but do you really think the Slayer's going to say no? Because the deal Gabriel offered him was INSANELY good, and we're not dealing with some devil or even one of those things from Doom, he'll deliver everything he promised and from how it sounded, the Slayer would get everything he could demand." Greta reasoned.

"I am not saying he won't take the full duration of his allowed time to think about it to do so, but I have spent many private hours with the Slayer when he was in training, as I had to know the full extent of his

determination, though this bargain is the strongest temptation he has ever faced his focus will not be lost, merely staggered." She said.

"Well, if anyone would know him that well it would definitely be you guys, still how will we be able to buy you all more time? Gabriel will want to observe us when we're meant to begin the killing." Greta pointed out.

"That he will, but we have a plan to ensure that is not an issue, all we need from you is to listen and perhaps work on your acting skills." She replied.

Confused by what she meant Greta and the others would have their attention drawn to Samur, as he had returned with two drones at his side who, despite not having arms, were carrying two platters of beverages. Excited and eager to try this never before tasted delicacy all of the Exterminators rushed over to get theirs. Except for Greta, who remained as she was focused on what was ACTUALLY important.

"You should go and fetch yours, before someone gets greedy and takes it." The Khan suggested.

"I'm fine." She replied.

"Are you sure? This may be the last time for quite a while that you along with the others will be able to relax like this, why not savor every second before it is gone?" The Khan urged.

Having it be put like that Greta found herself agreeing with the Maykr, and so with a sigh yet also a smile she relented and rose from her seat to join them.

"They seem to be enjoying it, that's good." Samur said to his Khan as he came back over to stand by her side.

"Yes, they do look happy, hopefully no more surprises will happen, this ordeal will already take long enough as it once we get started." She replied.

(A/N: Next chapter's going to be quite possibly the longest in

the story as a whole, for I plan to write all seven days in one single chapter and not waste any time by just doing one day per chapter, so until then, peace)

Seven Days, Part 1

Day 1

The last of his free hours had finally come to an end, even though this was according to the time in Lucifer's circle he knew, what could be his final week as the Slayer started now. It is for this reason that he would rise from his seat and leave his den, for even though he was still questioning which decision was the best overall, regardless of what he chose he determined the best thing he could do now was to handle any remaining business. The first matter that needed his attention were the prisoners he kept, though to be honest there were only two he would allow a chance to speak, the third he never intended to see any ounce of freedom ever again. Yet as he went deeper into his fortress where most of the cells housed in its walls were kept, he would find that those two prisoners were already summoned, both sitting against the wall opposite from their doors.

"Hm? Oh there you are!" Sir Pentious greeted with a smile, "Your AI companion said he would speak to you about releasing us! So are we going to get collars like Katie now?" He asked.

Watching as both demons approached the doors of their cells with hopeful looks on their faces, the Slayer...had absolutely no idea what they were talking about. Vega hadn't mentioned he would personally interact with them, not that it was a bad thing of course, just something he wouldn't have expected his partner to do. But even so from the look on their faces in addition to the fact that they were in cells, it was clear that whatever exchange happened between them and Vega was enough to convince him they were ready. And while it might've shocked some people that was actually all the Slayer needed to trust them, Vega had been his partner ever since he met the Maykrs, combine that history with how absurdly intelligent he was and there was no reason he shouldn't trust his judgement.

Still there was one problem, the Slayer hadn't requested that Vega should make more collars yet, so they had no way to help stabilize their souls for transit outside of these cells. Though it shouldn't take that long for them to be made as Vega was as quick as he was intelligent, so at most it would probably take him a few days to make them. Yet as he tried to contact him he was met with silence which caught him off guard, and it would happen again when he tried a second time.

"Is...something wrong?" Vox asked for both him and Sir Pentious, as the Slayer just stood there staring at them.

Huh, this was odd, the only times Vega didn't respond to him were when he was focused on running various simulations for combat purposes, or he was in conference with the Maykrs. But for some reason this didn't feel like either of those times, so he decided after raising a finger to convey to them to wait a moment, that he would go to the main terminal of his fortress and see what was going on.

"Um...what just happened?..." Vox asked his fellow prisoner, assuming that since he'd been here longer he'd know what that was.

"Don't know, usually the AI speaks for him, perhaps something's wrong?" He suggested.

Walking back up the several different sets of stairs though this time a bit quicker, he would reach the main terminal in less than a minute and begin checking to see what Vega had been keeping busy with. But to his surprise and frustration, he discovered that he not only contacted the others in Lucifer's circle, but he also went there not long after they returned to the fortress. Assuming that the only reason he'd still be focused on them was due to the fact he broke his promise, the Slayer finally got his attention via the terminal by establishing a communication link. However, for the first few seconds when the AI connected there was total silence, for much like a parent catching a child sneaking a cookie from the cookie jar so too was the Slayer standing there with his arms crossed waiting for an explanation.

"...I'm sorry." He apologized out the gate as there was no reason to try and lie to him, "I did my best to keep silent per your request,

unfortunately it is quite difficult when several pairs of eyes, all filled with concern and anger at the current situation, are staring at you demanding transparency." He explained.

Staring "angrily" at the console himself for a minute or so the Slayer couldn't keep up this charade any longer, though he was irritated Vega told them everything he was one of the few people he could never actually be angry with, not after everything they'd been through. Still this complicated things by a HUGE margin, because if there was one thing he learned better than any during his stay in Lucifer's circle, was that everyone there ESPECIALLY the Magnes were persistent. But before he could deal with that mess he needed to sort out the one he was currently focused on, illustrating that for Vega by bringing up the surveillance feed of the two cells on one of the screens.

"Ah right the prisoners, I assume you want me to construct two more collars for them to wear?" He asked earning a nod in response, "Very well, I will have them ready in-"

Suddenly he went silent, which never happened unless someone interrupted him, but after a few seconds he came back to explain.

"Forgive me, I was being requested by the others to inform them of why I had suddenly stopped speaking, which unfortunately means that they know I am talking with you right now, and all of them are demanding to see or speak with you, how do you wish to proceed?" He asked.

A part of him wanted to respond whether through Vega or by just going to the hotel, but there were still a few things he needed to do before that could happen, so he "told" him what to do.

"I see, I will inform them that you are currently preoccupied with other matters, I will do my best to keep them from pressing any further, however that will not be easy." He said as he too was well aware of their persistence, "I will also begin manufacturing the collars for you, by the time you take care of your other tasks they should be done." He told him.

Nodding again to show he understood he would then end their

connection, unintentionally forcing the AI to face a VERY not happy group of Hellspawn.

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN HE FUCKING ENDED THE CONNECTION?!" Angel Dust shouted angrily.

By this time for them it was just a little after midnight, though thanks to some beverages Alastor brought back from the kitchen everyone was still feeling right as rain. Now normally they would question ANYTHING that he did, but considering he actually knew how to cook and the beverages themselves were good, they were able to let their guards down. This is how they planned to stay up for a LONG time, Alastor assured them that they wouldn't feel the health degradation of not sleeping for possibly this entire week, so long as they drank these concoctions he made for them. Though they would still need to eat actual food and use the facilities of course, can't forsake the benefits of proper eating and hygiene just because you're not sleeping!

"Do you need me to repeat myself?" Vega asked sincerely causing him to sigh.

"No Vega it's just, why the fuck won't he let us help him?!" He asked.

"I understand your frustration, but the Slayer sees this as his problem and his alone, while he appreciates your want to help him I'm afraid he'll be rather steadfast in his refusal of it." Vega answered.

"Couldn't you just open us a portal so we could go talk to him? Then he'd have to deal with us." Vagatha suggested.

"This is true, however he is dealing with actual matters of importance and isn't just ignoring you, I believe he might get upset if we were to try something like that at this current time." He explained.

"So what else do we do then? The only way we get to do something is if we go to him or he comes to us, we pretty much have no other

options." She replied.

"...Actually..." Lucifer spoke with closed eyes to gain everyone's attention, "There...might be another way we could do something, but there's just as good of a chance that it won't work." He said.

"So what it's a gamble?" Loona asked.

"Yes, but if it works then we might be able to bring this entire situation to a peaceful end, so long as both he and I are able to have a civil conversation with each other." He answered.

"Lucifer, are you suggesting what I think?" Lilith asked causing him to nod.

"I can try and reach out to Gabriel, and if I can't do so directly I can perhaps reach out to another of our siblings to see if they'll get him to speak with me, I know he hasn't been cast in the best light because of all this and I certainly made it seem like he's an ass, which he is, but I say that mostly as his brother and not necessarily because I think he's a bad person, incredibly stubborn, set in his ways, and so certain that he knows truly what is right and wrong..." He trailed off.

"Wow, I can FEEL the love just coming off of ya, feels like bourbon or whiskey in how it burns my insides like charcoal." Husk told him.

"Look, my point is that despite being an archangel he isn't perfect, I've been able to realize my personal faults and failures because of someone making me face them." He said.

"Yeah, cause if you didn't you'd be dead." Blitzo replied.

"...POINT. IS." He repeated just wanting to get through his damn statement, "I'm sure I can appeal to Gabriel's rationality, of course I'll need some time to try and reach out to my siblings, it has been countless ages since I've even spoken a single word to them, but surely all the tension from our family feud way back then has to be gone by now, I'll also need some time to think about what I'm going to say to him exactly as he'll just have a counter point at the ready for everything, but I'm confident if I can just talk to him as a person

he'll listen." He explained.

"That does sound like a good plan, but it also sounds like it's gonna take a while for you to even give it a try, what do we do in the mean time?" Cherri asked.

"I believe I might have a suggestion for that." Alastor spoke stepping forward, "Luci, am I correct in assuming that you are going to use all the good that has come from the Slayer's presence as an argument?" He asked.

"Of course, wouldn't make any sense to leave that out, why?" Lucifer inquired.

"The whole reason our big silent friend came here was to ensure the sinful were redeemed, yet here we all are just standing around twiddling our thumbs worrying about him, a man who has killed creatures the size of entire continents by just staring at them for long enough, so I propose that our contribution to making this whole mess go away is to focus on the hotel, focus on getting things going faster than we have thus far, that way if your brother needs true undeniable proof of the good that comes from cooperating with the Slayer he'll have all he needs right here." He explained.

"Yeah that's a great idea Alastor!" Charlie exclaimed as a smile came to her face, "We could start by getting some more staff in here to show the hotel's up and running, we could show how much everyone's improved just by him being here, and we can even show him that Porn Studios is closed! Since ya know it WAS a pretty bad place, no offense Angel." She said while looking to the spider demon.

"Oh no offense taken, looking passed the fact it was Val's operation a lot of disgusting shit just went down there period, like I remember this one time-"

"Nope, we get it, we don't need a mental image." Katie told him as she put her hand over his mouth.

"Speaking of the hotel, I actually have an announcement to make regarding two new guests." Vega revealed.

"Wait really?" Katie asked while doing her best to look down at the collar, a confused yet curious expression on her and everyone else's faces.

"Sir Pentious and Vox have proved to me and the Slayer that they are ready to be allowed their chance at redemption, I am currently making two more collars for each of them to wear, once that is complete I shall deliver them to the hotel." He answered.

"Oh...my...gosh..." Charlie said slowly as once again a smile, though this one much greater than the last, spread across her face from ear to ear, "Do you know how AMAZING that is?! A well known crime lord and an Overlord staying at the hotel, this'll be huge for us!" She exclaimed just as a thought came to mind, "Unless you don't want Vox to come here Angel, you know cause of...everything..." She told him.

"Pfft nah I'm cool with ol tube fer brains staying here, don't get me wrong dude was a dick, but the worst thing he ever did to me was just being buddies with Val, all my fucking hatred for the Vs was for him and him alone, plus if he's proven himself to Vega and Will then I don't need anything else, if anyone's a good judge of who's an asshole or not it's him." He explained.

"Yeah likewise, snake boy was a pain in my ass but he was admittedly the fun kind, I really do miss giving him a hard time, will be fun to have him around again ESPECIALLY since he'll have to be SUPER DUPER nice to me." Cherri said giving her two cents on the matter, a sadistic grin present all the while.

"Great! So with them being okay that means-" Charlie was about to say, only to stop once she and everyone else saw Alastor.

Though he wasn't completely different, there was a very obvious twitch to his eye and a rather ominous aura now coming off of him.

"Um...are...you okay Alastor?..." She asked hesitantly as none of them had ever seen him like this.

"...Vega, not that I'm questioning your judgement or the Slayer's by any means, but are you ABSOLUTELY certain that this is a WISE

decision? After all even if Vox was not the worst of those three they were still a tight knit group, perhaps he's just trying to work some kind of angle?" He suggested.

"Why do you only suspect Vox of this? Why not also Sir Pentious?" Vega questioned.

"Heh, while he was certainly smart enough to build his own contraptions and inventions, the fact is that snake was a few scales short of a new skin." He replied.

"I can attest to that." Cherri agreed.

"Vox on the other hand has both the cunning and the tact required to wield it properly, there's a very good reason he was successful down here and how he became an Overlord, all the while managing to be a constant thorn in my side." He explained.

"Ah, so you have a personal grudge with him, are you sure that isn't clouding your judgment of his capacity for change?" Vega asked.

"I'll admit, in such a case like this I am possibly not a completely unbiased judge, I'll even confess to the fact that Vox is the only one capable of making me lose my composure, to the point where I'll freely spout profanities." He answered.

"YOU SWEAR?!" Husk questioned in a shout, as he would've never imagined him of all people cursing.

"ONLY when he is concerned, however even with this knowledge I do still think my opposition to this holds merit, the three Vs as a whole were some of the most feared Overlords, not only for how much they controlled or how powerful they could be but because each brought something unique to the table, Valentino though horrid was a force of nature a commanding presence that entered a room and dominated it immediately, Vox was the brains behind their entire operation and although I despise him I do still acknowledge just how smart he is, then you have Velvet who was the wild card of the three, no one not even her own companions could ever guess what she might do." He explained.

"I see, you do make a valid argument Alastor, and given you know Vox more personally than either I or the Slayer your insight is very helpful, but still Vox has shown the fastest turn around for any of the demons who have been killed by the Slayer, even though it was Valentino who threw him out the window." Vega replied.

"Even faster than me?" Katie questioned.

"Your situation was much different miss Killjoy, you were directly interacted with by the Slayer and were given your ultimatum then and there, Sir Pentious despite being denied initially was given another chance because of how much progress you have made, but Vox so far has been the only demon imprisoned from this circle, who showed true guilt and sorrow for what he had done and what he has lost immediately, so with all of this information Alastor do you still oppose him being a guest at the hotel?" Vega asked.

"Yes, but mostly for my own personal reasons, as I said I do not call your judgement or the Slayer's into question, it is just going to be a bit difficult for me to get used to him being around here." He answered.

"But no incidents will occur correct?" Vega asked.

"Not unless he instigates them." He answered.

"Excellent, then unless anyone else has any objections or issues they'd like to voice we can proceed with their residency." Vega stated.

"Oh! I have something to ask!" Nifty exclaimed while waving her hand.

"Yes miss Nifty?" He inquired.

"Did Vox say anything about Velvet? Since she didn't die." She asked.

"Why do you care about that?" Angel Dust was the first to question, as everyone had that same thought come to mind when she said it.

"Because she just looked really sad during the broadcast when he

died, she even attacked Valentino, so I just figured they were close." She explained with a shrug.

"That is true, from our interaction Vox does seem to be quite close with her, or at the very least he has a high opinion of her." Vega said.

"So he did talk about her then?" She repeated really wanting to know for some reason.

"Correct." He confirmed.

An awkward moment of silence then befell the room as no one really knew how to continue the conversation after that, as they were all too fixated on the small woman's weird interest in the two Overlords. But then again she did seem to be rather passionate when it came to things relating to love or relationships, so maybe she just thought they were meant to be or something.

"...Anyway..." Lucifer spoke up to get everything back on track, "I will go home to begin preparing for my talk with Gabriel, while at the same time try to see if any of my siblings will help me." He said.

"Do you want me to come with you dear?" Lilith asked.

"I think it would be best if you stayed here hon, even though Tom and his crew have already done their promised coverage of the hotel, I HIGHLY doubt given all of our new guests and how much of a celebrity the Slayer has become, that we won't be getting even more residents as well as a visit from a few nobles." He answered.

"True, speaking of nobles what has been keeping Stolas and his daughter?" She asked now looking towards Blitzo.

"Funny thing about that, when we went to go see him he said he couldn't meet with us, told us to come back in a few days." He answered.

"Hm, that's odd, but it sounds like he may already be doing all he can to help bring more of the nobles on board, still be sure to check on him after today will you?" She requested.

"You got it." He replied holding a thumbs up.

"Well, it seems like we've got a plan figured out for now at least, is there anything else anyone wants to say before we get started?" Lucifer asked.

"I got one, how long till this shit wears off? Cause Lucifer can get started since he just has to go home, but we can't really do anything right now cause everyone else in Hell's asleep, so how long before we can join'em?" Cherri asked while holding up her drink and looking to Alastor.

"It's not keeping you awake in the same way as caffeine or sugar, all it does is make it so your body is...frozen in time so to say, at least in regards to needing rest, however if all of you want to go to your rooms and fall asleep you can." He answered.

"Oh, then g'night yall." She said with a wave as she headed for the exit.

With this information everyone besides Lucifer decided to do the same and go back to their rooms. Yet as everyone left the dining hall no one seemed to notice that Alastor, Nifty, and Husk all stayed where they were, all choosing to wait until the others' footsteps went away before speaking again.

"Know what? I'll give it to her, girl does know how to make good potions." Husk said as he looked at his drink, "How does she do the flavor part though? Like seriously usually potions taste like ass, but this shit tasted like apple." He questioned.

"I have absolutely no idea! I wasn't lying to you when I said I couldn't brew for squat, and I have no reason to watch over her as I know she won't betray us." Alastor responded.

"Yeah that's true, honestly feel really bad for her, I know she's as fucked up as everyone else down here but what she went through was real shit, the kind that makes you an alcoholic." Husk said.

"Speaking from experience are we?" Alastor asked.

"Fuck you." He answered immediately not giving him an inch into his

past.

"Hopefully with Vox coming here soon it'll make her feel better!" Nifty exclaimed before a realization hit her, "Oh wait, they don't know she's working with us, and it'd be weird for her to just randomly show up to the hotel..." She said slightly saddened.

Noticing the swift change from joyful excitement to disappointment, Alastor with tightly shut eyes and gritted teeth gripped his cane before replying.

"...Or...we could bring her here after another day has passed...and I can think come up with an explanation..." He barely managed to get out, as every single fiber of his being hated the idea of doing anything nice for his rival.

"Wow, that looks like it would've taken a few years off your life, if that kinda shit still mattered." Husk told him.

"DO YOU REALLY MEAN IT ALASTOR?!" Nifty questioned far more excited than before.

"Yes, for while I do truly detest him I know it would help Velvet's recovery and rehabilitation if she could see him, so I'll make sure it can happen without too many questions being raised." He assured.

Letting out a squeal because this filled her with all kinds of happy feelings, even Husk in his jaded ways couldn't deny how cute she was in this moment.

"Glad to see you so happy dear, but now you and Husker best get back to your rooms before any suspicions are raised, I'll go and speak with Velvet and tell her about what's going on, as well as check up on her progress with the truth potion." He told them as he headed for the kitchen to leave out the back.

"Oh! I still need to talk to you about the potion I want her to make me!" She exclaimed as he went through the door.

"Seriously, why do you need her to make you a potion? What do you need one for?" Husk asked genuinely curious at this point.

"Can't tell, it's both a secret AND a surprise!" She answered quite giddily, before then heading to the lobby with a skip to her step.

"Aw come on Nifty enough shit around here's secret, just fucking tell me." He replied as he followed behind.

Over the course of this entire situation Gabriel hadn't run into any roadblocks, a few deceiving turns and shocking revelations but nothing that fully stumped him. Yet as he was nearing the end of the tome which held all of the information Pravuil had on Vega, he was met not with disappointment but merely confusion. While the Maykrs were certainly capable of making an artificial sentience, his history began rather spontaneously. The first sentence of the tome explained that his entire conception was a result of the Maykrs desire to aid the Slayer, and although that did make perfect sense it was how quick he was made that perplexed him.

Vega was just turned on so to say, his history didn't explain how he was made or what helped to define him as a sentience, no details on his programming or his design were present. And even when he asked for his brother to give him the tomes of the Khan and Samur, to see if he could maybe find a point in their histories when they built him, it read the exact same as his own where they basically just turned him on. So on top of everything else he was having to think about and mull over, he now was faced with the mystery of where Vega even came from, for there's no possible way that he just popped into existence.

"Have you found the knowledge you seek yet brother?" Pravuil asked from the main chamber, as his sibling had been reading those tomes for quite some time now.

"Unfortunately no..." He answered with a sigh as he finally closed it, **"Despite going over every page and detail you have written as closely as I can, I've been met only with another problem that must be solved."** He explained.

"Is there anything else I may do for you then? Any other records you wish to view?" Pravuil asked as Gabriel took his leave of the other

chamber.

"While I am appreciative of the suggestion I'm afraid it will do me no good, if there are no answers or even simple clues to be found in the Khan or Samur's records, then the likelihood I'll find anything worthwhile anywhere else is slim to none, but this is something I will have to further investigate once I deal with the current issue." He answered as he now headed for the exit.

"Gabriel." Pravuil said to keep him from leaving just yet, "Although it mustn't be said, do try and keep a level head about all of this." He advised.

"Why do you feel the need to say such a thing brother?" Gabriel questioned.

"As the watcher for all creation I have seen everything, this of course includes any such incidents or moments in time that could be described as problems, even matters on cosmic or divine scales such as this one always tend to move at a faster pace than they should, which in turn causes those who are in the midst of it to not think as clearly as they normally do. " He explained.

"What are you getting at exactly?" Gabriel pressed further.

"There is a saying common amongst most mortal races, those who do not learn from history shall repeat it, and if you have not noticed brother that is exactly what is happening here, though in place of Lucifer it is the ascended mortal." He said.

"What transpires now is in no way similar to what happened back then." Gabriel replied now turning to face his sibling.

"I am the scribe for all creation Gabriel, if anyone would be able to see how similar both events are it is me, both of these incidents started when an individual took it upon themselves to make a difference, it then escalated when they clashed against powers and others who stood firm in their ways and beliefs, and for both it ended in war with countless lives from all origins being affected severely." He told him.

"But this has not yet ended in war." Gabriel argued.

"Hasn't it? Instead of seeking some sort of middle ground with the ascended mortal you have given him a choice, you also incurred his fury when you said that you would have all of the denizens of Lucifer's circle eradicated indiscriminately, and as a final strike of the match to ignite the flames of war you said you would be willing to kill Lucifer and his family, our own brother and the niece we have never met." He countered.

Upon hearing that the archangel would fall silent though not because of realization, instead it was from guilt.

"...I...didn't mean that...I...would never..." He said softly.

"I know brother, you were lost in your emotions as the long awaited confrontation between you and the ascended mortal finally happened, which may I remind you has happened only one other time." Pravuil replied.

"Yes, but that happened not long after we came to be, I should have far greater control over myself now, and yet that man managed to illicit those same burning emotions within me as Lucifer did back then..." He explained.

"Why do you think that is?" Pravuil asked.

"Because I was made by our creator to carry out justice, to ensure that the balance of all creation was maintained, the worthy rewarded and the wicked punished, so when Lucifer came forward with his ideas and notions of how things could be improved...and so many agreed with him...it felt as though I had failed in my only purpose for existing..." He answered as he closed his eyes, **"Just like how I felt the moment he first appeared...when we all took notice of his culling of Doom's hordes...and especially when he finally brought the dark one to his end..."** He admitted with a sigh.

"It is not my place to tell you anything Gabriel, or anyone else as I am but a scribe, but my position does allow me to offer every kind of perspective, so I hope given what has transpired you do not hold

any anger towards me." Pravuil said.

"Of course I don't, but now I must rethink many things, along with doing something that has been long overdue." He replied as he turned back around and began leaving.

"Which is?" Pravuil inquired unable to keep himself from being curious.

"I am going to take some time to gather my thoughts and consider my words carefully, before finally facing the one person that I haven't in an eternity." He answered.

Day 2

"YOU HAVE A FUCKING MECH?!" Sir Pentious shouted with widened eyes and a slacked jaw, as both he and Vox stared in amazement at the technological behemoth.

The first day of the week had gone by rather quickly, with everyone everywhere all keeping busy with their own important tasks. Of course this was going off of the passage of time in Lucifer's circle, as well as the other circles of Hell and even Heaven itself. For while one realm was pure and the other was corrupt, the properties of both were shared and equal which helped to keep the management of creation running smoothly. But then you had the mortal realm, where the passage of time was reliant on a staggering amount of factors, less of course a portion of it was directly tied to one of the divine realms, such as the earth that was connected with Lucifer's circle and the Exterminators portion of Heaven.

Which is why time moved so much faster for the Slayer in his fortress, though Doom had chosen his universe and all the worlds within it to serve as their prey, and Urdak had of course been given it as well because of that fact, those aforementioned factors were what dictated how fast time went there. This is also how Sir Pentious and Vox's collars were already done and they were out of their cells,

as when Vega said it would take a few days he was referring to their time and not Lucifer's.

"After everything I've seen, endured, and have learned about you and those things, this really doesn't surprise me too much." Vox admitted casually, though of course he was still awestruck by the mech's sheer size and advanced technology.

"Who cares about that, if you had this massive piece of machinery on hand why not just show up with it? I would have NEVER fucked with you if you did!" Sir Pentious exclaimed.

Taking a moment to make sure he was actually being serious, both the Slayer and Vox gave him some time to see if he'd answer his own question. Sure enough, as he didn't receive an answer he looked back to the mech, this time due to his initial shock now gone noticing how badly damaged it was.

"...Riiiiiiight..." He said with squinted eyes.

"Is that why we're out of our cells? Do you want us to help you fix it?" Vox asked.

"Correct." Vega answered unexpectedly.

"Oh hey you're back." Sir Pentious said.

"Indeed, I apologize for my absence but seeing as how we needed to wait for your collars construction, I decided the best use of my time was to assist the others back in Hell, they're quite busy hiring staff for the hotel and further promoting the good it will do." He explained.

"Is Velvet staying there?" Vox asked, for while he had been told the Slayer didn't harm her he still didn't know what became of her afterwards.

"No, however on that topic no one can seem to find her, ever since the incident at Porn Studios she's not been seen, she's possibly in hiding." He answered.

"Damn it..." Vox cursed beneath his breath as he looked to the floor,

"She's probably scared out of her mind after what happened, I really hope she's okay..." He said.

"Do not worry, once you help the Slayer in repairing his mech he will assist you in locating her." Vega assured him.

"Really? You'd do that despite you know...everything?" He asked.

"Of course, though there is the condition that she does become a guest of the hotel like you, do you think she'll agree?" Vega responded.

"If I'm there she definitely will, in fact she'll probably want to stay in the same room with me." He admitted.

"I don't mean to interrupt." Sir Pentious spoke up gaining their attention, "But how exactly are we supposed to get this massive machine fixed in a timely manner? I mean if you've had all the time in the world to get it done and it's still broken, which isn't an insult, how can we even with our combined intellect help you at all?" He questioned.

"Simple, given that the Slayer has been dealing with greater concerns than his mech being fully operational he has not had any time to focus on its repair, thus leaving all of it to me and the drones I have constructed to assist in this task, but with him now getting personally involved along with your aid as well as mine, I estimate that by tomorrow in Hell's time it will be in a nearly complete state, at which point all three of you will be able to take your leave as I will be capable of finishing the work alone." Vega explained.

"If that's true then we should get started, if we finish fast enough we might be able to leave when it's morning or noon, would be better to get there before its night and we have to wait till the day after to look for Velvet." Vox said.

Nodding in agreement the Slayer would walk away to lead them to a nearby elevator, which would take them down to the section of the fortress where they could then access the mech.

"Do. Not. Fail Us Again." The deep voice told Sir Pentious though

in his mind, as its owner used the Lost Souls inside his own to communicate with him.

"I-I won't, just tell whatever those fucking things are not to get in my way, that smile they pulled the other day could have fucked us over if Vega saw that shit." He replied via his thoughts, as speaking aloud would truly be the worst thing he could do.

"...Ugh...I never thought I'd say this...but I wish Alastor were here right now..." Lucifer groaned as he laid his head on his desk.

Even with an entire day spent alone Lucifer had nothing to show for it, less one were to count the sea of crumpled up paper that formed a layer atop his floor. As for why the devil was actually yearning for the aid of radio demon, it stemmed from the fact that since last night he hadn't slept a single wink. So with bags under his eyes, a pen nearly broken from overuse, and a body that begged him for the sweet release of death, he remained there hoping the right words would finally come to him.

"Lucifer?" The voice of his wife would call followed by a knock at his office door, "Sweetie are you in there? And if so are you okay?" She asked.

"Your husband has died I'm afraid...all that remains in his seat is a corpse waiting to be collected..." He tiredly replied.

Hearing his office door open after that, followed by a surprised "Oh my." from his wife when she saw all the paper, he still kept his head down even as she walked over to him.

"Have you slept at all?" She asked once she reached him, having to be a little careful as to not trip over the wads.

"No...I've been doing my damnedest to try and figure out what I will say to him, so I thought the best thing I could do was write it down and read it to him to make things far less awkward, and now I am the king of paper..." He answered.

"Well, it's a good thing I brought this in here then isn't it?" She asked

as he heard her set something down on his desk in front of him.

Looking up just barely to see what it was his eyes widened the moment he did, for his beautiful, caring, considerate wife had delivered him a delicious looking meal.

"Oh my god..." He muttered as he sat upright, his stomach growling so loudly that you could actually hear it.

"Wouldn't that just be oh my creator?" She asked, only to burst out laughing at the look he gave her in return.

"I've already got enough to deal with trying to think of how this meeting with Gabriel will play out, I don't need to worry about the rest of my family, especially not my parent." He told her as he reached for the tray his meal was on and pulled it closer.

"I'm sorry dear it was just so perfect..." She replied whilst wiping a tear from her eye.

"Glad to see one of us is in good spirits..." He muttered before then digging into the food.

Watching in amazement at how quickly he was eating the meal, it donned on her that he truly mustn't have had anything to eat at all yesterday.

"Lucifer, I get that you're worried and you want to do this as well as possible, but please don't do so at the cost of your health." She said with genuine concern.

"We're only going to get one chance at this Lilith, I have to make sure I don't fuck it up horribly." He replied, though it was pretty hard to make out as his mouth was full of food.

"I understand that, but it won't help us at all if I have to drag you there myself because you're at the brink of death." She argued.

"...Actually...if I WERE to work myself to near death that would allow me to speak with Azrael more easily..." He realized.

"LUCIFER!" She shouted at him angrily.

"Well she IS the embodiment of death itself! What better way to get her to see me other than croaking? Or at least getting close." He asked.

Completely befuddled that he was actually suggesting this, Lilith to assert her authority as his wife and the queen of Hell went to his side and smacked him upside the head.

"OW!" He shouted out as she had given that slap her all, even went so far as to bring her arm behind her for maximum impact.

"We have enough to deal with Lucifer without you trying to speak to your sister by nearly KILLING YOURSELF." She told him whilst crossing her arms, "But seeing as how this is driving you to a point of absolute lunacy I will personally contact her, while you continue working on what you will say to your brother." She said.

"What? No dear that won't be necessary I swear I'll-"

Immediately going quiet when he saw the look she was giving him, the last time she looked so stern and angry was when Charlie was a little girl, as around the time she learned to speak she picked up a VERY colorful vocabulary from him.

"...So...I'll finish up my meal and get back to work, while you'll try and reach out to Azrael, that sounds good to you right?" He asked nervously.

"It sounds perfect, in fact I'll go do that right now." She decided before heading out of the room.

Wincing as she did for she slammed the door as hard as she could, knowing well this would not be the last he'd hear about it he let out a sigh.

"I swear, when am I going to get my turn to be angry with her? In all of our years together she's never once done something I can get on her case about..." He whined before returning to his meal.

(Meanwhile...)

"Why are you smiling all of a sudden?" Loona asked, as out of

nowhere Blitzo now adorned an ear to ear tooth filled grin.

"I don't know, I just got this random surge of joy, almost like something somewhere happened that I'd be happy about." He answered.

To the surprise of everyone in their group, as they were eating breakfast Stolas actually called Blitzo and asked if he could come over as soon as possible. Now they would've been concerned that something might've been wrong because of that, but seeing as how spoke as loudly as possible and seemed overjoyed, that quickly dispelled any worry they could've had. Still it was rather odd, not necessarily because Stolas wasn't the type to get excited or passionate about something, because Blitzo knew VERY WELL that he was, but they had no idea why he'd be so elated. But whatever the reason may be they were about to find out as they drew closer to his manor, already noticing from where they were that the gates were open.

"Man, he really was expecting us to just drop everything and come running huh?" Loona said as they approached.

"Yeah, even for Stolas this is a little strange, but then again he's rich and they are fucking weird..." Blitzo replied able to speak entirely from experience on that one.

Walking through the open gates and up to the two front doors, just as Blitzo raised his hand to knock on one of them they were flung wide open.

"THERE YOU ARE BLITZY!" Stolas shouted in glee before picking him up in a hug, even going so far as to do a few spins with him in his embrace.

"That is by far the happiest person I've ever seen..." Loona said with widened eyes.

"STOLAS...WHAT...THE FUCK..." Blitzo barely grunted out as the owl was squeezing the air right out of him.

"Oh Blitzy you're going to be SO happy with the progress I've made!

With Octavia's invaluable help of course!" He replied, apparently not planning to release the imp anytime soon.

"Where is she by the way?" Loona asked as she looked around, noticing how despite the abundance of his staff being present she was nowhere to be seen.

"She's currently in her room handling a few things, such as making sure our cause has a prominent online presence! I didn't even know you needed such a thing but she did! I'm so proud of her!" He exclaimed while squeezing Blitzo even more.

"Would you hurry up and start telling us what the fuck you're going on about Stolas? AND WILL YOU PLEASE STOP CRUSHING MY BONES?!" He requested.

"Aw, but I thought you liked when we cuddled? You always say my feathers are quite soft~" Stolas replied with a slight purr as he nuzzled him.

"Ooooookay, if this is gonna turn into a sex thing I'm leaving." Loona told them as she turned to walk out the still open door.

"No no no there won't be anything like that happening, at least not right now, even though this overwhelming joy and pride I feel is making it rather hard to control myself." He assured her.

"Great, we at least know something now, but can you FINALLY just spill the fucking beans please?" Blitzo requested again.

"Of course Blitzy." He replied while releasing him and setting him down onto the ground.

"Thank you, gonna have to see a chiropractor after this..." Blitzo muttered to himself.

"Now then, the reason why I am so giddy and why I called you both here, is because I have managed to convince EVERY noble in Pentagram City to not only sponsor and support the hotel, but they are also willing to get behind the whole turning Hell into a Heaven plan as well." He revealed causing their eyes to widen.

"Y-You're serious?" Blitzo asked as he grabbed onto him, then pulled him down so they could look into each other's eyes, "Don't bullshit us Stolas, because if you're telling the truth then this is FUCKING HUGE!" He exclaimed.

"Blitzy I'd never lie to you, tease you and savor you yes, but never lie." Stolas assured as he gave him a quick kiss.

"Holy shit, how...how did you manage that? Were they really that scared of the Slayer?" Loona asked.

"Scared? Oh no dear scared isn't even in the same zip code of what they were feeling." He answered.

"How terrified we talking here Stolas? Piss your pants scared or I just lost twenty pounds due to all the shit that came out of me scared?" Blitzo asked.

"You know that board game where you pull out pieces until they all fall down?" He asked in return, receiving a nod from both of them, "Well it was like that, I made but ONE call to one of them and by the time I hung and started to enter the number of the next, my phone nearly caught fire from how fast I was receiving incoming calls and text messages." He explained.

"Damn, word spreads THAT fast among the noble class?" Loona questioned.

"Indeed, the moment anything scandalous or simply juicy happens in this part of the city everyone knows about it in seconds, so when I told the first noble about my affiliation with lord Lucifer, who was directly affiliated with the Slayer, and how he asked me to convince them to also lend their resources and aid, well, I didn't need to lift a finger more." He told them.

"Stolas, I never thought I'd say this, but I actually want to kiss you." Blitzo said causing him to blush and grin.

"Oh Blitzy you flatter me! While I do appreciate the credit it truly does all go to the Slayer, it wouldn't have been nearly as easy as it was had he not killed Valentino and Vox, that pretty much showed

everyone in Hell who they would be fighting against." He said.

"Speaking of those two what about the other Overlords? Have you been contacted by them at all?" Loona asked.

"No I'm afraid not, while all of the noble class is willing to throw themselves and everything they own at us the Overlords have all gone into hiding, even businesses they own or are associated with have been closed, all except for Rosie." He answered.

"Really? How come she's the only one sticking around?" Blitzo asked.

"If I had to wager I would say it's because of the radio demon, it's no secret she and him are quite close with one another, she might feel much safer than everyone else because he's also involved in this." He suggested.

"We'll have to ask him about it later then." Loona decided.

"Yeah, but for now we should focus on how much help Stolas has been! And how much help you're going to continue being right?" Blitzo asked.

"Of course Blitzy, besides it being the highest of honors to be in direct service to lord Lucifer, I'd still be willing to help just to have you shower me with praise." He answered.

"Alright, I can't take anymore." Loona said as she turned around again.

"Wait, before you go." Stolas said to keep her from leaving, "I have one more thing I'd like to tell you, as well as ask you something too." He revealed.

"What is it?" Blitzo asked.

"First the good news, I and the other nobles shall be lending our staff to the hotel, it is a very large building after all with many things that need attending to, this is our way of helping out immediately." He answered.

"Holy fuck." Loona said for both she and Blitzo.

"Holy fuck indeed, you're going to have a tidal wave of new employees by the end of today, but with that being said that leads me to my question, which is can me and Octavia still meet him? I know you said we could but given all that has happened I assume his schedule's quite full?" He inquired.

"You don't know the half of it Stolas, but considering how much of a help you've been things will probably clear up before too long, so you have my word that once things are a bit calmer you two can meet him." Blitzo assured.

"Oh thank you Blitzy, that's going to make Octavia so happy!" He exclaimed.

"She really wants to meet him that badly?" Loona questioned.

"Yes surprisingly, after watching how quickly, efficiently, and brutally he dispatched Valentino and his goons she and her friends have been so eager to meet him, at least that's what she'd told me in her own special way." He replied.

"Huh, yet another interesting reaction to the scariest man ever." She said.

"Well like I said we need to wait for things to calm down a little before we can schedule him for any meet and greets, but when we do they'll be the first ones!" Blitzo promised as he too now turned to face the door, "But we better get back there and make sure the place hasn't burned down yet, see you later Stolas." He said with a wave.

"Goodbye Blitzy, I'll call you later!" He replied as he waved himself.

"You know, you've gotten a lot friendlier with him over these last few days." Loona noticed as they headed for the gates.

"Don't get me wrong Stolas is still clingy and mushy and just an overall freak." He replied.

"But?" She inquired expecting there to be more.

"Thing is...when we were all here and you guys were going to leave me behind...I dunno...it kinda stuck with me or something stupid like that, not trying to sound like a fucking greeting card or anything, but it just made me realize that I could lose you guys at any moment if I'm not careful, and despite the fact he can be a pain in my ass and NOT in the sexual way, it would suck if Stolas also wasn't around, and that's as much as I'm ever going to say about that!" He explained.

Only a slight bit surprised at what he said Loona felt a small smile come to her face, as it seemed like her father was actually growing as a person, if only just a little for now.

(Elsewhere...)

When people think of potion making they usually think of witches, with their big black pointed hats, broomsticks, and cauldrons filled with bubbly brew. But the truth was potion making was not too dissimilar from cooking, which is exactly why Alastor was so frustrated he didn't have a natural knack for it. The only major difference between the two crafts was magic, and while Alastor certainly did have that in surplus, it was his lack of control that kept him from being good at potion making. For the only times he ever used it was mostly for summonings, much like when brought Nifty and Husk to the hotel, and that required very little precision or finesse.

So when you try to make potions you have to have a level of focus and control much like a surgeon, otherwise you ran the risk of creating something that could explode violently at any moment. However despite these well known risks and dangers of potion making, the Overlord Rosie felt no fear of having them be made in her establishment, solely because the person making them was a true master. Velvet, one of the three Vs though perhaps just the one V now, was currently living rent free with Rosie in her place of business and residence, partly because it was at Alastor's request but also because she agreed to make her potions to sell. Though speaking of the recent events that led to her being alone, in addition to how shockingly timid and frail she had become, this caused Rosie to temporarily close her doors to customers.

Of course this didn't apply to Alastor and any of his close associates, who were sitting down with the two women within her establishment having a conversation.

"So, who wants to go first?" He asked as he looked to everyone.

"You're the one who called this meeting shouldn't you go first?" Husk questioned.

"I was just being polite, in case anyone had anything they'd like to put forward before I talked about my business." He explained.

"Unfortunately for us your business is ours too, because you just had to drag us into this mess..." Husk told him.

"Aww it's not that bad." Nifty said in Alastor's defense which seem to offend him.

"Oh come on Nifty!" Husk exclaimed as he pointed to the radio demon, "This guy has all of us working behind everyone's backs, and while I wouldn't care too much if it was just the imps, or Katie, or Angel and Cherri, we're also doing it to the king and queen of Hell itself, and you know the other guy." He said, showing enough courtesy to not mention the Slayer directly for Velvet's sake.

"Honestly I think it's quite exciting!" Rosie chimed in with a smile.

"No offense lady you're not the one standing at a check in desk surrounded by these people all day." He replied.

"True, but it's not like we're hurting anyone with what we're doing." She argued.

"Even so people typically don't like to be secretly given potions instead of normal drinks." He said before looking towards Alastor, "Speaking of, how long are we gonna be doing this shit exactly?" He asked.

"Until we get caught." The deer demon answered simply.

Feeling the last string of his sanity finally snap in two, Husk began to gently beat his head against the table.

"Should we move onto something else while Husker has his moment?" Alastor asked completely unphased by it.

"Didn't you have something important to tell us dear?" Rosie asked in return.

"Ah yes, as a matter of fact I did! Thank you for reminding me." He replied before looking to Velvet, "You in particular are going to love this." He said with a smile.

"I-I am?" She questioned.

"Apparently, and this comes DIRECTLY from the word of the man himself, both Sir Pentious and Vox have proven they deserve a chance at redemption, by tomorrow I assume or perhaps the next day they will arrive at the hotel." He revealed.

"R-Really?..." She asked with widened eyes, tears already beginning to appear.

"Yes, and as such I was thinking you too could finally become an official resident, you and Vox could even share a room together so you can catch up and have each other close by." He answered.

The moment he finished his sentence Velvet would leap out of her seat and over the table, sending both her and him to the floor with a loud crash. But before he or anyone else could say anything she would hug him and start to cry, barely able to say over and over again how thankful she was. Now normally Alastor was not the biggest fan of physical contact, and things like emotions while not scary or alien to him did tend to make things awkward, less of course they were his own. Yet he did not push her away or demand that she stop, he knew how hard this whole experience had been for her, so he felt it was about time she got to be happy again.

"My my Alastor, I don't think I've ever seen you be so calm when someone suddenly hugs you." Rosie told him cheekily as she and Nifty watched on, Husk still banging his head against the table.

"Yes well, we are all living in a very special time so very special things are bound the happen, though given what she's endured and

how much help she's been, I feel like she should be aloud one rather wet hug." He replied as he looked down at her, "With that being said..." He trailed off.

"I'm on it." Rosie said as she got up to get him a new jacket, for by the time Velvet was done that one would be soaked.

"I'll make sure to clean it for you when we go back to the hotel Alastor." Nifty told him.

"Thank you Nifty dear that would be most appreciated, though speaking about you we must discuss that request of yours once we get back." He replied as she nodded in agreement

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It had only been a day since Gabriel replaced the melted candle in his private chamber, and yet because he had been in said chamber for that entire day it was already halfway melted. Though neither one would admit it he and Lucifer had many things in common, that was actually part of the reason why they were always on each others nerves so much back then. For example, when Gabriel refuted Lucifer's suggestions on how things could be improved, that was no different from when he did the same to his daughter when she came to him with her idea for the hotel. And now, because both were stubborn mules who believed they knew everything, they were unknowingly at the same time sitting at their desks trying to figure out how to start a conversation, as well as what would be said during it.

Sadly Gabriel had no one he could go to for advice, unlike his brother who had his wife, his daughter, and probably a few others he could ask for assistance. He could try to ask one of their siblings for help, but he knew that'd just open an entirely different can of worms that would need to be dealt with. Though the ONE thing he was certain he had to avoid being brought up, was how during the meeting he had basically said he'd be fine with Lucifer and his family dying, that would definitely cause the whole interaction to implode.

"This is impossible..." He breathed in a sigh while tossing a wadded parchment to the floor, not caring where it landed as there

was already a sea of them around his feet.

Putting his face in his hands and letting out another breath, no matter how many different ways he approached this it never felt right. The first few attempts he tried to begin by apologizing, though he knew no amount of apologies could make up for the past. Then he tried approaching it with some levity, in ways like "Long time no see brother!" or "Sure has been a while.", which lasted about a minute before he realized how stupid that would be. After that he just tried writing whatever came to mind, literally any idea he could put to paper none at all were rejected, he truly was at that level of desperation.

"...Do you require assistance?..." A woman's voice would whisper in his ear, though unlike most he was not surprised by this.

"Azrael please..." He replied, knowing well given how their last interaction went she'd be keeping an eye on him.

"I don't think I've ever seen you waste parchment like this brother, then again I can't recall a time I've ever seen you apologize." She said.

"I will give you every single possession I have to my name if you PLEASE leave me be..." He offered, as this was already difficult enough without her teasing him.

"Not a chance, this is LITERALLY the first time in history the great Gabriel has finally started to show regret for his behavior, instead of justifying it by saying something like IT'S FOR THE BALANCE or I DO WHAT I DO BECAUSE THERE IS NO OTHER CHOICE!" Se replied, "Which by the way I wanted to ask you about, why now of all times are you choosing to reconsider your actions? What was the final straw to break those radiant wings of yours?" She asked.

Taking a moment to gather himself and think about his response, while he could just say it was due to Pravuil's insight there was a lot more to it than that.

"When I first started this investigation, I assumed all I might find is a radical mortal who managed to persuade a faction of

Heaven into following his heretical beliefs, but each bit of information I have come across though certainly capable of being deemed as treason, has shown me a few aspects of creation that I have been blind to." He answered.

"Such as?" She inquired.

"Initially I assumed that perhaps our creator had a hand in this, an instance in where they work in mysterious ways or whichever way you want to phrase it, but despite going over not only his history but also of his lineage, I found no signs of divine contact that would elude to the possibility this was all planned, his purity and his resolve are entirely his own, the best possible result from his upbringing and the history tied to his family specifically, I never could have imagined any mortal race of producing someone such as him, one willing to sacrifice and give all that he must to do what is needed." He explained.

"While that is fascinating Gabriel it doesn't exactly clear anything up, what about any of this has managed to open your eyes and rattle you to this degree?" She questioned.

"During the meeting, his companion Vega stated he would be willing to stand against us no matter what, for to him our methods and overall management of creation in his own words had failed." He replied simply, hoping she would be able to realize what he was saying.

And it seemed as though she did as silence suddenly came between them, for as she thought about his words the more it donned on her what this was actually about.

"...Gabriel...you know that it isn't true right? You haven't failed at your task." She told him after a few minutes.

"Haven't I sister? Though me and Lucifer are not the only reasons for the war back then we certainly did the most to ensure it would happen, then after it came to an end and Doom was now its own circle no matter what I tried it could not be stopped, so I simply left it to the Maykrs who had yet to be

assigned a circle of their own, and now after all this time after all my efforts it is not a Heavenborn who is sorting out creation's issues, but a mortal wielding nothing more than his fists and his guns, I the archangel of justice have completely failed in my purpose...and it has made me wonder if perhaps the Slayer is my replacement..." He admitted while clenching his fists out of frustration.

Left speechless by everything he was saying she had no idea he was doubting himself so severely, that he of ALL their kin would ever be capable of feeling such emotions. This is why even as he stood from his seat, extinguished his candle's flame, and began to walk out of his chamber that she couldn't say a word, not even when he spoke one last time.

"Azrael, I am going to see the Maykrs, I am tired of these thoughts and feelings swirling inside my soul like a ravenous storm, I am going to confront them and demand they share with me all they know, not because I am angry or because I want them to admit treason, but because I must know everything they do to be certain of whether or not this has all been a part of a greater plan, or perhaps I truly have lived beyond my usefulness." He told her as he left the chamber.

Mortals are capable of creating many wonderous things, whether it be architectural wonders or amazing works of art, their imaginations were always so fascinating to explore. Yet as the Exterminators walked through carefully cut stone halls, their guide being one of the infamous Sentinels they had heard so much about, they had to admit that they were possibly the most impressive mortal race in creation. At first glance their civilization and traditions may seem primitive, given their fixation on honor through combat a few other things. But as their guide answered their questions while they were being taken to their leader, they realized just how sophisticated and advanced they were in practically every respect.

And to be honest it was pretty intimidating, for although the Maykrs of course did play some hand in their history, a bulk of what they had accomplished was done on their own, along with the aid of

someone else who their guide refrained from saying too much about.

"This is where I shall take my leave." He would say as he came to a stop, two massive doors standing in front of him, "King Novik is waiting for you inside." He told them.

"Understood, and thank you for answering our questions as we followed, I'm sorry if it bothered you." Gretta replied.

"Not at all, you have earned the trust of the Maykrs and have become our allies, it only makes sense that you be given our history." He assured.

"About that, will the king tell us more about our other partner? The one you were pretty vague about." She asked.

"He will, though it would be best if you allowed him to say what he needs to before asking any questions." He answered.

Nodding to show she understood he gave them a salute to his chest before leaving. Once his footsteps were no longer heard the two doors would slowly open on their own, allowing the group entry into what they assumed was sacred ground. But even if it wasn't sacred or holy to them in some way, it still was clearly important due to how ornate and official everything looked.

"This place looks like something out of one of those mortal shows, like the one about the kingdoms or whatever." Felicia whispered to her group as they all were in the front, before they and the others began ascending a long pathway of stairs.

"I wonder what the king is like?" "He's probably the coolest of them all." "Apart from the Slayer of course." Malak, Manic, and Mark all whispered together.

"Remember guys just keep calm, even if he looks like the most badass dude in the universe do not freak out." Gretta said though loud enough to where everyone could hear her.

Reaching the top in short time they came to what was clearly a throne room, though what was strange was that the throne at the

opposite side of the room was empty.

"Is he not here yet?..." Sonia whispered confused.

Almost as if he were waiting for someone to ask that, torches that lined the room all began igniting one by one with light blue flames. Watching in amazement and wonder the Exterminators would feel chills go down their spines once it ended, for as the last two torches were ablaze in the presumed empty throne a ghostly figure appeared.

"That...was so...cool..." Elizabeth whispered with widened eyes, a reaction and sentiment that they all shared.

"Greetings Exterminators, I am pleased that we are finally meeting, even more so that it is under circumstances that do not involve violence or tension." He spoke as he rose from his seat, "I am King Novik, current active leader of the Sentinel people, though I only still have this authority as he is not here." He told them,.

"Wait...are you saying that the Slayer is also a king?" Gretta questioned.

"Correct, although we brought him here under the order of the Maykrs, treated his wounds, and began training him as one of our own, the fact is that he was an outsider, as such we assumed that whatever they saw in him would not come close to the warriors in our history, but of course he would prove us wrong." He began as he approached them, "Besides fighting against the legions of Doom and protecting us from their onslaught, as we learned of his past and saw his feats for ourselves, only a fool could deny that while he may not have been born a Sentinel, he embodied the very spirit and resolve that we strive to obtain over the course of our lives, it was an inevitability that he would become one of our rulers." He explained.

"Just when you think he can't get anymore badass..." Felicia said in disbelief.

"So, if he's your king then why isn't he here? Or rather why did he not choose to just live with all of you? I understand he has his personal crusade but it sounds like as your king he'd have a life of

luxury, anything he could ever want or dream of he'd have and he'd never need to want for anything ever again." Gretta replied.

"Very true, but even if he did not have his self given quest to purge the wicked from creation, the rage and pain that burns him can never be dispelled, even if he were to accept this deal that has been offered to him he would never find peace." He explained.

"So the Khan has already informed you of that?" She asked.

"Of course, the moment you arrived in Urdak and your matters for the time being had been settled, she sought an audience with me and our other ally to go over these new developments." He answered.

"Speaking of your ally who or what are they? I don't mean to be rude your majesty but even the Khan and Samur were hesitant to say too much about them." She said.

"I promise you it is for a very good reason, one cannot simply describe them with mere words, they must be seen in their entirety to be understood." He replied as he headed for the stairs, "Follow me and I shall take you to them, and once you lay your eyes upon them you will have no further questions." He assured.

Growing a bit concerned at just how enigmatic this person or entity was, the Exterminators would be guided yet again through the structure to another set of twin doors. Though unlike the doors that stood in the entryway to the throne room or the others they had seen on their tour, these were the only ones that made them feel uneasy. The reason why was due to their size, while the other doors were also quite large it made sense given the general architecture of their world, but these felt like they were built for a very specific purpose.

"Are they ready to meet with our new allies?" King Novik asked the guards who stood at attention.

"Yes sir." One simply answered before both then stepped to the side.

Slowly the entrance would open as the doors were drawn inward,

and as they did the Exterminators were met with a darkness that seemed endless.

"Stay close to me all of you, do not wander." He told them before heading in.

Taking that instruction very seriously they all stayed as close to him and each other as possible, to the point where there was almost no space between each of them. Flinching slightly at the sound of the doors closing, once they were shut soon all that could be heard was their footsteps. Thankfully however it would not just be King Novik's ethereal body that provided some light to the darkness, much like before as they ventured deeper torches began lighting themselves. Yet these ones burned with blue and red flames together, casting a purple light that for some reason felt strange to them, almost as if it were otherworldly.

But soon they would understand why that was, as well as why the Maykrs and the Sentinels were so secretive about this final ally, for when they reached a chamber which had been illuminated by the flames, surrounding them completely were three massive creatures that they had never seen before.

"Holy fucking shit..." Gretta muttered in a mixture of shock and slight horror, voicing her and everyone else's shared thought.

"These are our gods who we have pledged our loyalty and service to forever, they are known as the Wraiths." King Novik informed them.

"Greetings Exterminators, we have much to discuss." They spoke in perfect unison.

"W-What are you?..." Gretta barely managed to stutter out.

"All shall be made clear in due time, which is why it would be best for you to get comfortable, this will be long." They responded before proceeding to enlighten them.

Day 3

"Beginning stress tests...systems operating with no error...battle systems calibrated...argent distribution network functioning...no hardware issues detected...neural link and interface performing optimally...running all tests again with new parameters and specifications...all have come back positive...I will continue to run tests and make adjustments when needed over the week, but it appears that your mech is finally back to its original state." Vega informed the Slayer and his two assistants.

Letting out a cheer that they were finally done Vox and Sir Pentious gave each other a high five in celebration, while the Slayer just nodded to show his approval. Though it had been several days since they started their work and it was tiring even with the lack of bodies, both demon geniuses had to admit that this was the greatest experience of their lives. Never had they seen such advanced technology that appeared so simple in design but was incredibly complex, nor had they ever imagined the programs and systems Vega had given them to work with would have ever exist. These two learned more in just a few days in the Slayer's company than a million years in Hell, though they of course swore that if they were to ever use this new knowledge for themselves it would not be for weapons.

Because ya know, the moment they tried to even make a pistol or even a fancy shiv he'd immediately hunt them down and bring them right back here.

"I never thought I'd actually be able to work on a real mech, I mean sure I built myself an airship and everything, but it is nowhere close to be as streamlined in design as this thing is." Sir Pentious said.

"Indeed, think of all the things I can make for my company now, how advanced Hell will be because of this, all of which will be non harmful, completely user friendly, and reasonably priced." Vox replied directing his statement towards the Slayer.

"So long as it isn't used for the production of any form of weaponry, or vehicles that could cause significant levels of damage to the city, the Slayer will be perfectly fine with anything you may create." Vega assured them.

"That's good, but now that we're done that does mean we are going home right? Or is there some other jaw dropping piece of technology you'd like us to work on?" Sir Pentious asked.

"No, the Slayer shall go make the preparations to return to Lucifer's circle, while he does you are allowed to explore his fortress." Vega answered.

"Wait really?" Vox questioned as he found that hard to believe.

"Not once over the entire duration of the mech's repairs did either of you do or say anything that would've made him suspicious, you have proven you can at the very least be trusted, however there are certain rooms that you will not have access to as they are personal to him," He explained.

"Still, that's...really nice of you, to let us have one last look around this place, thanks." Sir Pentious said.

Once again nodding in response the Slayer would leave them alone to go configure the portal, as well as prepare for the reception they would get when they arrived.

"So, where should we go first?" Sir Pentious asked his fellow tech savvy demon with a clap of his hands.

"I'm probably just going to stay here until the portal's ready." Vox answered.

"What? Why? We have most of this fortress to explore! Why stay here and just look at the mech that has been our entire lives for days?" He questioned.

"I need to think about what I'm going to say to Velvet when I see her, not everyday you die twice and still get to hang around." Vox explained.

Wanting to question him more because he found his reasoning ridiculous, a strong burning sensation from within him urged the snake demon to leave it at that.

"...Right, of course, friends and all that, I'll let you think then." He

replied before slithering away.

"This is your best chance, do it now or there will be consequences." The voice told him.

"Yes I know, but we still have to be careful as Vega is monitoring everything, we mess with the wrong thing and then we're both fucked." Sir Pentious whispered back.

Leaving the bridge that they had been using to get a good view of the mech, he would go up the nearby stairs and arrive at his destination immediately. For right next to the stairs was a beast of a machine, and while for the longest time neither he or Vox could determine its purpose, after countless times of trying to get an answer from Vega he had a pretty damn good guess.

"This has to be connected to the soul harvester..." He thought as he approached its backside, *"He and the Slayer have been upfront about everything else in this fortress except for this machine, meaning it has to be of great importance to warrant such secrecy."* He reasoned.

Taking one quick look around himself to make sure that neither Vox or the Slayer were nearby, he placed one hand on the rotating Sentinel battery used to power the apparatus.

"Alright, this is where you two do your part." He whispered.

Watching as the Lost Souls though in their most basic form as energy transferred from his hand to the battery, for only a few seconds would they still be visible before disappearing into the machine completely.

"Finally...I'm free..." He breathed with a sigh of relief.

Sadly this would immediately prove to be false, for the moment he said that an intense but brief surge of pain coursed through him.

"Do you think us so naïve to send BOTH of them into the apparatus?" The voice questioned as he hunched over.

"B-But our deal..." He tried to reply only to cover his mouth to keep

from screaming, as another horrid surge was sent through him.

"That we did, but you are worth less than an imp of our kind, so easy to control, why would we waste such a useful pawn?" It asked him.

Feeling that same fear he had when he was summoned back to the cell nearly a week ago, tears came to Sir Pentious eyes as it donned on him the true nature of his situation.

"P-Please..." He whimpered out so tired of the pain.

"Hurry now, the Slayer's preparations will not take long, if he catches you here he will put you back with us, and you wouldn't want that would you?" It asked.

Feeling his eyes widen at that notion, though he still was terrified and had no idea what he was going to do, Sir Pentious composed himself and took his leave of that area.

"Good pawn." The voice praised him as he headed for the hub.

Staying silent as there was no point in saying anything else, once he arrived he waited patiently for the Slayer to be done.

"I'm surprised that you are here Sir Pentious." Vega spoke to him from the Slayer's suit as he entered, "I assumed Vox would be the first to finish his exploration of the fortress." He admitted.

"I just...am suddenly really homesick...so I want to go back as soon as we can..." He replied though in a quiet way.

Noticing how different he was from just a few moments ago, before the AI could ask him if something was wrong Vox would appear and take over the conversation.

"Are we ready to leave yet? I've got a sudden burst of courage to face Velvet after figuring out my greeting, and I want to head out before it disappears and I become a nervous mess!" He exclaimed.

"You have remarkable timing, the transporter is now ready." Vega responded as the gateway finished forming.

"We shall see each other again." The voice spoke one last time, bidding farewell to its tool for the time being as they all stepped through the portal it created.

A Few Minutes Prior...

"FINALLY! I'VE GOT IT!" Lucifer shouted triumphantly as he stood from his seat.

Only taking breaks to shower, use the restroom, or to have a meal with his wife to try and get on her good side again, Lucifer spent the entire day continuing to mull over what he would say. As for Lilith's assistance which was to try and contact his sister, to his dismay it turned out that the two hit it off instantly. Much like her husband Lilith spent the entire day talking with Azrael, only taking breaks for the same reasons he did. And while this certainly was a good thing as it meant one of his siblings liked or in this case loved his wife, it was also horrible because he KNEW they spent a lot of that time talking about him.

But of course his wife didn't share any details regarding that, in fact she barely said much to him outside of their shared goal, as she was still pretty upset at what he had suggested yesterday. Yet that along with his wife sharing who knows what with his sister wasn't enough to keep him down, for as he looked at the two and a half pages he held in his hands, he only felt the sweet and succulent taste of victory fill his being.

"Now all that's needed is to speak with Gabriel, hopefully they haven't forgotten that with all their gossip about me." He said as he headed for the door.

Quickly though not forcefully opening and closing his door, the devil didn't want to waste a single moment even though they still had four days until the Slayer's deadline. Unfortunately as he approached the throne room, which was where Lilith had decided to try and contact Azrael, he could hear both women laughing quite vigorously.

"Fuck." He thought simply with a sigh.

Reaching the doors that led into the room he would just as before open and close them swiftly as he entered, which did not go unnoticed by his wife and her visitor. Though visitor was a bit of a strong word, for although Azrael could manifest in other places outside of her domain, that was not needed for this and so they were communicating via a portal.

"Oh Lucifer, have you finished preparing what you're going to say?" She asked him as he approached.

"Yes! I have written exactly what I want to say to him! And while it's no Shakespearean masterpiece or orchestral suite composed by Bach, I do still believe that it is some of my personal best work ever." He answered.

"Good to see you haven't lost that your sense of dramatics Luci." Azrael's voice commented from the rift, causing both of them to laugh once more.

"...Yes...that is...good..." He replied with a forced smile as he hated this, "Anyway, we should probably get things moving along now to stop another war from happening, a war that would already have a clear victory, because the is rage in its purest form." He suggested.

"Oh what's the rush dear? I haven't even shown your sister any of our photo albums, as we've been far too busy talking about...other things." Lilith replied.

"Again, a war that would span countless ages, a lot of bloodshed, and one very angry man stomping his way across Heaven." He repeated.

"Well...about that Luci..." Azrael spoke only this time her tone was far more serious, which caused him to sigh.

"Let me guess, Gabriel denied the meeting with me?" He assumed.

"Actually...it's the exact opposite dear." Lilith replied instead of his sister, which caught him by surprise, "You see, when I tried to contact her yesterday at first there was no response, so I waited a bit to give it another try and this time she answered, that's when she

explained why she couldn't the first time, it was because she was in the middle of talking with him." She explained.

"Okay, and what came of the conversation?" He asked.

"Well, there's good news and bad news, the good news is that he actually was working on what he would say to you, as it turns out your brother Pravuil made him realize a few things, so he decided too that perhaps he was being a bit rash about all this, unfortunately that's where the bad news comes into play, he shared the reasons behind his behavior with your sister, and he told her that the reason for all of this is because he feels as though he's failed, and that he is no longer capable of serving his position." She answered.

Taking a few seconds to process this information, both women were surprised that when he responded it wasn't with disbelief, but rather a smile and a laugh of his own.

"Alright, I'll admit, you nearly had me there." He said as his laughter came down to a chuckle, "For a second I thought you were being serious, but there's no way Gabriel would ever have any self doubts, I know we haven't seen or spoken to each other in so long, but if there's one safe bet I'm always willing to make it's that he is as certain of his judgement as I am that I like apples, but again that was a good way to get back at me for what I said yesterday well played." He praised them.

However they didn't respond to him, instead they kept silent as Lilith held a straight face, with a saddened expression to accompany it.

"...This...isn't a joke?..." He asked as it finally hit him.

"I wish it were Lucifer." Azrael spoke again only this time using his full name, which added more credibility to this being legitimate.

"But...this is Gabriel we're talking about, the whole reason me and him fought with each other so much is because of how stubborn he is! He never once claimed to be wrong even when he most certainly was! There's...there's just no way that he...of all people..." He slowly trailed off as he tried to argue, as this really was one of the most shocking things he'd ever heard.

"It does make sense though Lucifer, at least when you think about how these feelings could've happened, or rather who could've caused them." Lilith said.

"Look, I know the Slayer's scary and all, and yeah sure he's pretty much at the top of the boy scout pyramid, but Gabriel is the peacekeeper, the manager of creation, the upholder of the balance and whatever other titles he's given himself by now! How could his own brother not cause such doubts to occur but the Slayer has?" He questioned.

"It is because of that fact Lucifer, ignoring how young you both were way back when compared to how mature you both are now, the fact is you are of divine origin, you are not a mortal who has managed to become a god like the Slayer, that is the core of Gabriel's issue, the fact that it wasn't a holy or unholy being to incite this much change, but a mere mortal man who has acquired power over the course of his crusade, he wasn't made to serve any purpose he chose this path for himself, and if he could do it then what is keeping another random mortal soul from doing the exact same? " She explained.

"What about God? Surely our creator our PARENT has reached out to him right? To assure him that his doubts are unfounded and he does serve a purpose?" He asked.

"They're not responding." She answered worsening his shock, *"As you know our parent's sanctum is guarded by their personal Seraphim, any contact even from us must first be approved by them before it is allowed, but the Seraphim have stated that our creator isn't available at this time, that they wish to be alone and that we sort out our issues."* She answered.

"That...makes no sense...they've never not responded to us...not unless..." He began to say only to stop as a realization hit him, "AZRAEL! I NEED TO SPEAK TO GABRIEL RIGHT NOW!" He shouted.

"Lucifer?" Lilith asked in surprise as that was unexpected.

"PLEASE AZRAEL! I MUST SEE GABRIEL THIS INSTANT! TAKE ME TO HIM!" He insisted.

"Lucifer what has gotten into you?" She questioned just as taken aback as his wife was.

"The only time that God has refused to respond to any of their children is when we have hurt them severely, when we have done something that made them feel betrayed, that is EXACTLY what happened to me when I struck Gabriel and started the war! And it continued after I was cast from Heaven and Hell was created!" He explained.

"You...you don't think that Gabriel is...being cast out do you?..." She asked him sincerely, as that thought hadn't occurred to her.

"I don't know, but that is why I need you to send me to him right now! I need to make sure he doesn't say or do anything else! Please Azrael!" He insisted.

Choosing to not say more as he might actually be onto something, she made her rift bigger to allow him passage into her domain.

"I love you dear." He said quickly as he gave his wife a kiss, "I promise I won't take too long, and I'm sorry for yesterday!" He added before stepping inside.

Watching as the rift immediately closed once he was in, Lilith sat there still reeling from what her husband had proposed.

"...No...there's just no way..." She said to herself as she looked down at her lap, "There hasn't been a fallen since then...it just...it would make no sense..." She continued to say in disbelief.

(Meanwhile)

"Got any fives?" Angel Dust asked as he looked at his cards.

"Nope, go fish." Katie answered.

"I thought we were playing poker?" Cherri questioned.

"Honestly I'm just saying whatever card game shit comes to mind cause I'm so bored." He admitted as he put down his cards, "Speaking of which, blackjack." He told them.

With the influx of new staff members that showed up yesterday as a gift from the nobles of Hell, the Happy Hotel FINALLY looked and functioned like a proper establishment. There were plenty of maids and other cleaning staff to make sure everything was tidy, the kitchen was now up and running all day with chefs and servers, and the lobby had plenty of people to interact with the guests and help them with whatever they needed. This still however barely scratched the surface of the help given by the rich and powerful, the pools, salon, rec room, spa, and every other freaking amenity this place had to offer was also fully manned and running now. Yet despite all of this these three were bored out of their fucking minds, but it wasn't just because the Slayer hadn't been there for a while, it's not like they were leeches and he was their blood bank.

The reason why they lacked their usual energy and personality is because they now had to be mindful of how they acted, the hotel was at full force so they couldn't do everything they did before. This meant no raiding the kitchen for its best booze less they were Husk, no talking openly about how they wanted to bang the Slayer though that was more of Cherri and Angel's thing, and of course they were not allowed to be rude or aggressive towards anyone even if they SO had it coming. The price for doing the right thing was the freedom of a big ass building with no one around, a space where they could just be reasonably dickish if they so felt like it.

This didn't mean that they regretted doing their own parts to ensure this outcome of course, they were happy that Charlie's dream was coming true and some real good was finally happening, but they were still bored out of their skulls.

"We could go to a bar somewhere and have a good time there?" Cherri suggested.

"We could, but would we be able to keep ourselves from getting shit faced?" Katie asked.

"Nope." They both answered immediately.

"Exactly, and given that we're not out of the woods just yet we need to be sober, but once this whole mess gets sorted I personally will buy the first round of the heavy shit, in fact I'll even ask Husk if he

can get us some more of whatever it was he served me." She offered.

"Damn that sounds great, but shit, why does Heaven have to be such a dick?" Cherri questioned as she leaned back in her seat.

"I think it's just the one dude who's a dick, least it seemed that way from how Lucifer was describing him." Angel Dust replied.

"Do you guys think he'll actually be able to talk to him? Or do you think they'll cause another big bang?" Katie asked.

"Hopefully he will, also is the big bang actually how the universe was formed? Like did God just snap their fingers and that was it?" Cherri questioned.

"You know that's a good question, in fact that should be the first thing we ask Will when he gets back, if anyone would know it'd definitely be him." Angel Dust said.

"Actually, the Slayer does not know the origins of creation, at least not yet." Vega suddenly spoke from Katie's collar.

"There you are Vega! Finally!" Cherrie exclaimed with a sigh of relief, "You barely said a word yesterday man, we thought some shit had gone down!" She told him.

"My apologies, I was assisting in the repair of the Slayer's mech alongside Sir Pentious and Vox." He replied.

"...Did you say mech?" All three of them asked.

"The repairs were able to be completed within a timely manner, hence why I have contacted you, for in just a few moments they all will enter the lobby via the Slayer's portal." He explained.

"Seriously, the Slayer has a mech?" They continued to speak together, not wanting to let that bit of info be ignored.

Sadly this would have to be continued on a different day, as to his word just a few seconds went by before a familiar portal appeared in the lobby. They along with everyone else who was present would

keep silent as the Slayer stepped through, though only the trio weren't shocked when they also saw Vox and Sir Pentious appear. The silence would continue after this however even when the portal closed, neither the people nor the former Overlord and gang leader saying anything.

"It appears that the hotel received a surplus of new staff since yesterday." Vega would speak, but only to the Slayer through the inside of his helmet.

Thankfully the silence would come to an end as someone new stepped into the lobby, having done so because she noticed the sudden lack of noise.

"Is everything alright out here?" Charlie asked as she stepped out of the dining room, having been in there just to make sure breakfast ran smoothly.

Looking around the lobby to see what had caused everything to come to a stop, she unintentionally would let out a high pitched squeal once she saw what it was.

"WILL!" She exclaimed with glee before running over and hugging him, "EVERYONE! WILL'S BACK!" She shouted out.

In response to this a sudden abundance of hastily moving footsteps would be heard, followed by the sight of Vagatha, Millie, and Moxxie appearing from the dining hall, while Blitzo and Loona who had been relaxing in their rooms came from the ground floor hallway. And even though they didn't approach him as fast or as excitedly as Charlie did, once they saw for themselves that he had in fact returned they did hurry over, all giving their own response to his arrival.

"Bout time you showed up big guy." Vagatha said with a smile and crossed arms as she walked over.

"We've been worried sick about you ya know!" Millie exclaimed as she and Moxxie hurried over.

"What's Heaven like? Is it really a silver city on clouds?" Moxxie

asked unable to hid his curiosity.

"Is Gabriel as big of a tool as Lucifer made him out to be?" Blitzo asked as he and Loona came over at the same pace as Vagatha.

"If he is, did you punch him in the face?" The Hellhound added to his question.

Doing what he did best the Slayer just stood there and let them all say or ask whatever they wanted, all the while Charlie continued to hug him.

"Wait a second..." Vagatha would say after about a minute passed, before she then looked to the trio who were still seated nearby, "Why aren't you three getting in on this? In fact why didn't you say something before Charlie?" She asked.

"He has a mech." Angel Dust answered for them.

"You have a mech?" They asked all together like the trio did, as it shocked them just as much.

"Don't know why you're asking him when he's not gonna say anything." Vox spoke up, doing so before Sir Pentious could.

Upon hearing his voice everyone now finally noticed the other two, who had been standing there not saying a word because it would've been weird.

"Oh right, you guys were gonna come back with him." Millie remembered.

"YO egg boy!" Cherri exclaimed to get his attention, "Been a while right? In fact I'm pretty sure the last time we saw each other there was actually TWO of you." She joked with a grin.

To her surprise though he didn't immediately respond with some terrible comeback, in fact he actually looked...kinda upset.

"Dude, what's with the long face? What you ashamed to be wearing a collar or something?" She asked now being serious.

"Watch it." Katie warned her.

"I wasn't saying there was shame in wearing one just asking if HE was ashamed by it! You rock it girl." Cherri replied.

"Uh huh." Katie sounded in response.

"I'm just tired." Sir Pentious said while looking off to the side, "After all we have done nothing for the last couple of days but repair his mech." He explained.

"True, while an engaging experience it was quite taxing, even without corporeal forms." Vox agreed.

"Alright, I've had enough, how much other cool shit are you keeping secret?" Angel Dust asked the Slayer with an accusatory point of his finger, "Because I've still yet to see this fortress and now we learn you've got a fucking mech?! What next you got a nuke launcher or some shit?" He questioned.

"We can talk about that later Angel, what we SHOULD talk about is how you've been ignoring us!" Charlie exclaimed as she finally ended her hug, only to reveal she had an angry expression on her face, "We learn from him and Katie that you were taken by creatures who sound like grim reapers! Then when dad explained it we learn about everything else you've been dealing with and didn't tell us!" She scolded.

"He didn't want to burden you with his problems miss Charlie, especially not when this is something that he can handle." Vega replied.

"That's not a good excuse!" She exclaimed while crossing her arms, "You've done more for us than we could've ever asked for! Plus there's all the other stuff like saving my life at the studio, killing Valentino for Angel Dust, giving Katie, Vox, and Sir Pentious a chance to be better people, and a bunch of other stuff!" She argued.

"Even so, the choice the Slayer is faced with is one he must consider carefully, as either decision he makes will have irreversible repercussions." He said.

"You never did tell us about that." Vagatha pointed out, "I mean you told us he was meeting with Gabriel, and you did tell us that he would have to make a choice, but you didn't go into detail as to what that choice was." She clarified.

"At the time he requested that I refrain from sharing too much, so it is still his decision of whether or not I share that with you." He replied.

"Please Will we just want to help you, I know you want to handle this on your own but we are here to do whatever we can! There's no reason you have to be alone." Charlie told him.

Waiting in expectant silence at what he would do, the Slayer would ball his hands into tightly clenched fists as he debated if it would be wise to tell them. Sadly though whether or not he would have agreed didn't matter, for everyone's attention would be drawn to the front of the hotel as its doors were flung open.

"HEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEELLO EVERYONE!" Alastor greeted loudly in his typical showboat fashion, "I'm so sorry to have not been around yesterday! As are Husker and Nifty, BUT it is because we've got a special surprise for all of you!" He exclaimed before turning around to look at something.

"Alastor this isn't the best time for-" Charlie began to say, only to stop mid sentence once they saw what his surprise was.

Approaching the entryway slowly would be the one V who hadn't been killed, but as she came to a stop and everyone got a good look at her, they noticed how different she was. She kept her head down and looked insanely nervous, she fidgeted in place and acted like she was about to burst into tears because of it. So despite the fact they knew it was Velvet, there was no way it wasn't, everything about her just seemed like someone doing a VERY good cosplay as her, and was frightened by the reception. But it wouldn't be Charlie who would speak to her first, nor Vega or any of the others, it was Vox who would approach her and be the one to greet her.

"Velvet?" He questioned stopping just a foot or so away, "Is that...really you?" He asked.

Upon hearing his voice the doll demon immediately looked up from the ground, where her eyes would remain locked onto him for a solid minute.

"V-Vox..." She said in disbelief, even though she knew he'd be here because Alastor said so the prior day, it was still hard for her to accept that her best friend was back.

"Are you okay Velvet? I heard about what Val did to you after he threw me out the window and I WHOA!" He exclaimed as he was tackled to the ground.

Crying as loud and as hard as a newborn would Velvet clung to him just as tightly, completely at the mercy of the overwhelming joy that filled her from head to toe.

"I THOUGHT I'D NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN!" She shouted as she buried her head into his chest, "I'M SORRY! I SHOULD'VE STOPPED HIM! I WAS JUST SO SCARED AND I WASN'T THINKING! I'M SO SO SORRY!" She apologized.

Shocked to his core by how she was acting as this was a side of her he didn't even know could exist, Vox did the only thing he could do to comfort her by returning the hug.

"Hey, don't say that shit okay? You couldn't have stopped him or saved me no matter what you might've tried, if anything you could've gone out the window with me and I'm glad you didn't, I'm honestly just relieved you weren't killed or severely hurt." He told her.

Unable to respond due to how hard she was crying and wailing, Vox closed his eyes and began patting her back letting her get as much of it out as she needed.

"...You're welcome." A static laced voice whispered in his ear startling him, but once he realized who it belonged to he felt a smile come to his face.

"Thanks, I owe you one." He whispered so no one else would hear.

"This...this is so sweet..." Charlie said as she began tearing up, unable to keep herself from being swept up in the moment herself.

"You gonna need some tissues hon?" Vagatha asked with a smile.

'N-No...I'm...yes." She replied as she could feel the waterworks building up.

"I suppose you'll have to wait until later to tell them." Vega said to the Slayer, receiving a nod in response.

It's funny just how quickly the tide can turn in anything, whether it be war or something far less serious like a board game, the entire perception of how things will play out can change in an instant. But if there was one thing that the Khan Maykr and Samur assumed was certain, one thing they believed wouldn't change or be affected in any major way, was Gabriel's feelings and stance regarding everything they had done. Yet here they were, ever since yesterday when the archangel first arrived in their domain they have done nothing but talk with him. Though unlike all the other times they actually felt they could be fully transparent with him, whether it was due to his reason for coming to speak to him or just how conflicted he clearly was at the moment, this was not the same Gabriel who they had been dealing with up to this point.

Unfortunately for the archangel however the answers he was looking for didn't seem to exist, even with his word being given to them that there would be no punishment for being completely truthful, everything they said only worsened his distress.

"I'm afraid that is all we can share with you great angel." The Khan told him with a sympathetic expression, "We have shared with you our full history, and we give you our word that our actions as well as the Slayer's have not been under the order of our creator." She promised.

"And Vega...you too know nothing about him?..." He questioned just to be absolutely certain.

"Correct, when the first of our kind came to be the basis for his design was bestowed to us by the creator's Seraphim, we simply refined it and developed it into Vega when we began to aid the

Slayer, we have tried to reach out to the creator since then but much like you we were denied, and we have nothing but theories as to why this may be." She replied.

"Every answer I have found only leads to more questions...every riddle solved creates another...but the one constant in all of it is me...that is why I believe the reason for our creator's silence...their refusal to see I or my siblings is because there shall soon be an exile...and it will be mine..." He said with closed eyes.

"Surely that isn't the case, there hasn't been an exile since the war, and while we have butted heads great angel nothing you have done has even come close to warranting such punishment." Samur replied.

"Though I have yet to carry out any action and have only used my words or thoughts, given how distraught our creator was when the war began, how their creations used their free will to be at each other's throats, it makes sense to me that they would act far sooner than they did previously to prevent another war, as Pravuil said to me those who do not learn from history shall repeat it, and all I have found and have been met with since the Slayer first appeared, leads me to the conclusion that I have been nothing but a fool..." He told them.

"So it is true." A new voice suddenly spoke from behind him.

Feeling his eyes widen for he knew who that voice belonged to, Gabriel and the Maykrs looked passed him to find a portal made by Azrael, and standing in front of it was Lucifer.

"Lucifer?!" Gabriel questioned as he turned to face him, **"Why are you here? Why has Azrael allowed you to be here?"** He asked.

"Because I was informed of what has been going on through our shared acquaintance, but where as he has become my ally it seems he is your enemy, hence why I had my wife reach out to our sister to see if she could bring us together, in the hope that I might be able to diffuse this situation peacefully." Lucifer explained before looking to the Maykrs, "Forgive me, I've only met with one of you once and I

know this is your domain, but could you perhaps leave us alone so we may speak as a family?" He requested.

"Of course, it is also a pleasure to finally meet you lord Lucifer, I thank you for being so hospitable to our champion." The Khan replied with a bow of her head, before she and Samur took their leave.

Smiling at how polite she seemed Lucifer returned his focus to his sibling, who stood there staring at him and the still open portal.

"Gabriel..." He began as he came closer to him, "I know that this is the first time we have spoken or even seen each other since this all started, but still I can't believe what is happening." He admitted.

"What exactly are you referring to? My existential crisis or the silence of our creator?" He asked.

"Both." Lucifer answered as he held up the papers in his hand, "I thought I'd come up with exactly what I wanted to say to you, but after learning about this...I don't think it would be fitting now." He said.

"...You...actually prepared for this?" He questioned.

"Of course I did and I know you probably did too, I mean for fuck's sake Gabriel the last things we said to each other were insults and that we were no longer brothers, it's not like I could just show up all of a sudden and say something like hey, how's it been hanging in Heaven bro?" He replied, which managed to make his sibling chuckle.

"That was actually something I had considered...I wasted many parchments trying out different versions..." He admitted.

"Heh...even after all this time we still share a fairly similar mindset don't we?" Lucifer asked.

"That may be more accurate than you think, seeing as how our creator's Seraphim all state that they do not wish to see anyone...I may soon join you in Hell..." He replied.

"You know, if this had happened before now I probably would be enjoying it, but when the Slayer first arrived I was terrified beyond belief, I was scared to think that my wife and child were going to slaughtered and it would be MY fault, because I not only failed as an angel but as a devil and thus I would finally face the punishment." Lucifer explained as he put his hand on Gabriel's shoulder, "But he didn't just kick down the doors and start shooting, he gave me one chance to make a difference to save not only myself and my family, but everyone else in Hell along with their friends and families too, since then things have only been improving all because I was willing to acknowledge that I had made many mistakes, and considering the fact I'm standing here now instead of lying as a corpse, I think the same results can happen for you too brother." He said.

For the next several minutes they remained like this, Lucifer wanting his words to bring some form of comfort or hope to his sibling, while Gabriel fought with himself to assume that his brother knew what he was talking about.

"Let's say you're right Lucifer...say that by relenting and accepting I am at fault...that I have made more than one error in my lifetime...do you really think that by just allowing the Slayer his freedom to do as he sees fit...to no longer try and condemn him for his actions...that I may prove to our creator I have not lost sight of both myself and my position?" He asked.

"I know it's scary Gabriel, even if we ignore the Slayer entirely it is not easy to become better than we are, to realize that we were not always right or absolute about every choice we've made, the only thing that makes you and I different in this moment is that I've had all the time to realize this on my own yet didn't, you're having to deal with it all at once and that isn't fair to you, which is why I want us to finally be a family again, and like a family be there to help each other rise back up when we fall." Lucifer answered.

As he listened to his words Gabriel was left awestruck by his sibling, to think that despite their history his brother would be so mature and compassionate was amazing. So much so, that for the first time EVER in their entire lives, even when they were both angels and war did not loom on the horizon, Gabriel would pull his brother into a hug. This didn't surprise Lucifer though, for the truth was if Gabriel

hadn't done it he was going to, this tension and alienation from both of them had gone on long enough, so this was long overdue.

"...That...that is so beautiful..." Azrael spoke from the portal while sniffling, on the verge of tears despite not having a body.

"You just HAD to ruin the moment didn't you?" Lucifer asked as they ended the hug, both brothers looking to their sister.

"Oh I'M sorry I'm happy to see us being a family again! EXCUSE me for getting just as emotional as you two!" She replied.

"That is true, this is the first time we've acted like we did when we were first made, before our responsibilities were given out and our positions made clear, this lack of formality is...nice." Gabriel admitted.

"SEE! He's getting emotional too!" She argued.

"Okay okay I'm sorry." Lucifer apologized as he raised his hands, "Though, now that we've got this particular ball rolling it's only a matter of time until word spreads, soon we'll have the biggest family reunion in history." He realized.

"True, so it would be best if we sorted out our current business before that happens." Gabriel suggested.

"Does this mean that you want to go back with Lucifer then? Because if so I'm coming with you, it wouldn't be fair if you got to meet our niece before I did considering I helped make this happen." She pointed out.

"That's right, my niece..." He said as he looked to the ground, that thought not having come to him until she mentioned it.

"Oh? Are we feeling nervous again Gabriel?" She questioned.

"Oh leave him be Azrael, he's got enough to sort out and deal with, though at least now he'll have us to help him." Lucifer responded.

"That I will." He agreed causing smiles to appear on both their faces.

"Alright alright come on you two, if we keep getting mushy like this then we'll be here forever, let's get this mess sorted out first THEN we can have a group hug." She told them.

Nodding in agreement her siblings would listen to her and enter the portal together. Once they were through and it was sealed the Maykrs would come back out, having only just left their sight so they could eavesdrop.

"So, what do you make of this Samur?" The Khan inquired.

"I'll be honest with you, no amount of calculations or wild assumptions could have led me to think this was a potential outcome." He admitted.

"Likewise, here we were thinking the only way this could end was in another war, not to say I'm disappointed of course it is a good thing that no violence shall come of this, but even so all of our contingencies and preparations..." She trailed off.

"Are practically for nothing now." He finished her sentence.

"Yes, should we inform the Exterminators and the Sentinels immediately? Or should we wait until we are absolutely certain this shall come to a peaceful end?" She asked.

"We've spent so much time readying ourselves for the worst possible outcome, I do think it would be reckless of us to assume that no further shocking developments shall occur." He answered.

"Agreed, we will wait until the dust has finally settled and we all can breathe easy before making a decision." She stated.

You know that rush of excitement and joy you would feel on Christmas morning as a child, when you woke from your bed and ran to the living room to see all of the presents Santa left you? Well, that exact same feeling filled every Exterminator in this very moment, as they all stared with widened eyes and gaping maws at the Sentinel armory. For after their meeting with the Wraiths was over, and they bombarded the celestial gods with a mountain of

questions, which they were happy to answer, the Wraiths offered them complete access to the Sentinel's weapons and armors, as a show of trust and acceptance. This included the armory where the items were stored, the forge where they were made, and the training hall where Sentinel men and women all clashed fist or steel against each other in practice.

But of course the first place they went to was where all of their new "toys" were kept, they wanted to see just how mind blowingly awesome these guys could make their armaments.

"It's...it's beautiful..." Gretta said softly as a tear came to her eye.

"I'm glad to see all of you can appreciate our craftsmanship." King Novik replied still serving as their guide.

"Look at that axe!" "Holy shit is that a LASER FLAIL?!" "LOOK! They have the Slayer's shotgun model! We can get our own!" Were a few of the things that they all said as they stared towards the walls.

"Now that you are our allies you will have access to our weapons, you will also be able to train under the mentorship of our commanders, and in case you want a set of your own we can make you armor that resembles ours, or if you prefer make new versions of your current masks and preferred weapons using our resources and technology." He told them.

"S-Seriously?! That's...insanely generous of you..." Gretta replied.

"Hey, what's that over there?" One of the Exterminators asked as they pointed to the other side of the room.

Moving all of their gazes to that spot the Exterminators saw something that seemed to be a case of some kind, though it had a peculiar design to it that made them unsure.

"That is where we keep the Slayer's original armor, when we forged for him his current set he wanted it to be preserved, so we crafted a special case to house it for him." King Novik answered.

"You mean the armor he wore back on his home world right?" Gretta questioned.

"Correct, however as he continued to prove himself to us and eventually earned the right to be crowned, it has become a valued artifact for our people." He explained.

"That does make sense, after everything he's accomplished." She said.

"Could we see it though?" Another Exterminator asked.

"Normally we would not show it to outsiders, but seeing as how we shall be fighting alongside one another in the coming conflict, I suppose you have just as much of right to view as any Sentinel does." He answered.

Getting excited from his response they all followed him across the room, no longer able to look at anything else as their curiosity of what the armor looked like took priority. But once they reached the case and King Novik walked up to open it, when it was fully opened and they could take in every detail, they felt all emotion leave their bodies. For although the armor was as cool as they had hoped, and it was certainly far different than the armor he had now, they noticed just how badly it was damage. Large pieces of it were either gone completely or possessed massive gashes in the metal, the pants though looking sturdy had patches and stitch work that had been done repeatedly just to keep it together.

Then there was the final piece of the whole set, the helmet, it was the one that was by far the worse for wear, the reason why they assumed is because all the demons he fought while wearing it must've tried going for his head. It was covered in countless scrapes and scratches, the visor too was heavily scuffed and looked worn out to all hell, and there were several parts where it was obvious a breach of some kind had happened, but was welded shut and back together in a way that was barely serviceable.

"There's another reason this armor has come to be revered by us." King Novik spoke as they continued to stare, "When we saw the full power and strength of the forces he had been fighting for so long singlehandedly, without our training, our technology, or even intervention from the Maykrs, that is when we realized the power he wielded all on his own, how else may one explain with his armor in

this state could he have survived? How else was he able to continue fighting with in the moment repairs such as this? The only possible answer is that while his armor does aid him, as do his guns and blades and other armaments, even if he were stripped of all these things he would be unstoppable, and this armor is proof of that fact." He explained.

Remaining there for a few moments longer eventually they all would look away, as nothing more could gathered or noticed about the armor at that point. But as King Novik closed the case Gretta would approach him with a request.

"Your majesty, you said that we could be trained by your commanders correct?" She asked.

"That I did." He answered.

"Then considering we will be fighting alongside your people and the Slayer, I think it would be best if we spent these next few days doing just that, all we've ever had to do is kill demons which was hard at all given our weapons, but now we will actually have to hold our own and I don't think we can in our current state, plus we wouldn't want to be a burden or a liability on you." She explained.

"I understand, if that is truly what all of you want then it can be arranged, we will provide you rooms and serve you meals with the others are undergoing training, however I must warn you that we will not hold back, though you may be Heavenborn we do not give special treatment to anyone, you will be put through the same exhaustion and pain as everyone else has, are you prepared to endure that?" He asked.

Not even needing to discuss it as they all were quite certain, a unanimous nod of their heads would be the only response he needed.

"Very well, I suggest you spend the rest of today doing as you please, whether that be exploring our city, our world, or even learning more of our history and culture, for the moment the sun rises after this night there will be nothing but training, eating, and sleeping." He told them.

"Yes sir!" They all exclaimed together, while doing the salute that they had seen the Sentinels do.

Day 4, First Half

A soft mattress, freshly cleaned sheets, a couple of fluffy pillows, and a nice warm blanket were things that if combined together, resulted in a blissful slumber that could last the entire night. Sadly many people take this sort of thing for granted, as it's just a part of their everyday lives so they never need to think about it. But for the Slayer who was actually sound asleep in one of the rooms on the ground floor of the hotel, he truly appreciated just how nice this was. And while most people would assume it's because of the tragedy that is his life, and that certainly did play a part in it, the last time he slept was when he was imprisoned in a sarcophagus by the demons, so yeah this was a SIGNIFFICANT improvement.

Sadly he was still incredibly cautious, hence why when he took off his armor he put it in a nearby chair that faced his door, so Vega could alert him if someone came in. Which was actually a reasonable concern, as the entirety of the previous day had basically been spent with him having to deal with the hotel guests, who of course still revered him like he was a celebrity, though to be fair he kinda was now. Yet that's not where it ended ooooooooh no, for you see any single moment he had to himself he was approached by Blitzo, Moxxie, Millie, and Loona who had apparently worked up a sales pitch for his merchandise. We're talking cups, mugs, t-shirts, plushies, pillows both normal and body, action figures, and countless other ideas, which he had to respect for the effort and creativity that went into them.

Hopefully though since that was how he spent the entire day that this one would be different, he still expected people to approach him asking for photos or autographs, which he admittedly enjoyed doing.

"I am sorry to wake you from your slumber." Vega spoke, which due to his readiness to jump into action at any moment instantly woke

him, "But there are several people coming to see you, and I think you can guess as to who they are." He explained.

Not even needing to question that or take a second to wonder, the Slayer got out of the bed and began putting his armor on at such a fast rate, that if there were some kind of record for getting dressed he'd definitely have it.

"Hellooooooo, Will?" Blitzo called from outside of the room while knocking on the door, apparently now feeling familiar enough to use his name, not that he had problem with it, "I know you're probably dreaming of cutting demons in half with your chainsaw or ripping out their spines with your bare hands, but we have whipped up some prototypes that we'd REALLY love to show you!" He exclaimed.

Doing one quick check to make sure every piece of his suit was on properly, the Slayer then walked over to his room's door and opened it. To his surprise Blitzo had actually undersold the amount of work they had accomplished, they didn't just have like one or two prototypes of their proposed merchandise, but literally one for every single thing they had pitched. Though to be fair it was all craft store quality, in fact he was pretty sure that they stole a bunch of the hotel's stuff during the night to make this, but he still admired their persistence and enthusiasm.

"Okay, so first thing's first we've got the mugs that I'm particularly proud of that we want to show you, because nothing sells better than mugs it's a well known fact!" He said as he held them up.

Gently grabbing them so he wouldn't accidentally break each one, these mugs only served to be concrete evidence that they had just looted the hotel, due to the clearly hand painted on words and pictures. For the most part the words were just phrases like "Slay The Morning!" or "I love coffee with my demon slaying!", where as the pictures were attempts at recreating his helmet or the weapons that they had seen thus far.

"Now I know what you're thinking, looks like some preschooler hopped up on pixie sticks and glue did them right? To be fair I WAS pretty excited when I was painting them, but I PROMISE you that when we start making the official ones they'll look MUCH better." He

assured before looking to Millie and Moxxie, "Alright, your turn." He said.

"So, what do people buy just as much as novel and commemorative mugs?" She asked as they stepped forward.

"Coffee to put in them?" Vega asked.

"Well, yeah sure, but also matching t-shirts!" She exclaimed as she and her husband held up two of them.

Looking at the articles of clothing these actually had some craftsmanship to them, even if they were clearly made from sheets that had been sewn and stitched into shirts. Starting with the one Millie held up it had the phrase she suggested initially "I Survived The Slayer!", where as the one Moxxie held had "My Best Guns Are These!" with two arrows on both sides pointing to where the arms would be.

"While they are both good, the Slayer finds Moxxie's to be quite clever." Vega told them.

"R-Really?" Moxxie asked in surprise before his wife hugged him.

"I told you it was a great idea honey bun!" She exclaimed as a blush came to his face.

"Out of curiosity, did you apply both phrases and the arrows to the shirts with markers?" Vega questioned.

"Yeah, unfortunately we're nowhere near good enough to try and stitch the letters on, and even if we were there wasn't all too much material for us to use..." Moxxie replied embarrassed.

"I see, well then, what did you make miss Loona?" He asked as it was now her turn.

Not responding with words but just by showing him what she had, Loona held up a rolled up piece of paper before letting it unfurl so he could see what was on it. To both Vega and the Slayer's surprise however they saw an image that was so grotesque, so horrifying, so disturbed in every conceivable way, that there was only one word

that came to Slayer's mind as a result, **METAL.**

"Miss Loona, did you draw this yourself?" He asked.

"Yeah." She answered simply as she looked off to the side, "I just based it off of the art from some of my albums, and considering how hardcore you are when it comes to killing and shit, I dunno just seemed like it'd be pretty on brand for you, but you probably think it's too much right?" She asked.

"On the contrary, your picture is the best thing the Slayer has been shown thus far." He answered causing all of their eyes to widen.

"Wait...really?" She questioned.

"Indeed, the Slayer is an avid lover of many different genres of music, though his favorites consist of many sub genres found in Rock N' Roll and Metal, as a result in his fortress he has a collection of records and posters inspired by this kind of music, he even owns three custom made guitars that he built himself." He explained.

"Holy fuck that's awesome!" She exclaimed as the biggest smile anyone had ever seen from her appeared on her face.

Immediately realizing how unusual her reaction was, Loona quickly returned to her normal self and acted like it never happened.

"Uh, I mean, that's pretty interesting, figured you'd just like to hear the sounds of guns shooting or whatever." She said.

"He does enjoy that as well, in fact he has actually created his own genre of music that combines the sounds of combat and weapon fire with instruments, his current name for it is Melodic Mayhem." He replied.

Once again a smile would appear on her face in addition to her ears perking up, only for both to go back to normal quite quickly as she was prepared for it this time.

"Melodic Mayhem huh?...Pretty decent name..." She complimented trying to keep her cool, "You know though, if you make your own music we could use that as a form of merchandise, that is if you'd be

willing to record and sell it." She suggested.

"If you believe that people would actually be interested in the sounds of high caliber rounds being dispelled at one per second, happening in rhythm with a variety of guitar riffs and heavy drum beats, then he would be more than happy to give it a shot." He replied.

"Oh yeah, I know a SHIT ton of people who'd actually be willing to kill just to hear a sample of that." She assured as she gestured for him to follow her, "Come on, breakfast is probably being served right now, we can talk more about it while we eat." She suggested.

Nodding to show he agreed with that the Slayer followed behind her as they both headed for the dining hall, seeming to ignore the still present imps. However the trio wasn't upset by this at all, their minds were far too frazzled thanks to what they had just witnessed.

"Did...did Loona ACTUALLY get excited about something?..." They all wondered, as this truly was one of the most shocking things to ever happen in their lives, to the point it rivaled the Slayer even.

(Elsewhere...)

"Aww, she's so cute!" Azrael exclaimed as she looked at baby pictures of Charlie.

When the trio returned to Lucifer's home in his circle a series of events happened. First there was Gabriel and Lilith's introductions to each other, then Azrael appeared in her true form which Lilith actually wasn't upset by, in fact she actually thought it was incredibly unique which helped to make her more comfortable. After that the rest of the day was spent trying to figure out what could be done to help Gabriel, and although there were a number of things they decided on, the first and most important was to make peace with the slayer. But that would be done later today, for right now they had a far greater matter to attend during their breakfast, which was going through family photo albums.

"She is isn't she?" Lucifer asked with a doofy grin, as he just loved looking at how precious his daughter was when she was little.

"Hopefully she has taken more from her mother's personality than yours, I'd hate for there to be someone else as nonsensical as you." Gabriel said jokingly.

"I will have you know that she has a personality that is entirely her own, she is nothing like me!" He exclaimed proudly.

Upon hearing that aloud he would fall silent as it had sounded better in his head. To his misfortune however they would not give him a chance to back pedal or explain himself, as his siblings and even his wife burst out into laughter.

"...You know what I meant..." He told them though quietly as a hot flash of embarrassment hit him.

"Oh...we do dear..." Lilith replied through her chuckles as they calmed down, "But if there is one thing you two share it is that you act before you think." She said.

"That is true, like remember back when our creator gave you that flaming sword and warned you to be careful? The FIRST thing you did was start waving it around to be a show off, next thing you know your wings are catching fire." Azrael recalled which caused Gabriel to laugh once more.

"I remember that! He ran around screaming for someone to douse him!" He exclaimed as he chortled.

"Well, at least you're in far better spirits than you were yesterday brother." Lucifer noticed as he crossed his arms.

"That's true, in fact I can't even recall the last time you laughed like this." Azrael added.

"Well...I have all of you to thank for that, though there is still much we need to do it feels like I can finally breathe easy again." He replied.

"On that matter, do you think the Slayer will be willing to see you again? Even after what happened during the meeting?" Lilith asked.

"I do, if not solely because he was willing to listen and consider

the offer I gave him...still, I would appreciate if I could stand behind you." He requested.

"Gabriel, are you ACTUALLY scared of the Slayer?" Lucifer asked with a cheeky grin.

"Allow me to respond with a different question, are you afraid of garbage disposals Lucifer?" He asked.

"Of course not." His brother answered.

"And yet despite not being afraid of them you aren't trying to shove your hand into one now are you?" He questioned.

"...You know, that might be one of the best ways of summing up the Slayer I've ever heard in my life." Lucifer admitted.

"Thank you, but you do see my point, that while I am not afraid of him I still don't want to just walk into the building and demand I see him." He said.

"I do, but there is something else we need to talk about, and that is you Azrael." Lucifer replied.

"Me? Have I done something wrong?" She asked.

"No, but I'm afraid you can't go out looking as you do, not that there's anything wrong with your true self of course just that...well...even for Hell it is rather...scary..." He explained.

"Do you think the same Gabriel?" She asked now looking to him.

"While I personally don't think your visage is unsettling sister, the fact is my current form was made to be more approachable not just to mortals but all Heavenborn as well, and while it has no doubt been a VERY long time since he's shown his true self, I assume you agree with me Lucifer in that our true original divine forms are a bit much for most to handle." He said.

"That I do, in fact when this all started I nearly transformed before Lilith and Charlie, though given I am no longer divine it is much different than before." Lucifer replied.

"But I have never had to take on a different form, for me it is either my true self as I am now, or just an ethereal nothingness spread across my realm, I wouldn't even know where to begin." She admitted.

"If you'd like you could base it off of me, I would have any problems with that." Lilith suggested.

"I would, out of everything in this life I would never want to see it is my sister looking like my wife, you can use her as a basis but please make appropriate changes." Lucifer requested.

Deciding that this was probably her best shot at figuring out what she might look like, Azrael focused on Lilith and slowly began to transform. From resembling a serpent she turned into a humanoid shape, and per Lucifer's wishes she made sure it had her personal flair applied to it as to avoid looking like a clone of his wife. For starters she was MUCH taller than Lilith, and while that would make discretion nigh impossible, they knew she'd be firm on being that height as it was similar to her true self. She would also keep her skin the same shade of deep black that it was, with the traces of purple energy that course through her also remaining.

This brought them to the final details of her new body, long pure white hair that reached down to her lower back, accompanied by matching white pupils and irises so eyes could be seen.

"Did it work?" She asked as she kept staring at Lilith, in case she was still transforming.

"I must say sister, for your first ever transformation into a new state of being, this is very impressive." Lucifer complimented.

"Agreed, I'm proud of you Azrael." Gabriel said.

"Aw, thanks you two, there's still some details I probably need to work out, but for now this will do just fine." She replied now looking down at herself.

"On that front come with me." Lilith spoke as she got up from her seat and grabbed onto her hand.

"Is something wrong dear?" Lucifer asked as his wife began taking her away.

"Even though her upper and lower sections do not have any detail to them, I don't think it'd be wise if we let her walk out naked, so I'm going to get her some clothes." She explained.

"Oh, yes that is a good idea." He agreed as they left, leaving him and his brother alone to talk to each other and finish up their breakfast.

(Back At The Hotel..)

"...Okay, this is getting old." Angel Dust said with crossed arms, as he and the others all looked at the Slayer from the check in desk.

Though this was the calmest other people have been so far, there was still a decent sized group surrounding him as he sat in a chair in the lobby. Now if he were anyone else, literally ANYONE else in the entirety of Hell and beyond, he would've been able to show just a LITTLE bit of aggression to get them to back off. Sadly that was one luxury he probably could never have again, if he were to even step towards them a bit too hard it could give the wrong impression. So until someone figured out something he just had to deal with it, which he was actually okay with given how he has spent the majority of his life, but for his new friends and colleagues it was aggravating.

"Are we being selfish?" Charlie asked.

"What do you mean exactly hon?" Vagatha questioned.

"Think about it, Will has been through so much and now that he's not only able to relax, but he has people wanting to see him and take pictures with him we're getting jealous." She explained.

"Pfft, speak for yourself." Katie replied as she crossed her arms, "The only reason I'm miffed is because Tom still hasn't shown that damn documentary yet, I mean sure he's shown the interview, but the point is I've been wanting to talk with Will about going back to the studio and making sure it finally happens." She said.

"So you're calling him Will now too huh?" Vagatha asked.

"He said it was okay if Angel did it so I don't see why not, plus Blitzo and them were doing it all throughout breakfast." She answered before taking a look around, "Speaking of which, where are they?" She asked.

"Considering that they wouldn't stop talking to him about merchandise, I'm guessing they're back in one of their rooms thinking up more ideas." Angel Dust suggested.

"Hey." Husk spoke from the floor behind the desk, earning their attention, "If you guys are gonna keep yapping away could ya maybe do it not here? I'm trying to sleep." He told them.

"...You do realize you're meant to be working right?" Vagatha asked.

"Look, after the last few days I've been through I need a couple hours of me time, so just let me pass out in a booze induced coma for a bit and I'll be sure to man my station after." He replied before laying back down.

"Man, the difference between you and Nifty is incredible." She said which caused a new question to come to mind, "Actually, where is Nifty? Usually she hangs around you." She noticed.

"Seeing as how the hotel has guests now she's probably darting around making sure shit is spick and span." He replied.

"I also haven't seen Alastor anywhere, though he's probably avoiding everyone since he doesn't seem to sociable, at least not with groups." Charlie mentioned.

"Cherri's off messing with Sir Pentious since he's back." Angel Dust chimed in, since it seemed like they were doing a roll call.

"Vox and Velvet are probably still in their room catching up." Katie suggested joining in as well.

"In fact, the only people who are usually here but aren't is yer folks Charlie, do you think they were able to reach yer uncle?" He asked.

"Don't know, I've tried calling and texting them a few times but they haven't responded, so they must still be busy." She answered.

"ALRIGHT YOU BUNCH OF LUNATICS BACK OFF!" The voice of Blitzo suddenly shouted, followed by several exclamations of "Hey!" or "What the fuck man?!".

Looking back to the group that surrounded the Slayer they all saw the lanky imp and his crew pushing or shoving them away, though they made sure to be as gentle as possible.

"Was that necessary?" Vega would ask once all four of them stood in front of the Slayer.

"Just a moment." He would quickly say before turning back to the still remaining group, "LISTEN UP! You all have been hounding the Slayer since he got back! Not to mention a few days ago when you all first got here! Now I know all of your panties and boxer shorts are just burning red hot for him, but the man needs some space!" He exclaimed.

"Oh really? Then how come he hasn't told us that?" One of the guests questioned.

"Well...you see..." He stalled for a moment so he could whisper to the Slayer, "Look big guy, I promise this isn't just so we can pitch ya more shit, I actually have something important to talk with you about so could ya maybe help me out here?" He asked.

"The Slayer would like to apologize for the rather rude behavior of his associate here." Vega spoke addressing the group, "However he has done so because a matter of importance pertaining to the hotel has arisen, and although you may find it hard to believe he and those with him do work here, so may the Slayer have five to ten minutes alone with them so he can help them with the issue?" He requested.

Watching in amazement at how calm and cooperative everyone suddenly was when they heard that, they all gave their own responses to that before taking their leave for the time being.

"Holy shit, that actually worked." Blitzo said just before a shadow cast over him.

"Though you are not in any danger, the Slayer would like to verify that you were being honest with him, and this wasn't just a ploy to continue discussing merchandise." Vega informed him as the Slayer stood from his seat.

"Of course I was being honest! What you think I'd try bullshitting you after all this time? Do you think so low of me?" He asked with sad puppy dog eyes.

"Not at all, but you have been rather persistent in marketing his image." Vega pointed out.

"Eh, you got me there, but seeing as how we're no longer killing people for money we gotta find a new income somehow!" He replied going back to his old self, "Now, about that important business I needed to talk to you about, see the thing is in exchange for ALL this staff we've acquired, as well as a few other things I can't think of right now, I promise Stolas, you know the noble I'm in with? That he, his daughter, and her friends could all meet with you! And seeing as how you've got no issues with that kind of thing I thought it'd be okay!" He explained.

"Wait, I thought that Stolas was happy to-" Moxxie began to say, only to be sent to the floor as Blitzo swiftly hit him in the stomach with his elbow.

Watching as the poor imp writhed in pain and wheezed while his wife attended to him, the Slayer having more than two functioning brain cells could see that this was, as some of the others might put it, total bullshit. But to be fair he made a very good point that this didn't bother him at all, so even though he didn't approve of him jabbing Moxxie in his gut, he still nodded his head to show he was on board.

"Great! Glad to see we're all set! Also I may have called him before we came to see you so they're probably-" Blitzo began to say, only to be stopped as they heard the doors open and they saw Stolas coming in, "Here already!" He exclaimed while gesturing to the entrance.

"So that is what Stolas looks like." Vega noted, as right after him

another owl demon who they assumed to be his daughter came in, accompanied by an assortment of other demon teenagers.

"Blitzy!" He called out once he saw the imp, only to switch his focus to who stood next to him, "Oh my." He said.

"Whoa..." His presumed daughter and her friends all said at once.

"Hey Stolas! Come on over!" Blitzo invited with a gesture.

Accepting the invitation this new group though excited still approached slowly, as this was the first time any of them had seen the Slayer in person.

"Man...he is really is just as awesome as he was on TV..." One of the teenagers said which earned a nod from the rest.

"That is kind of you to say." Vega spoke.

"You're Vega right?" Another one asked, remembering that from the interview that was broadcasted recently.

"That is correct, and just in case you are wondering I am in fact an AI, I am not someone sitting at a desk somewhere simply speaking to through the Slayer's suit, my sentience is entirely digital." He explained.

Being sent into a variety of excited whispers among themselves, Blitzo decided to take over to help get this moving along.

"So! You wanted to take pictures with him right Octavia?" He asked addressing the owl demon.

"Yeah, that is if you're sure it's no trouble." She answered though directing it to the Slayer.

"Not at all, would you all prefer to take a picture one at a time or in a group?" Vega asked.

"Could we maybe do both?" She suggested.

"Of course." He replied causing smiles to come to all of their faces.

Thankfully Blitzo had been mindful enough to get a camera of his own, though it was probably because one of his "ideas" was to start charging people for these pictures. But that was something the Slayer could question him about later, right now the teens all took their turn getting a solo picture with him, before eventually all coming together for group shot.

"Alright, everyone got their spot?" Blitzo asked receiving several nods in response, "Great, just stay still and...perfect!" He exclaimed as he took the final picture.

With all of them taken the teens would huddle around him so they could see how they turned out, which allowed Stolas to approach him unnoticed.

"Excuse me, may I have a word? I promise it will be quick." He requested.

"Do you want a picture as well?" Vega asked.

"Oh no no no, at least not right now." He answered with a chuckle, "You see, as Blitzy has no doubt told you by now all of the new staff has been given by the noble class, and while they did so willingly without the promise of anything, I was hoping I might bring them here so they could meet you, just so their nerves will be eased and they won't have to fret over the idea you might come to kill them." He explained.

"That is reasonable, it would also be beneficial in general as the less people are afraid of him the more easily it will be for them to cooperate." Vega replied.

"Glad to see you agree." He said with a smile.

Sadly this would be the end of this pleasant experience, for once more the front doors were opened which drew all attention to them. But it wasn't that occurrence in of itself that brought everything to a stop, it was who was seen entering the hotel that did it. The first two people seen were Lucifer and Lilith, but behind them were two faces no one but the Slayer and Vega recognized. Even with Azrael taking on a more "normal" form there was no mistaking the aura she gave

off, and of course Gabriel hadn't changed at all as he had only been in such a form as far as they knew. However no words would be spoken or exchanged even as the seconds turned to minutes, eventually though something did happen and it sent everyone's stomachs into their throats.

The Slayer, as slow and as intimidating as he possibly could, walked away from Stolas and the others to that side of the room, his eyes focused on the archangel all the while.

"It appears as though archangel, that the previous meeting was not actually the last." Vega spoke as the Slayer stopped just a few feet away.

"Yes, but hopefully the outcome of this one shall be to both our liking." He replied.

Seven Days, Part 2

Day 4, Second Half

Gabriel and The Slayer, two figures who held great power and were unaffected by the passage of time. One wielded the might of Heaven itself along with a spear that he would use to impale the heretics of creation, the second wielded nothing more than his bare fists to carry out his fury, with his armaments merely being an extension of that wrath. If these two titans were to fight, with the former shedding his current form to reveal his true self and unleash the power brought with it, a single clash against one another could be enough to distort the very fabric of reality around them. This was something the Slayer was actually used to, having fought similar beings of equal or even greater power such as the Icon Of Sin, the twin sisters known as The Mother Of All Demons and The Resurrector, The Spider Master Mind, and of course The Dark One himself.

But for the demons and even the royal family that knew Lucifer's circle as home , they all waited with baited breath outside the dining room to see what would come from this meeting. The reason why they were alone excluding the "presence" of Vega in the dining room was by Gabriel's request. He did not want anything to get between them whether that be person or position, there was no more ceremony to this situation, he wanted himself and the Slayer to just be who they really were, no wasted words, no nonsense, no bullshit.

"...I can feel it you know." He spoke after five minutes of silent staring as both sat at opposite ends, **"That rage of yours, even from the other side of the room I can feel it, though I cannot discern how much of it is for me and how much is what you carry always."** He admitted.

"Why are you here?" Vega asked.

"I have come to speak with you, and I know that must seem underhanded or a betrayal of our previous agreement, but I

assure you there is no scheme happening here, no angels shall be coming down to begin a slaughter, I am not here to offer you more than what I have already promised, I have come here as a result of my own self reflection and my conversations with my siblings." He answered.

"This is a far different attitude and personality than what we were shown during the meeting." Vega noted.

"Yes, and there is a reason for that, a reason that while not justifying my actions or my behavior is still an explanation, whether or not you think it is worthwhile or that it is good is up to you, and as to not waste any time I shall be as brief as possible. " He replied before closing his eyes, **"The truth is Slayer you threaten me, not with your rage or even your actions, instead it is the fact that someone like you can even exist at all, your power is nothing special as I, my siblings, and of course our creator have equal or greater power depending on who we look at specifically, but the fact that you are a simple mortal, not a blessed one or perhaps one associated with a long set prophecy, or even one made by our creator to serve a purpose, before encountering the Sentinels and Maykrs you were entirely normal in both body and soul, yet despite this you have done things that no other could ever accomplish, even me."** He explained as he opened his eyes to look at him again, **"That is why I have had such issues with you, it is even one of the reasons for why I and my brother held so much animosity for each other, I was made to be the keeper of peace, the judge of creation to sort out the wicked and see them punished, but here I am sitting across from an ascended mortal who has done more than I ever have, which has made me question the very worth of my existence."** He told him.

A few seconds more of silence would go by as he waited for either Vega or the Slayer to do something, but when a response did come it was the one he knew he would get. This wasn't to say that it was good, far from it in fact, but it didn't surprise him given how their last interaction went and what had been said during it. What he did was grab onto the table, and as easily as if it were one of the smaller ones nearby or even a chair, he threw it to one side of the room yet

it managed to not break even as it hit the wall. After that however is when things went from tense to dire, as now with no table between them the Slayer was upon the archangel in seconds, grabbing him by his throat and applying just enough force to make sure he stayed in his seat.

As for the others, when they all heard the incredibly loud sound of the table meeting the wall they all rushed to the door to enter, but by the Slayer's intention he had thrown it to that side to block it, keeping them out as he did what he needed to.

"SLAYER!" He heard the voice of Lucifer shout out along with everyone else's, all of them doing their damnedest to push the table away from their side of the door, "DON'T HURT HIM PLEASE! I KNOW THAT MAY SOUND STRANGE ESPECIALLY FROM ME OF ALL PEOPLE! BUT PLEASE I'M ASKING YOU TO NOT DO ANYTHING TO SEVERE!" He said.

The truth was Lucifer and the others could EASILY move that table, but given its length and how much it covered the wall because of it, they wouldn't be able to do so without damaging said wall in the process. So as the Slayer stared into Gabriel's eyes with his hand around his throat, all they could do was try and shove or push it out of the way, hoping they might get in there to diffuse this situation.

"Do you plan to kill me Slayer?" He asked still completely calm.

"That depends on the next few moments." Vega answered.

"What will determine my survival?" He asked.

"Your responses to the following." Vega answered before saying more, "The Slayer is angered by what you just told him for two reasons, the first is that even if you are regretful of what you said during the meeting, even if it did truly stem from these doubts you have about your abilities and how well you've served your position, it still does not excuse the fact that you were willing to massacre all of the people in this circle regardless of how severe their crimes were, or if they even committed any crimes period, you also were willing to kill those who have either suffered well enough to pay for said crimes, or in the case of the truly innocent such as the children of

these demons and natural Hellspawn, everyone to you was an acceptable and unavoidable casualty." He explained.

"Yes, and I am deeply regretful of that as you said. " Gabriel replied honestly, **"Now tell me, what is the second reason?"** He inquired,

"That you were willing to kill even your own brother and his family, though killing the countless souls that live here indiscriminately is just as inexcusable, one would assume that mercy would be shown to them given their familial ties to you, but you did not even hesitate to add them to the corpses that would cover the ground, this especially enrages the Slayer." Vega told him.

"As it should...although I caught a glimpse of her before we came into this room I still have yet to properly meet my niece, I only know her name and what my brother and his wife have shared, I will not claim I did not mean what I said or that it was misunderstood, I accept the burden that comes with it until I can finally confess to my brother's face, as well as the danger it puts me in by angering you, which is why I make this request despite you having every reason to ignore it and do what you believe is best, please, give me a chance to make proper amends for all that I have caused with my actions, allow me to be the angel of justice I should have been this entire time, and should I stumble even once then I will allow you to strike me down, just as you would have allowed yourself to be bound in chains by my sister's servants." He responded.

Even with the sounds of the others still trying to get into the room to intervene filling the air, for Gabriel and the Slayer nothing existed but them. Whatever happened next could cause any number of outcomes. From the possibility of his siblings seeking revenge for their brother's death including Lucifer, to the optimistic outcome where if he spared him everything just worked out. It all depended on what the Slayer did with his hand, for the archangel looked at him with a gaze that did not waver, he was ready and willing to either live or die here and now.

This however did not keep the Heavenborn from breathing a sigh of relief as he let him go, for although he hated him he still knew that

Gabriel was no liar, everything that left his mouth was truth and that did mean something. But he would take what he said to heart, if at any moment he so much as said something spiteful or hateful towards anyone, he would feel the horrid agony of his wings being torn from his back and a blast of lead incinerating his insides.

"Thank you Slayer..." He spoke as the other walked over to the table, **"I promise by every merit I have to my name and position, you will not come to regret the mercy you have shown me here today."** He assured.

Instead of having Vega say something in response he would give one of his own, a final look towards the angel from over his shoulder that served as a warning, which he understood loud and clear. And so with their situation currently settled he grabbed onto the table and moved it out of the way, allowing the others to finally push open the door and run in.

"GABRIEL!" Lucifer shouted the moment he was in, the sight of his brother alive and unharmed causing him to exhale a breath of relief.

"I am fine Lucifer, there's no reason to be so frantic." He replied as he rose from his seat.

Before anyone else could say anything more to him or try and speak to the Slayer, Lucifer would do so first as he turned to him and grabbed his hand to shake it.

"Thank you for not reducing my brother to mush, I know you had every reason to but still, thank you." He said as he shook it.

Much like before Vega would not speak for him at all, the Slayer just nodded his head slowly before pulling his hand away. Watching him walk by them and out of the dining hall no one dared to try and stop him, this was a side none of them had seen since he initially arrived or when he went to see the three Vs, which immediately made them all worry.

"Gabriel, what happened?" Lucifer asked as he turned to his brother, some of the others doing the same while the rest kept watching the Slayer leave.

"We were able to come to a truce, albeit one that has a gun pointed between my wings at all times, ready to fire the moment I so much as sneeze too loudly or bump into someone accidentally, but still it is a truce." Gabriel answered.

"Really? That's what he wanted from you?" Lilith asked.

"I suggested it, that seemed to me to be the only proper agreement that should be reached, after all this entire mess is my doing, it wouldn't make sense for me to be given a more lenient punishment than him." He explained.

"Well, that does make sense, even so you better not screw this up, we're finally working through our family issues and tension and it would suck if that was all for nothing if you get yourself killed." Lucifer told him causing him to chuckle.

"I already conduct myself in as best of a manner as possible brother, though given how I have fallen so to say, I agree that now more than ever I need to do better than I have." He agreed with a smile, which caused his sibling to do so as well.

But before either of them could continue the conversation someone else would step forward, it being the one person who he was honestly just as worried about facing as the Slayer. For a few moments both she and him stood there simply looking at each other, neither of them really sure how to initiate what would be their first ever interaction. Thankfully neither would have to, for Azrael's wisdom on social interactions from having observed mortals for so long gave her an idea, and thus she too stepped forward to join her brother's side.

"Hello Charlotte, or Charlie if that is what you prefer." She greeted as she put a hand to her chest, *"I am Azrael, death incarnate, and one of your many never before seen or spoken to relatives, and this thickheaded but honest and faithful figure is another of those relatives."* She introduced before looking to him, *"Want to take it from there?"* She asked.

"Er, yes, thank you sister." He answered as he looked back to his niece, **"I am Gabriel, archangel of justice and the keeper of**

order for all of creation, though given what you have heard of me recently I probably do not seem so fitting of that title, but I promise you that I-"

At the point she couldn't hold back anymore, his niece rushed forward and pulled him into a hug, tears already leaking from her eyes due to the overwhelming joy she felt.

"It's nice to finally meet you..." She barely managed to whisper to him as she buried her head in his chest.

Though taken aback by how comfortable she was already to act this way towards him, it didn't keep him from wrapping his arms around her and returning the embrace.

"I...feel the same way... " He replied causing her to cry more.

Looking down at her and how happy she seemed brought a small smile to his face, which grew just a bit more when his sister joined in on the hug.

"This is so sweet..." Lilith said just as she heard someone sniffle, making her look to her side, "Lucifer? Are you..." She trailed off as she noticed her husband tearing up.

"...Not...a...word..." He replied as he wiped them away immediately, which made a smile appear on her face too.

...Lost Souls...such a curious demon...considered to be the lowest of Doom's legions...yet they are useful for so many purposes. Some demons such as the Pain Elemental use them as weapons...others use them as distractions or as the perfect ambush predator...but one purpose they serve has never been used to its fullest potential until now. Despite appearing as floating skulls they are entirely ethereal...their method of attack is meant to be a complete invasion of another soul...they channel all their energy into one violent outburst and unleash it all at once...since their creation this has only served to help in the creation of the possessed...but now it was for something greater. For in reality there was no limit to how much

energy one could hold...if given a source such as Doom or something similar it could use that to increase its power...thus changing what would be comparable to a simple fragmentation grenade...into something akin to an artillery shell.

But what was needed was greater than even that...this one Lost Soul needed to build up enough energy capable of destroying an entire fortress...perhaps not entirely...but enough to leave it crippled and in ruin. So now it remained idle...pulling in the energy that surrounded it slowly...its source would never dry so as long as it was patient it would gain all that it needed...and given how long it had been waiting for this moment...how its masters had waited as well...this was an easy thing to accomplish.

Day 5

Given everything that has happened up to this point, you'd think that atmosphere of the Happy Hotel would be normal or even happy. Sadly since yesterday there was only one kind of atmosphere that filled the building, one so cold and quiet it was like Hell had actually frozen over. For the first time in what felt like an eternity now the Slayer was avoiding everyone, but this wasn't like when he stayed on his fortress these past few days, not even close. This was far more like when he first came to Hell and met Charlie and Vagatha for the first time, where he looked at them and the lobby with a soldier's gaze, assessing the situation and how much force he may need to use.

And while he wasn't standing or sitting in the lobby giving people that stare, the fact was he hadn't left his room at all since the day prior, in fact after his meeting with Gabriel that was the last anyone saw him period. But due to curiosity and growing concerns Katie asked Vega via her collar if he was even still there, to which he confirmed he was. So even though everyone still went about their day, enjoying the hotel's amenities or working if they were staff, they couldn't keep a constant icy chill from settling on their bodies.

"What do you think he's doing in there?" Vagatha asked, she and the others all gathered around the check in desk.

"I have no idea, this isn't like when he showed up with Val or even when he fought snake boy, this is...a really creepy vibe." Cherri answered.

"How's he doing by the way?" Vagatha asked assuming she would know.

"Eh, he's been hold up in his room though there's nothing weird going on there, I did kinda piss him off SUPER badly yesterday before, ya know, THIS." She answered while gesturing to the air.

"Maybe we should do something? Like obviously nothing too crazy or weird, just something small and nice like a home cooked meal?" Nifty suggested.

"Do you think he likes jambalaya? Because I could whip him up some of my mother's recipe, it'd put the pep right back in his step it would! Might even light his mouth on fire!" Alastor replied.

"I actually haven't seen him eat anything at all come to think of it, so I don't know." Vagatha replied before looking to Katie's collar, "Yo, Vega." She beckoned.

"Yes?" He responded.

"Would the Slayer like jambalaya? Alastor here says his mom's recipe for it would help improve his mood, which would also get the hotel to stop feeling like a warzone after the shooting's stopped." She asked while explaining her question.

"I can't answer that, as the Slayer has never consumed anything in my presence." He admitted.

A moment of silence occurred when he said that, as the gears in everyone's heads slowly turned to reach a shared question.

"...Vega...he's centuries old right?...I mean I know he's immortal and everything but still he's like a fuck ton older than any of us, that's true isn't it?" Angel Dust asked.

"That is correct, while it is difficult to determine his exact age at this point given how much time he has spent across several realms, dimensions, and worlds, it can safely be estimated that his age may even be greater than universes that came to exist not too long ago." He answered.

"And you met him before he became immortal right? Along with the whole god part?" Angel Dust questioned.

"Yes, though our meeting was not immediate, I was introduced to him after he gained control of his rage and was no longer a danger to himself and others, this was about the time he had been given the first design of his current armor, not long after is when he ascended." He explained.

"Okay, so if I got this right then, you're telling us that it has been centuries possibly even millenniums since he's eaten or drank anything, like even just water or a cracker, that is what you're saying?" Angel Dust continued to press wanting to be absolutely certain.

"Correct, the last meals he ate were during his time with the Sentinels, however as part of their training the meals were few and were honestly quite scarce, you mentioning a water and cracker is actually close to what he and the other Sentinels in training received." He revealed.

"...I swear to fucking god everything we learn about him just makes his life sadder and sadder..." Angel Dust said as he crossed his arms, "I can't believe Will has gone this long without tasting anything good, food, beer, hell even something like bubblegum or a mint, why hasn't he eaten anything?" He asked.

"He never needed to after he ascended, as you all know the process didn't just grant him immunity to the passage of time, it made it so he never tires, care only be lightly wounded, removed any determinable limitations to his physical abilities, and so forth." Vega answered.

"Hey, maybe that's what we could do for him then!" Millie exclaimed with a grin.

"I already said I'd make him something." Alastor reminded.

"No no that's not what I meant, at least not just that, I mean that we've been scratching our heads trying to figure out how we can repay him for everything he's done for us! All the good he's brought to Hell and everything else! We should just throw him a HUGE party like a MASSIVE banquet! We'll have decorations and food and music and everything else that a big party should!" She explained.

"That's...a really good idea Millie." Vagatha complimented causing her grin to grow.

"Hate to be the one to burn down this idea like a Californian forest." Katie spoke as she crossed her arms and looked at the imp, "But how exactly do you expect us to do this without him knowing? I mean obviously Vega won't say anything, right?" She asked taking a pause so he could respond.

"No." He simply answered.

"Just making sure, anyways even with Vega not blowing the whistle on this Will is the single most vigilant person to ever exist, the moment a lot of foot traffic starts happening to get it all setup, or if he decides to come out at any point and we're in the middle of something we can't hide, he'll be onto us and not only will it ruin the surprise of the party, but he'll probably insist we stop or something like that." She explained.

"This is a likely possibility." Vega confirmed.

"Then we just need to get him out of the hotel is all, like tomorrow so we can have it all setup by the time he gets back later in the day!" Millie responded.

"We could tie five hundred chains around him all connected to high powered locomotives, and they would explode long before he budged a centimeter., the only way he's getting out of that room is if he has a good reason, or if someone just pesters him enough to do it." Katie told her.

Upon saying that everyone had the exact same person come to

mind including said person, which is why he wasn't shocked when all eyes fell onto him.

"First of all thanks for thinking of me as the first choice." Blitzo said with a flattered smile, "However I am a SALESMAN, and while I can SELL anyone anything from murder to mugs, PERSUADING people is a whole different story." He told them.

"How? Like actually how? Persuasion is the very essence of being a salesman." Angel Dust said.

"True, but there is a VERY important difference, persuading people is when you convince them of something, keyword there being CONVINCE, where as being a salesman is just pointing out the fact that their life sucks and everything they own sucks and they as a person suck, BUT if they buy what you're selling then it'll suck just a teensy eensy little bit less, and unfortunately there's nothing here in Hell I could possibly hope to sell him on that would be good enough for him to leave." He explained.

"Huh, that is actually a really solid point." Katie complimented.

"I do have my moments." He replied with a grin.

"There's gotta be something though right? I mean we don't just have clubs, bars, and sex stores here in Hell, we do have some normal stuff like malls, arcades, movie theaters, a bunch of perfectly reasonable things that he definitely hasn't experienced in a long time, plus we could use the argument that he hasn't really been around the city yet, just mostly to the news station and a few other places, all of which ended in murder." Vagatha argued.

"Oh fer the love of fuck..." Husk grumbled as he just barely popped up from behind the desk, still intent on sleeping on the floor, "If it'll get you assholes away from my desk so I can sleep, may I remind you all that the two spiders standing here are his closest pals, if both of them just insist on giving him a tour for some shit like Angel's way of paying him back for the Valentino thing, while Katie says it'll help to make him more of a regular face in Hell so people don't swarm him like fucking flies on crap, then I'm sure he'd fucking be all for it." He told them.

"Man, everyone's on a roll today, nice thinking Husk." Vagatha praised.

"Your praise ignites a small spark of pride within me, too bad by the time I got done saying that it was already drowned." He replied before laying back down, "NOW PLEASE LEAVE MY FUCKING DESK ALONE AND LET ME SLEEP." He demanded.

"Okay, so we'll get him out of the hotel tomorrow morning and take him around the city for the day, while everyone else gets everything all set up, that pretty much the plan?" Angel Dust asked.

"Seems like it, unless anyone else has got anymore suggestions?" Vagatha asked.

"Not a suggestion but a question." Alastor asked with a slightly raised hand, "Why are we waiting until tomorrow to do it? I mean breakfast is still going on and the day is young, we could send him out there right now and get things underway!" He suggested.

"We could do that, unfortunately there is one person in particular who'd be pissed at us if we left her out of the planning, and she's going to be gone all day today so we have to wait till tomorrow." She replied.

As if on cue Charlie appeared from the ground rooms' hallway, practically skipping with excitement and glee with each step she took. But before any of them besides Vagatha could ask anything they saw trailing behind her Gabriel and Azrael, who thanks to their unusual appearances had not set in for them that they were related to her.

"She's spending the day with her aunt and uncle." She explained as they watched the unusual trio head for the doors.

"Oh yeah, that makes sense." They all said together, not even really needing to question it given Charlie's personality.

"Admittedly this may be to your advantage, it gives all of you an additional day to prepare for the banquet, and for miss Killjoy and Angel Dust to plan out what they will do to keep the Slayer occupied

as you get it ready." Vega said.

"That is true, plus we'll be able to tell Lucifer and Lilith about it, even though they're nowhere near as peppy as Charlie is they'd still be pretty upset if they learned we left them out of this." Vagatha replied.

"Quick question, do you think I should call Stolas? I bet we could REALLY get this thing to be something spectacular if all those rich assholes helped out, we might not even need to pay a single dime! Since Stolas can just say it'll get them in good graces with Will." Blitzo suggested.

"When did you start calling him Will?" Angel Dust asked.

"Oh we all do, I mean how could we not since we're plastering his face on everything." He answered while gesturing to his group.

"Eh, fair enough." Angel Dust replied with a shrug.

"Anyway." Vagatha spoke to get them to focu, "That's a great idea Blitzo, the more help we have for this the better it'll be, just make sure when you call Stolas that he tells the nobles to wait a day, it'll all be pointless if they start sending us like a band or more staff to help out today and the Slayer sees it." She told him.

"Gotcha!" He replied before walking away to go call the owl demon, Loona, Moxxie, and Millie all following behind him.

"Guess we should go get started on our part too." Katie suggested as she looked to Angel and Cherri, "Wanna go do it in the spa? No reason we can't relax while we think." She said.

"FUCK YES!" They both shouted in excitement.

Watching that unusual trio head for the elevator to go to the floor the spa was on, that left Vagatha alone with the three people she had interacted with the least.

"...Bye." She plainly said before going off to find Lucifer and Lilith.

"Aw, I thought she would stick around with us." Nifty said while watching her leave.

"It's best that we're left alone, now we can go find Velvet and continue discussing our plans, in fact this party idea has given me one of my own..." Alastor admitted with his typical cheshire grin.

"Please tell me it has nothing to do with me..." Husk begged from the floor.

"Oh come now Husker, don't act like this isn't exciting!" Alastor replied as he grabbed onto his foot.

Literally dragging the poor, tired, and honestly pretty deflated feline out from behind his desk, they along with Nifty would venture deeper into the hotel to find the other member of their personal band of misfits.

(Elsewhere, A Few Hours Later...)

The last two weeks of Lucifer's circle had been the most interesting in its entire history, and up until now there was only one person to thank for it. But as Charlie spent the day with her recently met uncle and aunt on a tour of the city, all of its citizens had two more faces to add to that. The one that got their attention first wasn't too surprising, yes she was remarkably tall and even by Hell's standards looked unique, but due to her pitch black skin and crazy long white snow hair, she did seem like someone who belonged there. Then there was the second one, who despite having a body that seemed to be human just fairly well built, was clearly neither human nor demon.

From the pure white garb that adorned his body, to the glowing blue eyes that peered from the shadows of the hood that hid his face, you'd have to be blind and deaf not to realize what he was. Sure there were no radiant feathered wings sprouting from his backside, nor did he shine like a lightbulb in a darkened basement, but everything about his appearance, the way he spoke and interacted with others, and his general aura was so pure and elegant. Despite this however it didn't manage to ruin their day with Charlie, even with every pair of eyes nearby immediately staring at them at all times. Because this was the first time for both ancient beings where they had ever done something normal, they weren't focused on dealing with matters of great importance, making sure all of creation

ran like a well oiled machine, they were able to focus on being with a member of their family they had never met until now.

Yet with that being said she didn't act like she was a part of their family, which as strange as it may sound was a wonderful thing. She was so full of energy and life no matter what they did or talked about, even when they walked through or saw the less pleasant side of the city she managed to make it sound magical. Unlike them, her parents, or the rest of their large and somewhat awkward family she hadn't been bogged down by an innate purpose, though born as the princess of Hell she could do whatever she wanted, which is a luxury even now they rarely got. But maybe that would change soon, with the Slayer and the Maykrs reshaping the overall order of existence they might get to have more moments like this, where they could just be people and not entities of a higher order.

Of course it was still far too early to believe this could be the case, a number of things may still happen before they could fully let their guards down, but for now they chose to ignore that and focus on this moment.

"So? What did you think?" Charlie asked with a smile as they headed back to the hotel.

"I'll admit, your father has managed to create the least repulsive circle of Hell, and I know that sounds like a backhanded compliment, but even if we ignore the horror that was Doom the other circles are...less than accommodating." Gabriel answered.

"It is rather surprising just how willing Lucifer has been to allow such a normal circle to exist, no specific divisions focused on punishing a particular sin, no lower levels where the worst are cast into darkness, I honestly am both proud and impressed by this." Azrael answered.

"Aw, that's so nice of you to say! You should definitely tell that to dad when we get back." She suggested.

"I don't know if we've returned to that level of familiarity just yet, but I will tell him how much we've enjoyed today." He

replied.

"Oh come now Gabriel you two hugged each other, I say the emotional barriers you both erected have been torn down by now, giving him a slight bit of praise for his work as a devil won't make things weird." Azrael insisted.

"YOU HUGGED?!" Charlie questioned as her eyes widened in awe.

"...Thank you for this Azrael..." He replied just before his niece began her verbal bombardment.

Unable to keep an amused smirk from appearing on her face, the angel of death watched in delight at the sight of her fairly stoic brother trying to deal with their energetic niece. Sadly of all the archangel's powers super speech was not one of them, he could barely answer one question before three more left her mouth, which progressively wore down his serious demeanor.

"I...uh...well...Azrael..." He said trying to keep up with her, looking to his sister for help as this was her fault.

Taking a second to debate on whether or not she should, she knew that his ability to socialize with others was on par with that of a young child's, so she decided to show him a little mercy.

"Charlie dear." Azrael spoke to get her niece's attention, *"Since you have spent the whole day with us perhaps you should save these questions for your father? After all I bet he's just dying to hear how today went."* She reasoned.

"Oh that's a great idea!" Charlie replied which brought the assault of questions to an end.

"Thank you." He said to her in a whisper, not wanting their niece to hear and get the wrong idea.

"You owe me~" She mused in reply, which made him wonder if this was actually the best decision.

Continuing the rest of the way in silence, once they reached the hotel and approached its doors Charlie came to a stop, followed with

a turn so she could look at them both.

"So um, there's something I've been meaning to ask you both, and I really didn't know when I could or if I should so I kept putting it off, but now since we're about to head inside and that'll be the end of our day together I figured I better do it now, is that okay?" She asked just wanting to be sure.

"Of course Charlie, I highly doubt anything you could ask us would be something we can't handle, we have been around since the beginning of everything you know." Azrael assured.

"Right, that makes sense, still what you said earlier about being too familiar because this is all happening after so long made me a little nervous." She replied directing that towards Gabriel.

"It's different with your father Charlie, we are brothers who've been strangers to each other for a very long time, but even though we're just getting to know you and we'll probably spend quite a few more days together before we start to feel like a normal family, you do not need to feel nervous about asking us anything, being fully transparent is sort of our family's creed going forward as it stands." He told her.

"Alright, that makes this a lot easier to ask then." She admitted while taking a deep breath after to fully ease her nerves, "Okay so, what I wanted to ask is...can I call you by different names?" She revealed.

"Do you mean nicknames?" Azrael questioned.

"Yeah, like how I call my girlfriend Vaggie even though her name's Vagatha, I just like to give people names that feel special you know? To show them how much I care." She explained.

"What did you have in mind?" He asked.

"Nothing weird, least not to me, but I don't know how you'll feel about them, I'm stalling aren't I?" She asked receiving nods from both of them, "Sorry, here goes, I want to know if I can call you auntie Az and uncle Gabe!" She exclaimed while closing her eyes, not wanting to see their reactions.

Keeping them shut as the next few seconds of quiet passed by, she would open them immediately as she was picked up from the ground in a hug.

"I love it!" Azrael exclaimed happily while hugging her tightly, *"I didn't think I'd ever get a nickname from any of my siblings, but to think my own niece who I've only known properly for a day wants to give me one, oh it just fills me with so much joy!"* She told her.

"Really? You mean that?" She asked receiving a nod in response, "Oh wow, thanks auntie, that means so much." She said as a smile came to her face, "What about you uncle?" She asked now looking to him

Not sure as to how he should respond as this was the first time anyone had ever wanted to give him a nickname, before he could even speak he received a glare from his sister, one that warned him to say the right thing otherwise there WOULD be consequences.

"...Well...I've never been called Gabe before...but if it helps us to feel closer and to feel more like a family...then I have no issues with it..." He answered while keeping his gaze on his sister's stare.

Unable to keep herself from squealing in delight that they both were okay with their nicknames, she would finally return her aunt's hug while said aunt kept looking at her brother, making sure he didn't say or do anything to ruin this touching moment.

(Meanwhile, inside the hotel...)

"...Have you actually dragged him around all day?" Vox asked as he and Velvet looked down at the hotel's doorman, who was still being held by his foot by Alastor.

Even with the size of the hotel one might assume it wouldn't have taken them the whole day to find the two overlords, but that's exactly what happened. Of course they stopped by the two's shared room on the ground floor first, but unfortunately they weren't there so they then checked the dining hall, where again neither of them were found. And since they knew for a fact they wouldn't be without the other this started the hunt, they checked every floor, every amenity,

even did a second go around to make sure they hadn't missed them, before finally going back to their room where they had just returned themselves. Apparently they had decided to speak with Lucifer and ask what became of Porn Studios after the unpleasantness, to which he revealed that he personally acquired the property and all of its connected business ventures.

The reason why is because Porn Studios was both a large chunk of property in addition to being one of the biggest monopolies in Hell, and he decided the best thing to do would be to make sure no other overlord got it. This is where their day long absence happened, for they asked if it would be alright if they went back there, even though by this point it had been fully emptied and cleaned, just so they could figure out what they might do next, to which he agreed.

"He refused to move less I did so, and he hasn't made a single complaint have you Husker?" Alastor answered followed by a question, as he looked down to the grumpy demon.

"Only because I've been completely numb for years." He replied.

"See? He's fine!" Alastor assured as he looked back to Vox.

"...Yeah...fine's the word I'd use..." The tv demon replied as he and Velvet kept looking at him.

"D-Do you need me to make you a potion?" She asked, her stutter while still present was much better than before.

"If it won't kill me then no." Husk answered just staring at the ceiling.

"Speaking of potions my dear, do you have the two I requested?" Alastor asked getting back on topic.

"Hm? Oh r-right! Sorry I forgot." She admitted as she walked over to one of the beside tables, "I got them done last n-night, but it was so late I f-figured you'd want to wait until today to g-get them." She explained as she opened the drawer.

Reaching in she would pull out two separate bottles, one being quite large and containing a liquid that had the color of a strawberry, the other the size of a small flask which contained a liquid that

resembled milk.

"I m-made the adjustments you wanted." She informed as she brought them over to him, "The truth potion will n-now work without inducing slumber, I c-couldn't do so without removing that trait entirely, sorry." She apologized.

"That's quite alright, so long as the drinker still spills their beans without realizing it then it is exactly what I want." He replied as he took it.

"A-And here's yours Nifty." She said handing the second bottle to the small woman.

"Thank you!" She replied with a smile as she hugged it excitedly.

"Wait, you made her a potion?" Vox asked, for although he had been informed by her of what Alastor was planning, he didn't know that she had requested a potion of her own.

"Indeed she did, after Velvet and I had a discussion about it of course." Alastor answered for her.

"Why does she need a potion?" He questioned.

"I'm afraid that's rather private, less of course Nifty wants to ruin her own surprise." Alastor said as he looked down at her.

"Nope! Sorry, you're all just going to have to be surprised like everyone else!" She exclaimed with glee.

"Which is total bullshit given what I've put up with." Husk said, genuinely upset that Alastor knew but he didn't.

"Trust me Husker you're going to want to stay in the dark until the big reveal." He assured with a cheekier than normal grin.

"On that topic, what exactly are planning to do with that amount of the potion Alastor?" Vox asked as he crossed his arms, "One drop of it alone is enough to make someone reveal a majority of their secrets, but that whole bottle could get them talking for hours maybe even a day, while not innately harmful the information that can be

gathered with its use is concerning." He explained.

"I know you and I have history Vox and none of it pleasant, but you have my word nothing nefarious is being concocted for the use of this potion, if anything it'll help clear the air for everyone here in the hotel!" Alastor exclaimed.

"How so?" He inquired.

"Simple, tomorrow we are all going to be working together to throw the Slayer a party, Angel Dust and Katie will get him out of the hotel early in the morning, giving us the entire day to set it all up, and at a certain point I shall offer my own contribution to the party, by adding this deliciously made potion to the beverages." Alastor explained.

"You wanna fucking spike the entire hotel?!" Husk shouted in question, his and the other's eyes all widening from shock.

"That I do, if we are to help everyone come to terms with their inner demons, no pun intended, they must face them without realizing it, give them the chance to back away and they'll run for the hills! However once everyone gets their beverages and takes a sip there'll be no more secrets, no more lies, in short the truth shall set them free!" He replied.

"And how EXACTLY do you plan to do that without them catching on? The moment someone takes a sip and starts letting out all the skeletons in their closet, they'll know something's up and this little plan of yours will end with you and Will standing in a room together, all the while he's loading two shells into that double barrel of his!" Husk told him.

"Again that is very simple, I shall wait to add the potion to their drinks after they've arrived and everyone has a glass, this will be possible when I propose to Charlie that we have a moment in the festivities where everyone can say something nice about him, and so when everyone's standing or sitting all eyes looking towards the stage we'll setup, I'll use my shadow to go around with the bottle adding a drop to everyone's drink." He explained.

"And then once the first person starts speaking the truth the rest will

follow, like throwing one stick of dynamite into a crate full." Vox said.

"See? Even he understands my plan! And since everyone will be gathered in one place we won't have to worry about missing anyone, just one big pulling of the band aid and we are set!" He exclaimed.

"A-Alastor." Velvet spoke to get his attention, "W-Will I get blamed for this? A-After all they'll learn afterwards that it was a p-potion that did it, and I am known for my potion making." She asked.

"Velvet my dear, of course not." He answered as he put a hand to his chest, "This is my scheme, and while I could throw you under the bus that is not the kind of person I am, I do not hide the fact that I am a devious scamp wanting to entertain himself, I promise that once the realization hits everyone and fingers start getting pointed, I will stand before all of them with my arms spread wide and a boisterous ME to be shouted aloud, I wouldn't dare do such a thing to you after how much you've helped me, and what you've also been through, that kind of cruelty is the exact kind I despise." He assured her.

Hearing that caused two different reactions, the first being a smile of gratitude from her while the second was amazed looks from the others. For while they knew Alastor in spite of his sinister side was polite when he wanted to be, this was a show of compassion that had never been displayed by the demon, at least not to their knowledge. Then again the fact he helped Velvet at all was amazing in of itself, perhaps buried beneath that unnerving cannibal with a static voice there was a genuinely kind and caring individual. But there was also the fact that the Slayer existed, so for the moment they would have to wait to find out if this was his true self, or simply a product of not wanting to be the space marine's next kill.

"Now, unless any of you have anything more to say or something you'd like to discuss, I think we can call this meeting to an end." He said.

"I got a question." Husk asked as he finally got to his feet, "Are we gonna have to drink that potion? Not like we don't got secrets of our own ya know." He mentioned.

"True, but it wouldn't be fair of me to include you in this spectacle given how much you've all helped me as well, except for you of course." Alastor replied while looking to Vox.

"I'd rather have my screen smashed to pieces before I drank anything you gave me anyway." He told him.

"Well, that's something at least, I'd definitely fucking kill you if you made me share my problems." Husk said.

"Aw but Husker, that's the whole point of this hotel!" Alastor exclaimed as he wrapped his arm around his shoulders, "We're meant to face our issues in the hopes of going to Heaven! Don't you want that?" He asked.

"I thought you wanted to turn Hell into Heaven? Or was that just bullshit?" Husk questioned as he gave him a quizzical look.

"No not at all, but still I assumed you of all people would want to sober up and be a better person." Alastor reasoned.

"...No." He told him coldly before breaking free of his embrace and leaving.

"Aw come on Husk! You can tell us anything! We're your friends!" Nifty called after him as she followed.

"I ain't telling you shit especially, since you won't tell me what the fuck's in that bottle." They heard him reply.

"IT'S A SECRET!" She shouted.

Laughing in delight at how well they all got along, Alastor followed after his companions to join in on the merriment, leaving the two Vs alone.

"You know, he's not such an asshole, still a prick, but not that bad of a person." Vox admitted.

"R-Really?" Velvet asked with widened eyes, surprised he'd be willing to say such a nice thing about the radio demon so soon.

"He made sure nothing happened to you, he didn't take advantage of you, and he actually seems to care about you and those two, again he's still a piece of shit whose existence I loathe, but I can start to tolerate him." He answered.

"That's wonderful!" She exclaimed before hugging him, as Alastor had become a friend to her after everything he's done, "I'm glad that you two might start to g-get along." She said.

"Don't get ahead of yourself, all I did was admit he has some good to him, not like I'm wanting to go on a romantic date with him or anything." He replied with a smile, as seeing her so happy made him happy too, "Though now that we're alone again, I think we should talk about earlier." He suggested.

"O-Oh yeah, I almost forgot." She admitted as she released him, "But do you think he'll w-want it?" She asked.

"No way to know until we ask him, but considering it'd be an even bigger fuck you to Val than beating him to death, I'm pretty confident Angel Dust will literally jump for joy when we tell him we want to give Porn Studios to him." He answered.

"..."

"..."

"..."

"...Soon...the lost soul shall be ready...and when it is...we will begin anew...starting with the world where it all began..." The deep voice spoke out to the void, receiving a response in the form of a near infinite number of fire filled gazes, some red, some green, some even blue, but all starved for freedom.

(Due to reviews left by I presume the same guest reviewer, I decided to make this a three parter, as they felt the need to skim the last chapter due to its size, so to accommodate them and anyone else who might feel overwhelmed or intimidated by the previous chapter, I hope this is a better alternative for you,

so until the final part of this unintended trilogy, peace)

Seven Days, Finale

Day 6

It had been a very long time since the Slayer looked over his gear with a slow meticulous gaze, examining every inch of his guns' barrels or making sure every modification was functioning properly. But with the possibility the archangel was not truthful, he needed to make sure he was prepared for an indescribable battle. For while he had traded blows with horrors who wielded great power, and he did have knowledge of how beings of divine origin worked thanks to the Maykrs, even the Khan if she were to unleash her full strength didn't come close to Gabriel. Then he had to consider what weapons he might use, he always wondered if the flaming sword was real, or other described holy artifacts like the grail and the ark of the covenant, and if they were how many more existed in addition to how many might he wield himself.

He couldn't afford to take chances now, this was just as important of a time as was the final push against the Dark One, a single mistake or lack of guard could mean all the difference, he may even be forced to brandish the most powerful of his arsenal.

"Forgive me for interrupting." Vega spoke though he just kept focusing on his weapons, "But I felt I should inform you that you are about to have visitors, and surprisingly it isn't Blitzo and the others." He told him.

Despite having that particular detail mentioned it didn't earn his attention, he continued to go over his weapons even when his new visitors spoke out to him.

"Hey Will!" The voice of Angel Dust called out followed by a few knocks, "Come on big guy we know you're in there! We just wanna see ya, but not in a weird way promise!" He assured.

"Really? THAT'S what you decided to open with?" The voice of Katie

questioned, surprising him as he figured it be Cherri who was the other person.

"What the hell else was I gonna say? Like actually what the fuck could I possibly say other than we wanted to see him?" He asked.

"How about something that doesn't sound so clingy?" She suggested.

"Oh yeah? Then why don't YOU try?" He countered.

"Fine." She replied before presumably taking his place next to the door, "Listen Will, I get that you're probably waiting for Gabriel to fuck up so you can kill him, and based on what we've heard I completely understand why, between us he sounds like a dick, but you can't just stay in there until you can trust him, otherwise you're going to be in there forever and you know that as much as we do, also you have this really weird ability to change the atmosphere around you and ever since you've been in there the hotel has felt like a morgue, so could maybe consider coming out here?" She suggested.

"Wow, I'm impressed, you were doing pretty well there right up until the point you decided to insult him." He told her.

"HOW did I insult him? I'm just stating fact! There's no way he doesn't know how he affects the air around him based on how he's feeling!" She argued.

After that the two spiders would begin to bicker with one another, debating on who had the better approach and why the other's sucked. This went on for about a minute as the Slayer did his best to ignore them, but as they kept going with no signs of stopping he knew he'd have to get involved. Storing away his weapons and rising from his bed he walked over to the door and opened it, and by doing just that he was able to get them to stop.

"Oh, hey." Both greeted in unison as they composed themselves.

"Congratulations, you've got his attention now." Vega responded as the Slayer crossed his arms, "But now he's wanting to know why you

both have come here." He told them.

"Oh come on Will, do you really think we're here for any other reason than to see you?" Angel Dust asked.

A moment of silence immediately occurred as he asked that question, as by this point both of them should know nothing got passed him.

"...Alright fine, you caught us." He spoke again with an eye roll, "While we did want to see you we figured that you might want to get out of the hotel for a while, you know since Gabriel's here with his family and you obviously don't like him, plus to our knowledge you've not been given a proper tour of the city yet! So what better way to kill some time and to keep from killing ol' keeper of the peace, than by finally seeing what Pentagram City has to offer with your two best pals?" He asked.

Even though he believed what Angel was telling him the Slayer still looked to Katie, because he knew she had to have her own personal reason for doing this.

"When he came up with this idea I figured it'd make for good PR, even though all of Hell is practically worshipping the ground you walk on there's still a lot of work to be done, and by exposing you to the city for a day we can sort of normalize you, not entirely of course because this is YOU we're talking about, but maybe enough to where everyone won't flock to you like sheep to a shepherd." She explained.

With the truth now revealed the Slayer took a few moments to consider this. On one hand even though it seemed like Gabriel wouldn't be a problem he still wanted to be ready, but on the other he could understand how his sudden reversion to his old ways made everyone uneasy. Then there was also the fact that the original set time of one week would be over at midnight tomorrow night, so realistically if Gabriel did want to do something he'd have to do it today, as this would be his last chance to utilize the element of surprise. But since he'd be in the city where a full scale assault would begin, perhaps this would allow him to kill two birds with one stone, he could make them and everyone else happy while also

being near the epicenter of the attack, thus able to protect everyone the moment it happens.

So with this in mind he felt he was safe to accept their proposal, even doing so himself by giving them a thumbs up rather than having Vega say anything.

"Alright! That's what I'm talking about!" Angel Dust exclaimed as he put a hand on his arm, "I promise I'm gonna show you all the best spots in the city, and I also promise that none of them will involve sex." He assured.

"We should probably get breakfast first though, if we're going to be walking around all day I definitely want to eat something now rather than waiting till lunch." Katie said.

Nodding in agreement to that the Slayer would lead the way towards the dining hall, allowing the two spiders to follow behind.

"Gotta say, your improv skills are impressive." Katie complimented him in a whisper as they walked.

"You weren't bad either, we make a pretty good bullshitting team." Angel Dust replied in the same volume as they exchanged a quiet high five.

(A Few Minutes Later, In The Dining Hall...)

Despite all of the terrible things that have happened to him in his life, the Slayer wasn't the kind of person you could call paranoid. There was a fine difference between paranoia and being prepared, if he were paranoid he'd still assume all of the people he's come to know were out to kill him, which he knew for a fact wasn't true. Yet out of every event in his life for him to be paranoid about, whether it was back on mars, when he ran through corpse filled city streets, when he marched across the countless plains that made Doom's domain, the one place he never thought it would be was a hotel dining room. But that's exactly what was happening as of right now, after he refused Katie and Angel Dust's insistence on eating something, which by itself was pretty strange, once they all sat down he began to notice how unusual everyone was acting.

While they were talking among themselves and they all sat together in their personal groups, this was by far the most normal he had ever seen the people in Lucifer's circle act. Even the aforementioned devil and his family were acting abnormally mundane, despite the fact that Gabriel and Azrael were present, and not a single person was making a big deal of it or acting nervous in any way. All of this made him think of what could be the cause, obviously he assumed right out the gate it was him since he hadn't been seen for nearly two days, but he pushed that aside as neither the guests nor Blitzo and his group had approached him at all. Then he considered the possibility that they may just be trying to keep the peace, ready to intervene or divert his attention if something happened between him and the archangel.

But once more he pushed that aside as he was very doubtful, even if say Lucifer "suggested" that the guests help out, it wasn't likely they'd be willing to get between him and Gabriel. This ultimately left him with one conclusion, that whatever was going on must've had something to do with Katie and Angel Dust suddenly wanting to take him out for a day in the city, but it was the why behind it all that he just couldn't figure out.

"Hey, you okay Will?" Angel Dust asked as he lightly nudged him with his elbow, "You got a thousand yard stare going on, which is actually weird since yer usually focused on something." He said.

"He's thinking." Vega replied.

"About?..." He questioned, slightly dragging out the word as he did.

"I cannot clarify." Vega told him.

"What? Why not?" He asked.

"You do realize you just asked the same question right?" Katie responded while leaning forward, so she could look passed the Slayer at him, "He just told you he can't clarify, so you try asking him for clarification regarding that, did you REALLY think you'd get an answer the second time?" She inquired.

"Okay, then why can't you clarify? Is it because you don't know how

or because Will doesn't want you to?" He asked, clearly intent on getting some kind of answer from him.

"The latter." Vega answered.

"Aw how come? You know you can talk to us about anything Will." He said.

"Again, I cannot clarify." Vega repeated.

"Might as well give up." Katie said as she readied a bite of her meal on her fork, "It'd be easier to just walk all across Hell and back, would be quicker than getting him to say anything when he doesn't want to." She reasoned before putting it into her mouth.

Knowing that she was right he relented and returned to his own meal, though he did still feel a little annoyed that he didn't get a straight answer. After a little while things would get interesting again, for as they neared the end of their breakfast they were approached by the most unlikely people in the entire hotel.

"Excuse us." The voice of Vox spoke from behind them to get their attention, "But if we may have a moment of your time we'd like to talk with you about something." He said.

Looking over their shoulders the trio found the dapper tech demon standing there as if he were about to do a sales pitch, while behind him was Velvet who did her best to hide as she was still unsettled by the Slayer.

"You want to talk to him?" Katie asked as she pointed to him with her thumb, "I figured after everything you'd be trying to see as little of him as possible, especially you." She said while pointing to Velvet.

"Actually we weren't referring to him, we were addressing you." Vox corrected as he looked to Angel Dust.

"Me? Really?" He questioned as he pointed to himself.

"Yes, we have something important to tell you, when you're finished eating we'll be in the lobby." Vox explained.

With that said the two Vs departed, leaving the trio all to wonder what this was about. Though instead of discussing amongst themselves of what they each though it could be, Katie and Angel finished what was left of their food so they could just hurry up and find out. Once they were done they would all rise from their seats and head straight for the lobby, not needing to deal with their silverware or plates thanks to the abundance of staff ready to serve.

"My, that was quick." Vox said as he and Velvet saw them come out, both sitting nearby on one of the couches.

"You can't just say shit like that man and NOT expect us to hurry up so we can find out what the fuck is going on!" Angel Dust exclaimed as they walked over.

"I suppose that is fair, especially considering the history we've had." He admitted.

"Yeah, speaking from an outside perspective you guys were the besties of the pimp who beat his ass, so it's a little weird to just casually stroll and say let's chat." Katie told him.

"Again that's fair, but what we have to say while not excusing what you went through, or the fact that we didn't do anything about it or the other shit Val did to the rest of his employees, I think will still help us to leave that in the past so we never have to think about it again." He explained.

"Oh really? Let me guess, you're giving me Porn Studios?" Angel Dust asked with a light chuckle.

Expecting them to say something like no or not exactly, as both Overlords just looked at them silently they realized that may actually be what was happening.

"...Wait...no fucking way..." He said after a few seconds, causing Vox to stand from his seat.

"Again Angel, there's nothing we can do to make up for what happened to you, and while we're not just trying to get in your good graces with this, since neither me or Velvet want the property or its

connected businesses, we decided the one person who deserves to have it should be you." Vox explained.

"But...but...but what about Lucifer and Lilith? I-I mean surely they've got something to say about this right? A-After all they're the king and queen and Val WAS an Overlord, this isn't just some gang turf that's being given away here this is an enterprise, a VERY lucrative enterprise! Surely they wouldn't want to just give it away to anyone...right?" He asked.

"We've already talked it over with them, in fact we asked if it would alright if we went there yesterday to make sure it was still in good condition after the altercation, and to our amazement it not only had been cleaned out completely but all damages had been repaired, it is ready and waiting for a new owner to move in and get things going again, or if you want to do something else with it then you can." Vox answered.

"But...I mean...this is WAY too sudden! I-I'm just a pornstar! All I know how to do is fuck and get paid! I-I don't know how to run a business, let alone something as massive and as widespread as that!" He argued.

"Are you sure about that? We know quite a few times you tried to do business for Val that had nothing to do with sex, whether it was a drug deal or just putting some up and coming porn peddler in their place, you tried to show him you could offer your skills as a former gangster during your life before Hell in your family's syndicate, but Val didn't give two shits about that, to him your hands were better off gripping things that weren't gun and knife handles, so this could be your chance to fully put that side of you behind and embrace the side you always tried to get Val to see." Vox reasoned.

"Yeah okay sure I was a gangster in life, but still I only know how to shoot people and make sure some greasy asshole understands how good of a deal he's getting, shit like managing employees, making sure bills and crap get paid, advertising and what not, I know jack shit about any of that stuff!" He exclaimed.

"...He's right." Katie said catching them off guard, "Angel here may know a thing or two bout how criminal empires work, but since we

know he's not gonna try and do some shady shit, partly because that's how Val ran things and the other because he's trying to clean his act up, he can't rely on using tactics like blackmail or threats to make sure other people do things for him, just throwing all of this on top of him is really unfair." She explained.

"Yeah see she gets it! Thank you Katie." He replied with a smile.

"But if he were to have a partner..." She continued which he didn't expect, "Someone who knew EVERYTHING there was to know about the corporate scene, how people think, what they want, and how you can threaten them while still keeping it relatively legal, then this would actually be a golden opportunity, again though assuming he'd have a partner..." She trailed off as she looked to the side.

"...Holy shit...Katie...are you?..." He questioned with widened eyes, slowly putting two and two together.

"Am I what? Suggesting that you and I could team up and maybe give this a shot? Since you currently don't have any kind of work and I'm also unemployed, and thus we could combine our talents together to do something incredible? Is that what you're thinking?" She asked.

"But I thought you wanted to get your spot back at the news station? You know be the face of Hell's number one and pretty much ONLY source of information?" He asked.

"Oh I do, believe me I'd love to get my spot back as the head of the station and have my face put on every television, but that was before this was suddenly plopped right in front of us on a silver platter like a well roasted pig." She answered before she moved her gaze to the floor, "Though...there is also the possibility that maybe...you know hypothetically...that I want to help you be successful because of how nice you've been to me...specifically with something pretty personal...that could also be a factor..." She admitted, though in a far softer tone and volume.

It would still be a very long time before Katie felt comfortable enough to let her guard down fully, to show other people besides Will and now Angel the other sides she had to her. But she felt brave enough

to do it now even with Vox and Velvet being right there, as she genuinely didn't want him to pass this up. Sadly the former news anchor would come to regret this decision, as the former prostitute/ pornstar rushed her and pulled her into as tight of a hug as he could manage.

"I FUCKING LOVE YOU!" He shouted from the top of his lungs, even managing to lift her up from the ground because of how happy he was.

For a moment her old self threatened to make an appearance, even though she and him had hugged not too long ago she still didn't like such public displays of affection. And whether it was because the Slayer was there, because she remembered that previous exchange between them, or maybe just maybe she was becoming a better person, she made sure that didn't happen.

"Gee, do one nice thing and suddenly people start hugging ya..." She muttered to herself with an eye roll, which was betrayed by the proud smile that appeared on her face.

"I suppose this is something that we'll be doing today?" Vega inquired.

"Oh shit right our day out!" Angel Dust realized as he let her go, "I mean, we don't have to go check it out today, we could do that tomorrow since we already planned to show you around the city." He said.

"We could, but it is obvious you are excited about starting your own enterprise with miss Killjoy, the Slayer would not be bothered if you wanted to go there first so you two can look around the premises and start coming up with ideas of what you might want to do." Vega replied.

"Really? It wouldn't be a problem at all? Because you'd probably just stand around while we did that, and that'd be pretty boring and everything." He argued.

"Seeing as how he would have spent today still inside of his room going over his arsenal in the event Gabriel should try something,

before the two of you arrived and offered to conduct this tour, combined with how significant this is for you both as well, this won't be no issue." Vega assured.

Upon hearing that Angel would issue his second hug of the day, unable to keep from doing so as he was so overjoyed.

"You are the best Will!" He exclaimed as he did, "You guys are seriously the best friends I've had since Cherri!" He complimented before his eyes widened, "Oh fuck, Cherri, she's definitely gonna want in on this!" He realized as he let go of the Slayer and ran back into the dining hall, only to pop his head back out a second later, "You guys don't mind if she comes along with us do you?" He asked.

"I'm fine if he is." Katie answered.

"He is fine." Vega answered.

Letting out an excited squeal almost on par with Charlie's the elated spider demon disappeared back into the room, where a few moments later they would all hear the mono eyed woman shout out: "NO FUCKING WAY!"

(Sometime Later, At Porn Studios...)

"Holy shit...holy shit...holy fucking shit...this is real...this is actually fucking real!" Angel Dust exclaimed as he looked around the room.

When Vox had told them the entirety of the building and its rooms had been cleaned, oh boy he REALLY meant it. In fact, as Angel, Katie, Cherri, and the Slayer looked around at the place, it honestly didn't even in the slightest of ways resemble the former business. The floors were so clean you could see perfect reflections in them, all of the furniture had been removed as there was NO bleach strong enough to cleanse the history stained in them, and any traces of the "fight" that happened here were gone completely. In every way, shape, and form this building looked like it had just finished construction, the only thing that remained from its previous life was the tasteless neon sign that hung on the front, as Lucifer wasn't sure if Angel would want to make his business sex related or not.

Though even if he did, it was still a pretty safe assumption that only Valentino liked that god awful thing.

"I cannot believe this is ours now, this is so awesome!" Cherri exclaimed alongside him.

"Hold on, ours as in yours?" Katie questioned.

"Well duh, OBVIOUSLY I'm gonna be in on this, what do you not want me to be?" She asked.

"Of course not, but Cherri this is an actual business, and if we want it to be successful we can't have our model be based around blowing things up, as fun as that may be." Katie answered.

"Pfft, I know THAT, you think I'd do anything to ruin this for my best friends?" She asked.

"...Friends?" Katie questioned.

"Uh yeah, did you seriously think we weren't besties by now?" She responded.

"Why the fuck would I, the only times we've talked to each other is when we've held meetings with the others, when we were playing cards, and when we were in the spa yesterday!" Katie argued.

"True, but not many people get to see all this." She said as she took a moment to gesture to herself, "And walk away with their bodies still intact, we all shared a rejuvenating facial girl on TOP of a mud bath and massage, that right there is the very definition of bestie." She explained before walking over to her, "Plus, Angel told me bout the moment you guys had, top it all off by the fact you OFFERED to help him run an enterprise, and I basically see you like a sister now." She whispered.

"Really?" Katie whispered back.

"Damn straight." She replied with a smile as she patted her arm.

"Hey! What're you two talking about?" Angel Dust asked from across the room, now noticing how they weren't reveling like him anymore.

"Oh nothing, just girl stuff." Cherri answered as she walked over.

Staying where she was as those two began going back and forth as to what "girl stuff" meant in that context, just like before Katie couldn't keep a smile though this one of joy from coming to her face.

"You're continuing to impress the Slayer with your progress miss Killjoy." Vega suddenly spoke from behind her causing her to jump.

"FUCK!" She exclaimed as she had been somewhat lost in thought.

"Oh, my apologies, I thought you heard him approach you." He said as she turned to face him.

"No, it's fine, I was just thinking about something is all." She replied before she crossed her arms, "However that is something I've been meaning to talk to you about." She admitted.

"What exactly are you referring to?" He inquired.

"Miss Killjoy, come on Vega you and Will have known me longer than nearly everyone at the hotel, the only exceptions being Charlie, her family, and her girlfriend, why are you still addressing me by my last name? Why not just call me Katie?" She asked.

"I assumed that's what you preferred." He answered.

"I mean, maybe when we first met sure it was nice, but now after everything that's happened I think we can drop the formalities, especially since I'm calling him by his name now, it only makes sense that you being the stand in for his voice should do the same for me." She explained.

"True, very well, I will start addressing you by your first name from now on." He said.

"Thank you." She replied another smile coming to her features.

"HEY GUYS!" Cherri called out as she and Angel were in another room.

Going down the hallway that her voice had come from the two would

soon enter a massive space, which given what this place used to be they assumed was meant for a set of some kind.

"Think of ALL the stuff we could do in here now that people won't be fucking everyday!" She exclaimed as she looked towards the ceiling, "In fact, I'm pretty sure we could put a couple of special lights in here, maybe make it some kind of club or something." She suggested.

"Let's not get ahead of ourselves Cherri, we still don't have any real direction going forward, we also need to look into the other businesses Valentino had and figure out what to do with them." Katie said as she and the Slayer walked over.

"I can tell you about those ya know, I may have been used for sex but that doesn't mean I didn't know what he was doing." Angel Dust offered.

"Please, maybe once I know I can start to get a picture of what we might be able to do." She replied.

For the next few minutes Angel Dust would go into an incredible amount of detail about the various other revenues of cash flow Valentino built up, which immediately proved there was somehow a lot more ways to hate the bastard. While none of it was the most disgusting and horrendous things a person could be involved in, if there was even the slightest possible chance there was some good to him, everything Angel said stomped it out. Not all of it was bad, things like manufacturing weapons or drugs and selling them for cheap because they were shit, or a few strip clubs which despite offering "special" dances for the big spenders, were still meant to be mostly look and not touch establishments. But then you had anything that stemmed from Porn Studios, specific niche markets for the really weird and disgusting stuff, again nothing so obscene that even he would've be disgusted by it, but still just far enough to where you instantly empathized with the poor people he made do those kinds of things.

"...Okay..." Katie spoke once he was finished, doing so in a way that really summed up how uncomfortable that was, "I think we can do something with the drug operations...maybe turn the weapon

manufacturing into something else...but the rest of that shit...just no." She said.

"I mean considering everyone who had the same job as me is now staying at the hotel, I don't think we need to worry bout those anymore." He replied.

"Pardon me." Vega interjected to get their attention, "But may I offer a suggestion?" He asked.

"Of course, the floor's yours." Angel Dust answered.

"It seems to me that the best use of this opportunity to start anew would be wasted if you held onto anything from the previous operation, even though this is Hell and part of our reformation allows for the people to still partake in such activities as drug use, if you want to make sure no trace of Valentino remains you shouldn't use any of his businesses for your own." He said.

"While that is a good idea Vega and I do honestly mean that, the problem is we need something to get us started, as it stands even I am coming up blank." Katie replied.

"If that is the case then maybe miss Cherri is our best bet for coming up with a solution." He suggested.

Now when he said that they expected her to say something, but instead she took a quick look around the room just to make sure there wasn't some other kind of demon named Cherri around.

"Wait, you're serious? You think I'M our best bet?" She asked after a few seconds while pointing to herself.

"Your idea for using this room which was a former porn set as club shows you're able to think in a very creative way, as such your imagination for the countless possibilities could produce something all three of you can agree on." He explained.

"Yeah, that sounds like a great idea!" Angel Dust exclaimed with a grin, "I mean if Katie's gonna take care of the corporate side of things, and I'll handle like the money and the schmoozing part of it, makes sense that you'd be our...creative director! Or some other

fancy title like that!" He reasoned.

"I'll admit, out of everyone here you're not only the most colorful but also the most sporadic, and I mean that in the best way possible, so if anyone can come up with a solid idea it would be you." Katie joined in.

"I just said that off the top of my head though, I mean shit guys, it's a whole different thing when there's suddenly a bunch of pressure!" She argued.

"There's no pressure, we're not demanding that the first thing you say be THE ONE, just start saying all the stuff you can think of and we'll go from there." Angel Dust told her.

Looking to all of them and their expectant gazes, Cherri would let out a sigh in defeat while closing her eye to focus.

"Alright, give me a second here..." She requested as she began tapping her foot, "Hmm...like I said a club wouldn't be the worst thing, in clubs you can charge for all kinds of shit like admission, booze, food, etcetera, but then again gets real noisy real fast, plus we'd have to do a lot of remodeling and install a bunch of shit, so that's probably not good...we could maybe use these studio spaces for offices maybe? But ya kinda need a business before you have offices...can't turn this place into a mall, least not without getting people to set up shops and shit...movie theater would also be a dud cause again lot of remodeling...honestly the fact that this place is meant for recording shit makes it kinda hard to think of what else we could do with it, less of course we started our own like TV studio or something and made our own shows..." She admitted.

That's when it clicked for all of them, like the flick of a switch or a bolt of lightning striking an antenna. They had the space, everything was already designed and made for it, though the place had been cleaned out they were sure they could get the equipment back, and with Katie's experience and mastery over running a station practically all by herself, this was IT.

"Cherri...you are a fucking genius!" Angel Dust praised as he ran over and hugged her, "We can turn Porn Studios into something

WAY classier! We can actually make legit tv shows and movies for people to watch and buy! We can be the Hollywood of Hell! This is our ticket to fame and fortune without having to suck any dicks!" He exclaimed.

"Or by blowing up entire city blocks!" She added.

"And with my experience, skill, and ability to put the fear of god into any dumb son of a bitch who tries to backtalk us, we can get this place up and running in no time!" Katie said as she walked over to join them.

"But what would we call it? I mean obviously we can't keep the name, if only so we can get rid of the stupid fucking sign." Cherri pointed out.

Taking a moment to think on that, slowly but surely they all moved their gaze over to the man who made this possible, who just stood there in his usual stoic manner.

"...Slayer Studios..." All three said together followed by tooth filled grins, "SLAYER STUDIOS!" They repeated in a zestful shout accompanied by a high five.

"Are you sure you want to name your business after him?" Vega asked for both the Slayer and himself.

"Of course! I mean without Will none of this would be happening! It only makes sense that you be included in on this, that is if you don't mind." Angel Dust answered.

They all waited anxiously as he seemed to take a moment to think it over, but the moment he held out his hand and gave them a thumbs up, another wave of excitement washed over them.

"FUCK YEAH THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!" Cherri shouted as she held her hands up in the air, "Just picture it, a new far more tasteful sign on the building, big green letters for Slayer Studios, with an explosion outlining it in blood red, or maybe we could have like a shotgun or something, the possibilities are endless!" She exclaimed.

"Maybe we could even have Will star in some stuff! You know like action or horror movies where just lays waste to everybody! And since this is Will we're talking about he could easily do his own stunts and everything! Again if that's okay with you." Angel Dust said, only to pump his fist into the air when the Slayer gave another thumbs up.

"You know, Blitzo and them have been on top of the whole merchandising thing, we could bring them on as our marketing team." Katie suggested.

"YES! ONE HUNDRED PERCENT YES! Have you SEEN the shit they were able to make out of stuff they just got from around the hotel? Think of what they could make once we get everything up and running!" Cherri exclaimed.

"Oh shit you're right! We should give them a call and tell'em!" Angel Dust replied.

Watching as he and Katie went to go stand beside Cherri since she was the only one with a cellphone, the Slayer for just a moment had a small smile come to his face, as it had been a very long time since he'd seen anyone as happy as they were.

(Later, In The Center Of Pentagram City...)

When Angel Dust said he was going to take him on a tour, he meant every single word of that statement. After they got done sharing the news with Blitzo and Co, who were flattered, happy, and excited to be included in this, the trio of demons would show the Slayer a side of Hell he didn't know could exist. All he had seen thus far was some of its inner buildings but mostly the slums, excluding the news station of course because that was special. But once they got closer to the heart of their home it was as if he'd been sent back in time.

Bright lights filled his vision as did the sounds of thriving commerce and distractions of all kinds, even in a place like Hell it was possible for simple joys and pleasures not pertaining to the sexual variety to exist. From countless stores that sold a myriad of different wares, to theaters or restaurants that offered all kinds of entertainment, to specific businesses like arcades or shops specializing in a particular

product, there was no end to it all. This though did bring an obvious question to mind, if Pentagram City had so many wonderful things to offer why were the middle and outer sections so...not as good? The answer was exactly what you would assume, the nobles and the Overlords controlled EVERYTHING, up until now it was all one big game of monopoly where you wanted to have as many properties as possible.

But as of now things were looking to finally change, in their own ways the noble class even without Stolas giving them a nudge in the right direction, were starting to improve the life of the city's citizens. Sure it was by simply bringing down certain prices or allowing for a more varied clientele, but even small steps like these were progress. Of course they still wanted to get on the Slayer's good side as MUCH as possible, hence why when the four of them stepped into one of their businesses they were allowed whatever they wanted free of charge. Now this really didn't mean anything to him as there wasn't anything he wanted, but you best believe his companions were going to milk this like a golden diamond studded cow.

In their defense they knew to not go TOO overboard, as there was a clearly defined line between taking advantage of this unforeseen perk and abusing it. The Slayer in his ever vigilant ways even had Vega remind them of it too, much like a parent telling their child to not put too many things into a shopping cart. Still they made sure to have as much acceptable fun as possible, whether it be getting some new jewelry, trying out super expensive wine at a classy bar, or sample what the best chefs in Hell could offer. Eventually this would all come to head with their final stop on their tour/unexpected shopping spree, with them all trying on clothes and seeing what they wanted, while the Slayer did the only thing a man like him could do in this situation, sit in a nearby chair and watch their stuff.

Again though it didn't bother him at all, what most might find ordinary, boring, or even annoying he found relaxing, as it helped him to think back to much simpler times.

"I must admit, if at any point someone had told either of us this was something we would be doing eventually, I might assume they were insane." Vega said to him via the inside of his helmet so the others couldn't hear, "It's hard to believe that we've come so far, that after

all the fighting we're finally able to let our guards down to this degree, and once we have determined whether or not Gabriel is plotting something, which I don't believe he is personally, then maybe we can consider the possibility of relaxing, as it truly seems the worst is behind us." He told him.

Unfortunately the Slayer could give no response to that, for while he did want to believe Vega was right that this was all finally over, deep down in the core of his soul he just couldn't bring himself to accept that, not until every last thing had been sorted out.

"Alright Will, ya ready to be blown right out of that armor of yours?" The voice of Angel Dust asked from one of the changing booths, as all three of them were ready to show off their outfits.

Watching as the booth curtains were pulled back and they stepped out, the first thing that came to his mind when he saw them was...suspicion. On the left there was Angel who was wearing a full body black dress with four sleeves for his additional arms, complimented by fluffy fur cuffs at the end of each. Now, if that was the only thing the Slayer noticed about his appearance it wouldn't be odd, but he wasn't one to overlook even the slightest new detail, of which there were quite a few. Besides the new dress Angel at some point in the booth had applied makeup to himself, how that worked exactly given he was covered in fur the Slayer didn't really know.

And while the amount of makeup wasn't extreme or what might be considered trashy, a lot of effort had still gone into its application. From dark eyeshadow and liner that went perfectly with his snow white self, to pink lipstick that was the right level of glossy, it ended with just a nice touch of blush to give his cheeks a little red. In fact, as he looked at Katie and Cherri he noticed the same thing, besides their new clothes they had clearly "prettied" themselves up, and he had no idea why. But as said this was ONE of the few strange things, and as he looked to Cherri and Katie to take in their attire he began noticing a theme.

The explosion happy demon wore a short black and red dress that ended at her thighs a little bit above the knees, which made sense as he assumed she wouldn't want something that kept her from moving as much as she wanted. This didn't mean her legs were

exposed though, she had thigh high stockings that were also red and black as that was the color scheme she was going for. Top it all off with the surprise of her letting her thick head of hair down completely, instead of having some of it tied back in a pony tail, and she struck a perfect balance between elegant and chaotic beauty.

Last but certainly not least on the right was Katie, who out of the three gave off the strongest aura of class. Like Angel she too wore a full body dress, however it differed by being ruby red, being cut up the sides so you see her legs, and although he could not see it was also open in the back. As for any additional details those came in the form of accessories or jewelry, from gold bands around her wrists, to a beautifully made gemstone necklace, and earrings that shined like stars, she was the very definition of a knockout. That is, for everyone other than the Slayer, who truly might honestly be the only person in the entirety of existence who could look at these three, see how much effort they had put into looking so nice, and feel as though he was being lulled into a false sense of security just to have some kind of trap sprung on him.

"So? What do you think huh?" Angel Dust asked as he showed himself off, "Aren't we the three sexiest people you've ever seen in your life? Go on be honest." He said.

"...I'm not sure I should tell you what he's thinking." Vega replied cautiously.

"Oh? Is he actually turned on by us? Is the stoic solider finally having some feelings stir in that well toned body of his?" Cherri questioned.

"Not exactly." Vega replied.

"Oh come on Vega just tell us what he's thinking, we're all adults here we can take it." Katie insisted.

"Very well, but please do not shoot the messenger." He requested, taking a brief pause to consider how to word this as best as possible, "The Slayer finds your new appearances to be...slightly concerning." He revealed.

"...Huh?" All three sounded together, as that was definitely not what they were expecting.

"You see, as these clothes will be given to us at no charge he knew you would pick out rather expensive outfits, and while these certainly do meet that description they're also similar in how proper they are, almost as if you're planning something." He explained.

As they heard that the three demons couldn't keep surprised expressions from coming to their faces, which IMMEDIATELY started causing red flags to pop up in the Slayer's head.

"W-What? No, this is just the first time any of us have gotten to shop for clothes this expensive, so we figured why not go all out, r-right Katie?" Angel Dust asked.

"That's right! In fact even with my salary as the top news anchor in all of Hell I couldn't afford clothes this nice, at least not genuine originals only really good knockoffs." She answered.

"And I've never found any kind of dresses or shit that I liked, but leave it to these nobles and their stores to have something even I think is nice, it's just one big coincidence is all..." Cherri said followed by a nervous chuckle.

"That doesn't explain the makeup, nor how each of your accessory and jewelry selections are perfectly chosen to compliment your attire." Vega pointed out.

"Uh...well...ya can't expect us to get all dressed up and NOT put on the finishing touches! I mean that'd be like baking a cake and not adding the frosting!" Angel Dust argued.

"Yeah exactly! I mean you might not get this since you're just rocking that armor, WHICH IS COOL AND AWESOME NOT SAYING IT'S BAD OR ANYTHING! But ya know when you dress to impress ya gotta accessorize properly..." Cherri reasoned, slightly panicking in the middle there as she didn't want to insult him.

"See Will? You're just thinking about it too hard, we're just wanting to look nice because we can, nothing else is going on that'd be

ABSURD." Katie assured.

First he was suspicious, then he was on alert, but at this point the Slayer's mind was going into full lockdown. Even if he wasn't the hyper vigilant super solider that he was, you'd have to be a few shells short of a full serving of buckshot to not see what was going on. Though he didn't know what they were planning, or why they felt the need to dress up for it as much as they were, he could tell they wanted to keep it a secret as much as possible. And it's for this reason that for the first time in his life, he decided the best course of action he could take was none at all, for whatever this was they were putting a lot of effort into it, which he respected and was grateful for.

"You're right, he's sorry." Vega told them after a few seconds.

"Wait, really?" They asked together.

"Yes, old habits are hard to let go of especially in his case, he knows you three wouldn't be up to anything, or if you are he knows for a fact it's nothing dangerous, so he apologizes for not reacting properly to your new appearances." He answered.

"Oh, well then, thanks Will." Angel Dust said earning a nod in response, "But with that being said, what do you really think of how we look?" He inquired.

"He thinks you all look nice." Vega replied causing smiles to come to their faces.

"Really? You're not just saying that for him or something?" Cherri asked.

"No." He simply answered.

Feeling all of their smiles grow bigger the three of them huddled together, whispering to each other to talk about it and probably some other things, leaving the Slayer to return to his duty of looking after the rest of their purchases.

(A Short While After...)

"Will...are you sure we can't help you with that?" Katie asked as they walked beside him.

Even with access to top of the line products and goods, the trio still did their best to buy things in moderation as to not be greedy or go overboard. Unfortunately by the time they were done shopping they still had a pretty sizeable haul, which they were worried they would have to call Charlie and ask her to send her family's limo their way. That's when the Slayer decided to remind them that they had a literal god among them, as he was able to carefully assort everything into a pile, that he then easily lifted with both of his arms to carry. That's how they were able to go back to the hotel on foot, and with Vega providing him with an actively updating map of their surroundings and any people nearby, this removed the risk of him bumping into anything.

"While your concern is appreciated Katie, this is quite literally nothing to him, it's almost like he's carrying air." Vega answered.

"Weight's not the issue here though Vega, we're the reason he's gotta rely on you so he doesn't run into anything, so we wouldn't mind carrying some of the stuff." Angel Dust replied.

"Again, while this is appreciated it isn't necessary, besides you shouldn't feel bad for enjoying yourselves, that was the whole point of accepting the generosity of the noble class after all." He stated.

"As always willing to help but never willing to be helped, you are an infuriatingly nice person you know that?" Cherri asked.

"He is aware of this." He answered.

Letting out a collective sigh that he wouldn't let them carry even a single thing, they knew if they tried pressing this anymore it'd just end up with them going in circles, so they decided to move on.

"Say, out of curiosity big guy, how come you didn't buy anything?" Cherri asked.

"Because there was nothing that he saw that was of interest to him, and not solely because of its high quality or how specific each store

we visited was." Vega answered.

"So what are your interests then? Besides being the baddest badass whoever badassed?" She questioned.

"He enjoys music though mostly rock n' roll and metal, working with his hands which is not exclusive to his arsenal's maintenance, reading books with his favorite genres being science fiction, horror, and supernatural, video games, and collecting figures." He explained.

"Hold the fuck up." Angel Dust said as he looked at him befuddled, "YOU, the guy who could punch a hole in the fucking universe, likes to collect figures and shit?" He asked.

"Indeed, in his fortress for example he has an entire shelf dedicated to figures he made himself, all of which are of the demons of Doom, he created them as sort of a way to rub his victory over them in their faces, as these once terrifying creatures had now been made into rather cute toy like objects." Vega answered.

"That is the single most amazing way to rub salt in someone's wound I have ever heard..." He replied as a grin came to his face, "How come you've never told us this before? What other amazing details are you hiding huh? Let me guess you're an artist?" He asked.

"Actually yes." Vega answered.

"Oh come on no fucking way!" He exclaimed.

"I'm afraid so, the Slayer is an artist in two ways, the first being that he composes his own music with the use of instruments he made himself, which he then combines with recordings of his weapons to create an original genre." Vega explained.

"If that's the first one what the hell is the second?" Katie questioned.

"The other is far less detailed as it is painting." He revealed.

"Whoa, you actually paint? The big bad Slayer of Doom paints in his spare time?" Cherri asked.

"He's only done it once so far, and it took him a great deal of time to finish as he didn't want to make any mistakes." He answered.

"Damn, must've been a pretty special painting if that's the case, what was the focus?" Katie asked.

"Him and Daisy." He answered.

Upon hearing that they all felt their hearts drop in their chests, for even though he seemed perfectly fine in telling them that, they still had just unknowingly walked onto a landmine.

"Oh shit...Will...we didn't mean to..." Angel Dust tried to apologize, only to be stopped as Vega spoke again.

"The Slayer does not want you to say you are sorry, if he didn't want to answer the question he wouldn't have given me his permission." He assured.

"Still, we know that's a pretty rough thing for you to talk about, even after everything we know now, we should've realized given how much time ya spent on it that it was something important." Cherri reasoned.

"It's quite alright, the truth is that picture was painted for two reasons, the first of course being how much he misses her and wishes he could see her again, the second is because he keeps seeing her from time to time, even though she isn't there." He replied.

"Like a hallucination?" Angel Dust questioned.

"Correct, even though he knows it isn't real, that it is simply a product of his trauma and mental state, he still can't keep himself from thinking it is her sometimes as she seems so real." He explained.

In that moment a memory came back and hit Katie like a wrecking ball, but just for her as she was the only one in their entire group who knew this.

"Holy shit...those piles of pellets back in his fortress...that was food

for Daisy..." She realized with widened eyes as she looked to him, *"I can't fucking believe it's taken me this long to put that together...this is way worse than Vega's making it out to be..."* She thought with a deeply concerned expression.

A part of her wanted to mention this to Cherri and Angel, as she figured they should know it wasn't just because of simple grief. But then the logical part of her mind argued against that, for besides it being reckless it was an invasion of his privacy which she had no right to do. Still as this sank in with her she felt worse and worse, for if he was seeing Daisy to such a believable degree that he could sometimes forget she isn't actually there, what else did he just deal with all the time without any of them knowing about it? Sadly she wouldn't get anymore time to think about it right now, nor would Angel or Cherri be able to ask him some more questions, for as they turned the next corner the hotel was just up ahead, signaling the end of their day out.

Going the rest of the way to its front doors in silence, the Slayer noticed how the closer they got the better their moods were, though they did a decent job of acting normal.

"Is there something you'd like to tell him?" Vega asked once they reached them as they all came to a stop.

"What would make you ask that?" Angel Dust questioned.

"He just wanted to be certain that there was no other surprises left for today." He replied.

"Oh please, you think we have nothing better to do than just surprise you over and over again?" Cherri asked.

All three of them would feel a little nervous when he didn't respond, once again fearing that he may be onto them. But as he set everything down next to him and reached for both doors' handles, they braced themselves for what immediately came after he as he pushed them open.

"SURPISE!" Countless voices all shouted out at once, the sheer volume of it nearly being equal to a detonation from his rocket

launcher.

Looking inside there was so much to see, from the abundance of people all standing together in the lobby and how nicely they were dressed, to the countless decorations ESPCIALLY the massive banner that read "Thank You!" that hung at the back of the room. Then you had things like a small stage that had been setup as well, the band that stood atop of it ready to play music, and so many other details that all spelled out clear as day, PARTY.

"This is precisely what we were expecting." Vega told him via the inside of his helmet, as he didn't want the others to know they had figured this out.

"Welcome back Will!" Charlie exclaimed as she hurried over, "And also, welcome to your party!" She added as she gestured to the room and everyone else.

"When did you plan this?" Vega asked, though making sure to do so without sounding rude.

"Actually this was Millie's idea!" She answered.

"Really? That is very surprising, we assumed you would have been entirely responsible for this." He admitted.

"Well...I maybe did a FEW things..." She said while looking off to the side.

"Don't be so modest hon." Vagatha spoke up as she walked over, "Even though Millie and the rest of us had come up with the idea yesterday, the MOMENT we told her about it she got everything in motion, all the decorations, the band, making sure everyone had something nice to wear, she did the organizing we just helped make it happen." She explained.

"Vaggie..." Charlie whined with an embarrassed smile.

"That is why Angel Dust and Katie wanted to take the Slayer out today correct?" He asked.

"Yup, needed you gone so we could get everything ready, and now

that you've seen it what do you think?" Vagatha responded.

For the next full minute everyone waited in silence to hear what Vega would say, for even though they knew the Slayer would appreciate their effort, they were still worried that he might be uncomfortable. But then he did something so unexpected, that even his AI companion could have never seen it coming. He reached up, took off his helmet, held it under his arm, and with a small but easily seen smile he used his free arm to give them a thumbs up. Seeing this everyone let out a massive cheer, so loud and so passionate that for a moment it managed to shake the hotel itself. This in turn was the signal for the band to start playing, for not only was their surprise a success but he was actually happy, and for them that was the best thing they could have hoped for.

(A Few Minutes Later...)

If the Slayer was treated like a celebrity before, now he was being treated like a king. Admittedly he actually knew what that felt like, after all he was a properly crowned leader of the Sentinels, so that comparison was actually 100% accurate. Everyone from the guests of the hotel, to every noble in Hell who had been invited, and even the staff who wanted to make sure he didn't need anything crowded around him. But his group didn't get upset at this or try to but in, for they knew they had the entire night to spend with him so they were fine letting everyone else get their fill.

Though if they were being honest there was another reason, that small smile the Slayer had when he took off his helmet was still present on his face, and from the looks of it they were optimistic it might stay there for the rest of the party.

"Man, is it wrong of me to say how weird it is seeing him happy? Because I don't mean that in a bad way it's just...so new I guess?..." Angel Dust asked, he and the others as usual hanging out near the check in desk, with the added addition of Charlie's family this time around.

"No we get exactly what you mean, but it's the best kind of weird, the kind that makes you all excited and happy." Charlie answered.

"Still I hope it doesn't take them too long to get plastered or tired, what's the point in throwing this party if we don't get to hang out with him?" Katie asked.

"Katie...are you...jealous?" Lilith questioned, nearly everyone looking at her with a surprised expression.

"Is it REALLY that shocking that after all the time we've spent together, all the things he's done for me, that I wouldn't consider Will a friend? And a damn good one at that?" she replied.

"She does make a valid argument, I never thought I'd be throwing a party in celebration of the source of many of my nightmares and anxieties, yet here we are standing but a few feet away from him and I'm as cool as a cucumber." Lucifer said.

"What about you uncle Gabe? Did you ever think things would work out so well?" Charlie asked.

"Not in my wildest dreams Charlie, but that isn't to say I'm not happy, both for myself and him." He answered.

"YOU'RE happy for Will? Well fuck me and call me Sally would've never seen that coming!" Angel Dust exclaimed.

"I don't see why I wouldn't be, yes I was an adversary of sorts to him up until now, but it is because of my brother Pravuil that I was able to begin seeing the error in my judgment and actions, and it is thanks to Slayer's mercy that I've been given a new chance to finally deal with them properly, in addition to mending my relationship with my kin." He explained.

"Speaking of, just how many more relatives do you guys have? I mean obviously most of you are angels, but are there any more devils like Lucifer who are also your siblings?" Cherri asked.

"As a matter of fact yes, while not every devil is a part of our family for some only appeared when a new circle was needed, all of the devils and circles that existed during the war were our brothers and sisters." He answered.

"Geez, how big is your fucking family?" She questioned.

"You don't want to know./ **You don't want to know.**/ *You don't want to know."* All three siblings said together, as it would take just as long as this party was going to last to go through their family tree.

"Yeesh, your family sounds just as bad as mine." Blitzo admitted.

"Same." Angel Dust said.

"I didn't know you had a family sir, or if you did one you'd want to talk about." Moxxie replied.

"And that's exactly how I like it Moxxie." Blitzo said as an idea came to him, "But you know what I do want to talk about? All of our merchandising ideas!" He exclaimed.

"Oh no you don't, you're not ruining this for Will." Katie told him.

"Ruining? I'm doing this FOR him! I mean look some of the nobles have started to back off! So what better time to start kissing some properly pampered ass than right now? Plus if you come with we may be able to get some investors for Slayer Studios~" He mused.

"...Damn, you are a good salesman." She replied causing him to grin.

Watching as she and the former murderers for hire all went to start rubbing elbows with the noble class, once they were all gone they noticed that besides them, a few other notable people were missing from the festivities.

"Wait...where's Husk?" Vagatha asked as she looked behind the desk, "He's not sleeping here anymore, or trying to I guess." She said.

"Now that you mention it I don't think I've seen him at all today, along with Nifty and Alastor." Charlie realized.

"Oh no..." Lucifer muttered as a shiver went down his spine.

"Something wrong brother?" Gabriel asked.

"The one person who shouldn't be missing IS, and now I can feel

every muscle in my body tensing up..." He answered.

"Oh Lucifer there's no need to be so dramatic, I think enough time has passed to where we don't need to be suspicious of Alastor anymore, yes he has a reputation and there are plenty of rumors, but he's been nothing but helpful and as such he deserves a little more trust than you're giving him." Lilith told him causing him to sigh.

"Maybe you're right, I mean if I can feel completely safe around the Slayer of all people while reconnecting with my brother after all this time, then surely I can find the willpower to assume Alastor isn't up to anything." He replied.

Using that impeccable timing of his the front doors were flung wide open which managed to get everyone's attention, and stepping through them as dapper as could be was the radio demon himself.

"HELLO EVERYONE!" He exclaimed through the mic on his staff so they all could heard him, "I am SO sorry to be so fashionably late! But I had to make sure my associates were all properly dressed!" He explained.

Almost as if this were rehearsed, which knowing him it probably was, Husk would be the first to appear as he walked up next to him, the only thing different about him being a long red dress tie around his neck instead of the usual bow. After him however did not come the short housekeeper they were expecting, instead it was the overlord Rosie who was dressed to match Alastor. And while her appearance wasn't the most shocking thing in the world, it was unexpected enough to get the nobles talking among themselves, as well as bring back those suspicions Lucifer had.

"Great, everyone's seen my fancy tie, can I go get drunk now?" Husk asked him.

"Not yet! There's still one more person who has yet to join us! And she is the most fashionably dressed of us all!" He answered before lightly hitting the base of his cane against the floor.

In a flash a massive torrent of fire came from the ground and shot high into the air, but no one was concerned because they all knew it

was nothing dangerous, less Alastor wanted to get himself killed by the Slayer. But as it continued to burn in place no longer ascending, they would see a small black mass form at the bottom, which the others in their group knew was Nifty. Or at least that's what they thought, but soon that mass grew until it was about the same height as Angel Dust or Katie.

"Alastor, what are you summoning?" Lucifer questioned no longer able to keep silent.

"Oh come now Luci, surely even with all that has been happening you haven't forgotten such a familiar face so soon have you?" He asked in return.

Confused by what he meant they all felt their jaws drop and their eyes widen as the figure stepped out of the fire, for as it turned out, it actually was Nifty. Her appearance was pretty much the same in terms of her hair, eye, and skin color, with the only major differences being the clothes she was currently wearing and well, ya know, SHE WAS TALL NOW. On the matter of her clothes though they were very different from what she normally wore, consisting of a white band around her neck and a long blue dress with white polka dots, she looked like a fifties version of Cinderella.

"Ladies, Gentlemen, and Slayers alike, I present to you Nifty as you've never seen her before!" Alastor exclaimed as the torrent of flame dissipated.

"Hi everyone." She greeted calmly with a smile and a small wave.

"Nifty...what...how?" Charlie asked, being the only one able to do so at the moment.

"Well, I just figured since everyone else was changing why shouldn't I? Especially since this is a LOT closer to how tall I was when I was alive, I mean not EXACTLY cause ya know if I was this tall when I was alive everyone would be freaking out, but still, better than being as short as I was." She answered.

"That still doesn't explain how this is possible." Vagatha joined in as they all were slowly processing this.

"You have me to thank for that." Rosie said while raising her hand, "The poor girl was feeling so different since no one was as short as her, except for maybe those two imps, so Alastor being the considerate soul he is reached out to me and asked if I had a potion that could remedy this problem for her, to which I said yes, but only if I could be invited to this magnificent party." She explained.

"Yup, so, how do I look?" Nifty asked as she did a small spin to show herself off completely.

A moment of silence came over the entire room as she waited for any response, and although she was happy with how it turned out, she did still feel a little nervous when no one seemed to want to say anything. But much to her full name Cherri would be the one to break the silence, doing so in a truly explosive way.

"GIRL YOU LOOK FUCKING AMAZING!" She shouted as loudly as she could.

"R-Really?" Nifty questioned as a hopeful look came to her face.

"FUCK YEAH YOU DO! DOESN'T SHE EVERYONE?" She continued to shout, now turning her attention towards the party.

Given that more than half of the people there didn't even know who this was, only an assortment of confused mutters and whispers were heard as a response. This in turn caused Cherri to summon one of her bombs, throw it high into the air, detonate it which resulted in a very loud and colorful controlled explosion, before she then looked back to them.

"RIGHT?" She asked them a second time with a rather twisted smile, hoping for their sake they weren't stupid.

Thankfully they weren't, with that message being received they all either applauded her for some reason or said a variety of compliments, which was enough to please her and Nifty.

"Aw...thank you..." She said quietly as a blush came to her face.

"Well then, now that we've made our grand entrance I believe the festivities can resume, right maestro?" Alastor asked addressing the

band.

Realizing that they too had completely stopped during all of this the musicians began to play again, which slowly after that display got the party back into full motion.

"See? I told you it would go well." Alastor whispered as he walked up beside her, "Now why don't you go and show yourself off? Maybe try and find Velvet to thank her for the potion? Or even try and talk to the reason why you wanted to do this?" He suggested.

Nodding in response the new vertically upgraded Nifty headed into the crowd, making sure as she did that her dress didn't get ruined.

"THAT'S what she wanted the potion for?!" Husk questioned as he and Rosie walked up to join him, "It wasn't some shady fucking thing or some other shit, all she wanted was to be taller, Why?!" He asked.

"Husker, do not tell me that all that alcohol consumption is beginning to eat away at your brain? Maybe seeping into your eyes a little bit too?" Alastor said.

"What the fuck does that have to do with this?" He responded.

Rolling his eyes at just how blind his associate was, Alastor pointed towards the center of the room since he could see it himself. There he saw the Slayer surrounded by whatever nobles had yet to have some kind of chat with him, as well as Nifty who was making her way towards him.

"...No." He said in disbelief as it finally clicked.

"Yup." Alastor replied.

"But...I thought she just...I mean...she always gets excited over practically any guy..." He muttered.

"That she does, but after everything she's seen and learned about him, I'm afraid our little romantic housemaid has found her prince charming~" Alastor mused as he patted him on the back, "Let's just hope that this story doesn't end like the original did! Especially since

the crows here in Hell are MUCH more vicious than the ones on earth." He jested followed by a laugh.

"What just happened?" Vagatha questioned, as she and the others back at the check in desk were still watching this unfold.

Instead of responding with any words Lucifer would suddenly walked away, catching them all by surprise.

"Honey?" Lilith said as they watched him take his leave.

"I'm going to get a drink, I'll be back when I'm basted." He replied with a wave of his hand.

"Oh no, last time he was like this he started singing showtunes in his boxers..." She muttered before following after him.

"Heh, guess some things never change." Gabriel said with a chuckle.

"Wait, you mean he did that in Heaven?" Vagatha asked immediately, both she and Charlie looking to him with expressions of intrigued surprise.

"Just because Heaven is divine does not mean it is not without luxury, such as the best wine you'll ever taste." He answered.

"Ooooooooh you HAVE to tell us more." Vagatha said, wanting to hear ALL the embarrassing stories they had to share.

"I don't know...Lucifer would be quite cross with me..." He replied in a somewhat playful way.

"PLEASE uncle Gabe! I've never heard of ANY stories from when dad was in Heaven!" Charlie begged with big wide puppy dog eyes.

"If you won't tell them I certainly will, I've been WAITING for a chance like this to embarrass him." Azrael told him.

"Very well, it seems I am outnumbered three to one." He relented which made them all smile.

The next two hours of the party went by in a flash, but only because everyone was enjoying themselves so much. Katie along with Blitzo and the others were actually successful in getting the nobles to listen to them, sure Stolas lent his assistance in doing so and they did "bend" the truth a little on how much the Slayer was involved, but hey results don't lie. Alastor and Rosie would also chat with the nobles and anyone else they felt like, for although this was the Slayer's party it was hard for them not to act like hosts. Angel Dust and Cherri actually took their leave of the check in desk just as Gabriel began sharing stories, for they had noticed how Nifty seemed quite intent on spending her time with the man of the evening, so they wanted to make sure she didn't try anything.

That just left Lucifer, Lilith, and Husk, all of whom managed to run into each other at the table setup for the food and drinks, with the latter being forced to help the queen of Hell keep her husband from getting schnockered. Eventually though the "main event" of the party was ready to happen, which most of the people could tell once they saw Charlie get up on the stage.

"Excuse me, if I could have your attention please." She requested via a microphone that had been setup in advance, "Thank you, now as you all know this party was put together to celebrate the one person who has done more than anyone to help change Hell for the better, and it is for this reason that we would like to say a few things to further show our gratitude for his actions." She explained before looking to the Slayer, "So Will, could you please come to the stage?" She asked.

Nodding in response everyone stepped aside so he could easily get up there to stand beside her on the left.

"The people who will be speaking first will be my parents, as they were the first to speak to him and introduce him to the rest of us." She explained as she looked to them next, "Mom, Dad, could you please come up here?" She requested

Making sure they were both presentable they then made their way to the stage, making sure to take their glasses with them as they planned to make a toast. But before they did, when the focus was still on Charlie and the Slayer, neither they nor anyone else saw a

shadow of some kind put something into their drinks. And as they now stood to their daughter's right, all eyes looking to them and they back to the crowd, this same shadow would begin applying that same unknown substance to everyone's drinks, doing everything its power to not be noticed.

"Thank you Charlie, that was a wonderful introduction." Lucifer praised his daughter as she stepped back so he could have the mic, "Now, I know that even in light of recent events most of you here still have very little idea of who our friend is exactly, and that is entirely on us as we assumed by this point a documentary put together about his life would've aired by now, but again those recent events happened and while they certainly helped to show just how powerful he is, it didn't do much to help clear the mystery of his identity, where he came from, or even why he's helping us with the hotel and a yet to be revealed project me, my family, and our associates are also working on, but all of that will be talked about later, as we're here to sing his praises not to give you all a history lesson." He said which managed to get a few laughs, "However it's rather hard for me to praise him, not because I feel he doesn't deserve it, but because this has all happened so fast, it's only just now approaching three weeks since he first arrived and yet so much has changed, but as my daughter said it has been for the better and that much I am able to admit." He continued before looking towards the Slayer while raising his glass, which prompted everyone else to do the same, "So, before I allow my wife to say her part of our shared praise we'd like to give a toast to the man who has impacted all of our lives in some way, to the Slayer!" He exclaimed.

With that shared sentiment spoken they all took a sip from their drinks, letting a few seconds go by so they could savor the moment.

"Here...we...go..." Alastor said quietly with a wicked smile, watching in excitement as Lucifer stepped back to join Charlie while Lilith took his place at the mic.

"Thank you Lucifer that was a wonderful toast, and a wonderful beginning to this portion of the party." She began with a glance back to him, before turning back to face the crowd, "Now then, where do I begin with praising the Slayer?...Oh, I know exactly where." She said as a smile came to her face, "The first thing he did that helped

me and my husband to feel more comfortable around him, more certain that he was here to help us and not kill us all, was during Charlie's interview when this all started which is where he saved her life, or at the very least kept her from being seriously injured." She explained as a slight frown came to her face, "Though to be honest...if I hadn't hired Blitzo and the others to try and kill Katie on the air that probably would've never happened..." She admitted.

The moment those words left her mouth practically everyone either gasped in shock or were frozen stiff, as their queen had just casually confessed to an attempted assassination.

"You...did...what?!" Lucifer questioned in disbelief causing her to look back at him.

"Oh come on honey you KNOW how much I hated her back then, are you REALLY surprised that I tried to get her killed on live television?" She asked.

"I have something to confess too!" Blitzo exclaimed from the crowd causing all eyes to go to him, "I have ABSOLUTELY no fucking idea what I'm doing at any point in time! I just bullshit my way through life HOPING to be a big shot, truth is even though she did hire us to kill Katie I actually looked up to her! She was the kind of boss I always DREAMED of being some day!" He explained before looking to Stolas, "And as for you!" He exclaimed while grabbing onto him and pulling him down to his level, "I fucking LOVE your stupid dorky love dovey ass!" He admitted before kissing him passionately.

After that the ENTIRE room turned into an absolute batshit crazy free for all of confessions, with everyone saying whatever secrets or hidden feelings they had no matter how deep they were buried.

"I always act like I don't care and that I hate everyone and that everything sucks, but the truth is I just have no idea what the fuck is going on at all with me and everything else and so I insult the people I care about because I have no idea what the fuck else to say!" Loona exclaimed.

"I never wanted to be an assassin, it's not that I can't hurt people or that I don't enjoy it at all, I just don't want to hurt nice people or

people who were just associated with the assholes who came to us to kill them!" Moxxie exclaimed.

"I only have a country accent because I heard a song when I was little and I liked it so much I wanted to sound like the singer, so I just kept talking with it until it stuck but I also liked how it made me unique since I'm the only imp in Hell who has it!" Millie confessed.

"I act like nothing bothers me and that I'm fine all the time but the truth is I just want to CRY, because between my family and my career and every stupid fucking thing I've ever done in my life I am a fucking train wreck of emotions and problems and I just want to be fucking happy and horny!" Angel Dust confessed.

"I try to be as colorful and as punk as possible because otherwise I feel like I'm just boring and nobody will notice I'm there if I don't!" Cherri admitted.

"I only tell my girlfriend not to start singing a lot of the time because I'm afraid she'll want me to join and I can't sing for shit!" Vagatha admitted.

"I know! That's why I was planning to surprise you with singing lessons that I wanted to sign us up for so we could sing duets!" Charlie replied to her.

"I LOVE WILL!" Katie shouted out.

Truly being shocked by what was suddenly happening, as the Slayer watched everyone continue to share more and more about themselves he eventually landed on the check in desk, where he saw Gabriel and Azrael struggling to not do the same. Sadly whatever was causing this was powerful enough to force even them to speak the truth.

"I'm honestly sad a lot of the time because everyone everywhere is afraid of death, so they treat me like I am some terrifying monster without even getting to know me, do you know how HARD it is to go your entire life constantly hearing from so many different souls how much they fear or hate you?" Azrael asked nearly on the verge of tears.

"I TOLD THE SLAYER DURING THE LAST HEAVENLY MEETING THAT I WANTED TO KILL ALL OF YOU! INCLUDING MY BROTHER AND HIS FAMILY!" Gabriel shouted.

"You...what?..." Lucifer questioned with widened eyes as he stepped forward.

Given the chaos that was only getting worse as time passed, the only one to hear him was the Slayer. Now one might wonder WHY the devil was unaffected, despite the fact he too unknowingly drank the mysterious liquid that had been added to their glasses. The reason is because said substance was the truth potion Alastor wanted to use, it was designed to make whoever consumed it share every secret or hidden feeling and desire they had, which Lucifer already did. Over the course of these last two weeks he confessed his involvement in causing Doom, he revealed to his daughter and Vagatha all he knew about the Slayer's past, the only thing left he had to say would've been his regret over his actions which started the war in the first place, but he and Gabriel already settled that.

So despite having drank the same potion as they all did he had nothing left to be honest about, that is, until he heard what his brother just said. And the Slayer knew this, because for the first time in his life he felt a rage much like his own begin burning inside someone else. But before he could try and keep Lucifer from doing anything the devil would grab the microphone, remove it from its stand, and as loudly as he could screamed:

"SHUT
UUUU

completely red with his irises turned bright yellow, and the nails on his fingers had become claws.

"I do not know what the fuck is going on...I do not know why all of you are suddenly saying these things...but the ONE THING I do know is that I am FUCKING PISSED!" He shouted at them as he balled his free hand into a fist, almost breaking the mic with the other as his anger worsened, "And I, as the king of this circle, as the king of all of you, and as the first of the fallen DEMAND that I be given an explanation behind everything, RIGHT. FUCKING. NOW." He demanded.

Deciding he would need to intervene to keep this from escalating any further, the Slayer was kept from doing so as a sound came from his helmet. And as he took it from beneath his arm he could see a message was being displayed on his visor, but once he read was it said his whole body went cold causing him to drop it. Hitting the stage with a fairly loud thud due to its weight this earned Lucifer and everyone else's attention, yet as they saw the expression on his face the mood shifted completely.

"Will?" Lucifer spoke in a far calmer tone, as seeing the horrified look on his face it washed all of the anger out of him, "What's wrong? Has something happened?" He asked.

For the first time though the Slayer didn't respond in any way, he didn't nod, point, or even look at him or anyone else. But that's when they realized it, whatever had caused this reaction from him came after he looked at his helmet, so as Lucifer bent down to pick it up and see what appeared on his visor, he discovered the following message:

Warning, Immediate Attention Required, The Fortress Of Doom Has Sustained Severe Damage, Administrator Vega Has Been Removed From The System, 95% Of All Subsystems And Generators Have Been Destroyed Including The Soul Harvester, All Stored Souls Have Been Released.

Day 7

When a mortal world has been touched by even the smallest amount of corruption, pure unrefined sin that ravages all it reaches, the affected area much like an infected wound must be treated immediately, to prevent it from spreading and getting worse. However unrefined sin was a rarity these days, as all the circles regardless of how they chose to conduct themselves, were careful to ensure the energy of Hell itself was always monitored and never misused. But then there was Doom and its ruler the Dark One, as they both were made from this unrefined sin he believed that was the only state it should be in. This is why even when the Slayer entered the portal to fight on their turf, to keep them busy so they would not continue their advance on his planet, the sad truth was that it was already dead.

But due to the Dark One and his minions needing to shift their focus to this impudent mortal the corruption of earth did end, so while he could not keep all life from dying he still prevented them from taking it into their realm. And after so much time had passed life began to return, of course it was only animals and vegetation as humanity would take millions of years to happen again, assuming they even would. Sadly this second chance for his home was already snuffed out, for the moment The Fortress of Doom crashed into its surface from orbit, the now freed demons of Doom were quick to work. It took less than an hour for them to kill everything they could find, a few more to begin erecting Gore Nests and blood pools to increase their power.

And once enough of both had been made the most gifted of their arcanists gathered together, Summoners and Archviles all channeling their energies in perfect unison caused a rift to be torn open, allowing them access to their domain. This is when the Dark One's soul would return to where it belonged, once inside he began to bring to life the cursed realm. Every single corpse he reformed through his power he granted new souls to double their numbers immediately, while using the blood and viscera accumulated in the mortal world to give those who had been trapped with him new bodies. In a single instant Doom had returned, with not only a vastly larger army but a permanent connection to the mortal realm as well.

This however was not only devastating to the unsuspecting worlds that filled this universe, as it meant they could begin their hunt across the stars and continue to grow even more. With no restrictions or limitations anymore the Dark One could begin the assimilation, which in turn would cause his power to become greater than ever before, enabling him to finally break through the holy barriers of Heaven and begin their final conquest to control all of creation. But what of the Slayer, why hadn't he appeared the moment this happened to fight them, to try and get them imprisoned again and prevent this outcome before it could be possible? Unfortunately the truth was he couldn't have, the only means he had to cross dimensions was in his fortress, and by the time any other greater power or domain noticed what had happened, all that has been described was already complete.

The Slayer for the second time in his life had lost everything to them, his world, his fortress, and even his most trusted companion, just as before there was nothing he could have done to stop it. So now, as the world fully transformed to match the hellish terrain, as the demons both old and new came together to begin erecting or repairing strongholds and temples, there was no denying that Doom had returned.

Raze Hell

"HURRY! THIS WAY!" A Sentinel warrior yelled towards the fleeing masses, as his comrades and the Exterminators held the line.

A full scale evacuation was currently underway in Lucifer's circle, every person regardless of who or what they are were being granted passage to the realm of Urdak, their voices filling the air around them as they screamed or cried. Yet still the combined volume of their shrieks and yells wasn't enough to drown out the sounds of conflict, that threatened with each passing second to be upon them. Lasers, bullets, blades and blunt weaponry were all being used to keep back the ravenous hordes, most of them were actually killed quite easily, it was the ones who followed behind that were the issue. Towering faceless brutes with strength to match their height destroyed buildings and vehicles with little issue, cybernetic horrors ranging from grotesque skeletons to what could only be described as spider brains bombarded them from a distance, and in the air large mono eyed masses either red or black in color pelted them with bile and screaming skulls.

But the job of the Exterminators and the Sentinels was merely to ensure that no civilians were hurt, acting similarly to a riot squad deflecting and intercepting any attacks that went their way. And while this may sound gut wrenchingly terrifying, it was NOTHING compared to what their champion kept at bay. At the center of their army was a building sized monster, who just like some of the others had cybernetic enhancements fused with flesh. Its skin was as black and grey as ash, its eyes burned with a red fire none had ever seen before, and thanks to its size every action whether it was movement or aggression shook the ground. If this behemoth were to focus on the fleeing crowds for a second there would be nothing they could do, for its power was far greater than what their shields or even themselves could withstand.

Thankfully that is where their champion came in, the moment the creature laid its eyes on him he was the only soul it cared about, a clear animosity shared between them indicated by the guttural roar

that bellowed from its chest. Since they arrived those two had done nothing but fight each other, the other creatures that marched passed them didn't give a glance in their direction, as even they knew that this was a long awaited duel. With each clash of their strength shockwaves went through the air, both living rarities of when an unstoppable force is also an immovable object. However, even as the people of Lucifer's circle ran for their lives with the Exterminators and Sentinels acting as their shield, while the Slayer faced off against one of his oldest and greatest foes, there was a thought they all unknowingly shared.

How did this happen?

(A Few Hours Ago In Hell's Time...)

Idle chit chat filled the air of the hotel lobby as everyone excitedly waited for the Slayer to return. Though they weren't hiding behind furniture ready to jump out or anything, they were still all eager for the moment he opened those doors and saw everything they'd done. And whether it was due to the amount of people present, or maybe no one had noticed yet, not a single soul realized that there were three notable people absent. In all fairness for two of them that made a fair amount of sense, given that they had recently met their end by his hand and probably still didn't feel comfortable around him, but for the third one this wasn't like him.

No matter how hard he ever got hit he always got back up and responded with zest and vigor, even something like death shouldn't have phased him. Yet here he was, the former "notorious" crime lord Sir Pentious, laying face down in his bed covered by its blankets, which is where he had been for all of today as well as the last. The reason why is due to an unbearable depression that had been slowly building up, ever since what happened back on The Fortress of Doom. So now how all he cared to do was just lie there and wait, there was no point in trying to do anything or to enjoy himself in any capacity.

Even though it had been a while since he heard that voice or felt the searing pain of the Lost Soul, he knew the foul creature was still

inside of him and was simply dormant, waiting to be commanded by its master. But what said master would have it do, what he would be forced to carry out when that happened, he truly had no idea.

"...Pentious?" The voice of Vox called followed by a few knocks at his door.

Although he heard him the snake demon didn't care, he wasn't even the slightest bit curious as to why the Overlord came to see him, so he just stayed there silent.

"Come on Pentious we know you're in there, so either you open the door or we'll do it." He warned.

Sadly that too was ineffective at eliciting even the slightest response from him, which is why he expected his door to be blown off its hinges or for them to break it down. Only that wasn't at all what happened, instead by just using their innate abilities they were able to unlock it from their side. But as Vox turned the knob and slowly pushed it open, just enough so they could take a glimpse inside, once they saw the state he was in he pushed it open further so they could enter.

"Pentious, what's wrong?" He asked as they walked in, closing the door behind them afterwards.

Even with them now in the room and just a foot or so away he still refused to respond, showing just how serious this actually was. This is why Vox wouldn't say anything more nor would Velvet, as they realized nothing they could say would help. So they chose to just be there for him, walking over to his bed and sitting beside him they would wait as long as needed before he spoke to them. Now one might wonder why these two Overlords even with one having been his fellow prisoner, cared at all for his well being when they truly knew very little of each other.

In fact, this would be the first thing he would say after an hour of silence, the only noise that disrupted it being the cheers and other various sounds of the party nearby, telling them that the Slayer had finally come back.

"...Why are you here?..." He spoke while keeping his face buried in his pillow, "I don't know either of you personally...and I don't owe you anything...so why are the two of you in my room instead of at the party?..." He asked.

"We could ask you the same thing, on top of what has caused you to be in this state." Vox replied.

"True...but again why do you even care?...We're not friends or family or even business partners...so why waste your time here?..." He asked.

"Because despite all of those things being true we were worried about you, I know that makes no sense but we DO share one thing in common, that we've all been affected by the man they're throwing that party for." Vox answered.

"So what?...Are you here so we can plot revenge or something?...Do you want to get back at him for what he did to you guys?..." He questioned.

"No not at all, I'm personally grateful to him for many things, not killing Velvet, killing Val, giving me this second chance even though I certainly didn't deserve it." He began to explain as he looked towards the ceiling, "Because when you think about it we all had something like this coming our way eventually, sure we assumed we would just be able to do our own thing and nothing would happen, that we were too clever or too powerful for the Exterminators to deal with, and even if that was true the fact still remains that we're in Hell for a reason, and it was inevitable that somewhere down the line someone would come along and make us pay for what we did when we were human." He continued as he looked back down to Sir Pentious, "Which is why I'm glad it was him, yes my death wasn't pleasant but very few can be described that way, and like I said if it had been the Exterminators I know there'd be no second chances, in that final moment I would've had all the thoughts and feelings I have now hit me like a tidal wave, but unlike now I wouldn't be able to think or do anything about them." He concluded.

"Again so what?...Who fucking gives a shit about any of that other than you?..." Sir Pentious asked.

"I do." Velvet answered as she put a hand to her chest, "J-Just like Vox I'm also grateful, the S-Slayer could've kept him locked up, he could've killed me, and w-while it's gonna take some time for me to get over it completely, I st-still realized that this is our fault and when I did I was able to st-start working through it, that's why we're here Pentious, to help you." She explained.

Silence returned after she said that for a few minutes, as he wasn't sure how to respond or feel about it.

"...I...I...appreciate that..." He barely managed to tell them as he slowly gripped the sheets, "And I mean that...I'm glad someone cares...but even so it doesn't matter...you both can't help me...no one can..." He whimpered.

"Don't say that Pentious, I know whatever you're going through might seem insurmountable, but if you just let us-"

"YOU DON'T FUCKING GET IT!" He suddenly shouted at Vox as he finally looked up from his pillow, tears welling up in his eyes, "What's wrong with me isn't just some insecure bullshit or me realizing how shitty of a person I am! Neither of you nor anyone else could possibly fathom what I'm dealing with! And I can't even try to tell you or give you hints to help you understand because it'll only make it worse! I am fucking trapped whether it be here, back on the fortress, or even if I was somewhere like Earth or fucking Heaven! And no matter what you or anyone else says or does you can't help me!...I'm just...I'm fucking screwed..." He told them.

Though they were startled by his outburst and all that came after both Overlords still remained, because even though this was far more than they had expected, this didn't change their desire to help him. Which is why like before neither of them said anything, they would let their actions do all the speaking for them, starting with Velvet who moved closer to him on the bed before pulling him into a hug. Feeling his eyes widen when she did this he balled up his hands at first, as for a moment he was angry at her and wanted to push her away. But this embrace, her compassion, everything that she was showing and doing for him even though they were strangers, was all that it took to finally wear him down and have him succumb to his emotions.

For the next hour all he could do was hug her tightly and cry, as the repressed anguish from his suffering all poured out of him. But Velvet wasn't bothered by this at all and same could be said for Vox, she would hold him for as long as he needed to feel better.

"Why?...Why are you being so nice?...What the fuck is happening anymore?..." He asked them as his tears were finally running dry, "This is Hell...we're suppose to be cursing each other out while fighting to the death...we should be destroying everything around us just because we feel like it...yet here we are in this fucking hotel...none of it makes any sense..." He said.

"Did it ever make sense though?" Vox asked in return, "I mean when I was alive I was a devote atheist, I figured all the spiritual shit was just a scam to get people to buy a book of fairy tale nonsense so people could feel superior over others, yet here I am a literal demon who has a television for a head sitting next to a snake covered in eyes and a woman who looks like a doll come to life, and we act like there's nothing weird or strange about that." He pointed out.

"Heh...guess you're right..." Sir Pentious admitted managing to chuckle and smile, "But still that all happened...naturally I guess is what I'm looking for? But everything that's happening now makes next to no sense..." He explained.

"True, but again that's why we're here, there's no reason you should be left alone to deal with this, and besides, there is a vacancy now that Valentino is gone..." Vox trailed off while looking to the side.

"Wait...you're not...are you?..." He questioned with widened eyes, as he couldn't believe what he was hearing.

"We won't be able to call ourselves the three Vs anymore, but seeing as how all three of us are all about technology, I think we can come up with something new." Vox replied.

"Hold on, you're into technology? I thought you were a potion maker?" He asked while looking down at Velvet.

"I am, but I also have an interest in technology, I'm n-not the inventor Vox or you are, at least not y-yet, but I do keep up with all

the latest tech that comes out, a-and if you decide you want to join us well...then I'll have t-two people to teach me..." She answered.

Staring at both Overlords Sir Pentious was speechless, for while he did have dreams and ambitions of being an Overlord, or even the ruler of Hell itself, he never imagined he'd be getting an invitation to be the member of one of the most notable groups out there. Because of this for a few seconds he wondered if this was actually real, or if maybe this was some kind of trick to get his guard down so they could mess with him. But as he continued to look at them he was met only with looks of genuine anticipation, as they waited patiently to hear his response. This in turn caused something to happen to him, something he hadn't felt or experienced in what seemed like a lifetime, he felt happy.

"I mean...if you both are being serious...if you really aren't just phenomenal actors and are beguiling me into a false state of security and safety...then...I'd love to be your third member." He told them.

Upon hearing that he would be sent back down to his bed, as Velvet overjoyed by his response tackled him and began hugging him a second time, while Vox just watched on and smiled.

"EEEEEEEE! I'm so glad you said yes!" She exclaimed giddily as she squeezed him.

"Um, okay, never had someone hug me like this before, I mean I know we were just hugging but that was different, Vox help." He said as he looked towards the other.

"Nope, sorry, when she latches on she's there till she lets go, nothing I can do about it." He replied.

True to his word he had to lie there for a full minute of hugging before she finally released him, both sitting back up once she did.

"Well...that was...nice actually." He admitted.

"Better get used to it, even before all of this Velvet's always been a hugger, so you can expect those to happen practically everyday,

sometimes every few hours, she's a very friendly outgoing person." Vox explained.

"G-Guilty." She replied with a smile.

"I'll be sure to keep that in mind." He said as a small smile of his own appeared.

"Anyways though, are you comfortable enough now to talk about what's bothering you?" Vox asked, "If not just say so and that'll be the end of it, we're not going to rush you into sharing it with us, we completely understand if you need more time to feel safe enough to open up." He assured.

"Oh...right...that..." Sir Pentious replied as he had actually forgotten about it during all the crying and hugging.

Going quiet again as he had to give this serious thought, he knew that if he told them ANYTHING about his situation it would not only be bad for him, but they might be put in danger and something terrible could happen to them. And since they were now partners even friends from the looks of it, for the first time in his life Sir Pentious actually chose to do something for the sake of others by keeping his mouth shut, at least until he could figure out something.

"Yeah...well...if you wouldn't mind I do still need some time...just trying to sort through it myself..." He explained.

"Like I said we understand, whenever you feel it's the right time to say something we'll be there to listen." Vox promised.

"That's r-right, cause like it or not you're with us now, and we don't accept takesies backsies." Velvet said.

"Thank you." He replied with another smile coming to his features, which in turn brought smiles to their faces.

"SHUT
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through the hotel.

"What the fuck was that?!" Sir Pentious questioned.

"I have no idea, but I think we need to go and see what it was." Vox replied earning nods from them both.

Getting up and moving to the door they'd open it slowly and peak out, just to be certain whatever had suddenly happened wasn't right outside the room. But with the hallway empty they then stepped out and closed it again, proceeding to head for the lobby and discover what was going on.

"I do not know what the fuck is going on...I do not know why all of you are suddenly saying these things...but the ONE THING I do know is that I am FUCKING PISSED!" He shouted at them as he balled his free hand into a fist, almost breaking the mic with the other as his anger worsened, "And I, as the king of this circle, as the king of all of you, and as the first of the fallen DEMAND that I be given an explanation behind everything, RIGHT. FUCKING. NOW." They heard that same voice continue to shout, but now they were able to realize who it belong to.

"Holy shit that's lord Lucifer..." Sir Pentious whispered to them.

"Yeah, and he sounds REALLY fucking mad." Vox replied.

"Have either of you seen him this angry? I m-mean like on the news or on the internet or something?" Velvet asked.

"Never, in fact I didn't think he COULD get angry, he and his daughter are always so cheery and colorful, like someone just gave them too many happy pills and the effect's still going." Sir Pentious answered.

"Maybe we shouldn't walk out there? You know just to be safe, we'll hang back and watch from the hall." Vox suggested again earning nods from both.

It wouldn't be long before they were able to see the lobby from the hall, but since there had been some changes due to the party setup, they needed to walk just a bit further to see passed the stage and

everything else. But that would prove unnecessary once they got a basic assessment of the situation, for while there were a lot of things to make note of, there was one detail above them all that held their attention. On the stage near its front were Lucifer and the Slayer, and while they noticed the former was partly transformed, that still wasn't what they were focused on.

"Wait...is...is he fucking scared?" Sir Pentious asked quietly as they all saw the look of horror on the Slayer's face.

"Will...does this...does this mean what I think it does?" The devil asked him as he stepped closer with his helmet in his hands, "There's no way it does right? Because that would mean that the demons...are free..." He said.

Unfortunately that statement only had gravity with Lucifer's family, their group, and the trio of Overlords, because for everyone else present when he said demons they obviously thought he was referring to them. This of course was due to the fact no one had seen the documentary yet beyond them, or in the case of the trio had seen those creatures first hand like Pentious and Vox had, the latter of whom having told Velvet about them the other day. It is for this reason, that as the Slayer who was normally so unphased and unaffected by literally anything looked towards him and nodded his head, that they suddenly all felt a surge of fear explode within them.

"That's...that's impossible..." Lucifer muttered though loud enough for everyone to hear, "How...how could they escape?...They're all imprisoned and they have no allies...how...could they possibly have figured a way out?..." He asked.

"The demons escaped?..." Vox questioned in disbelief with widened eyes, "Which means...Val's escaped too..." He realized.

"S-S-Surely it's n-not that b-bad right?..." Velvet asked him, her stutter getting worse due to how freaked out she was.

"I wish I could say that was true Velvet...but look at his face...if he of ALL people is this unsettled...then I think we're dealing with the worst case scenario..." He answered.

However, before they or anyone else in the vicinity could say something else a blood curdling scream came from behind them, gaining not only their attention but everyone else's.

"Pentious?!" Vox questioned as they turned around to look at him, to see why out of nowhere he screamed like that.

To their dismay they found their companion on the floor writhing in agony, and although they knew he had no physical body, the way he was contorting and bending his form was still concerning.

"Oh my god what's wrong?!" Velvet asked with immediate concern while reaching out to try and help him.

"DON'T! DON'T FUCKING TOUCH ME!" He screamed at them and everyone else, the latter looking on with shock and confusion.

Taken aback by this the two Vs stepped back, but only from surprise and not because he scared them.

"Pentious please tell us what's happening to you! We can help or-"

"NO! YOU FUCKING CAN'T!" He screamed to interrupt him as he shut his eyes tightly, "THEY'RE...THEY'RE COMING...AND IT'S ALL MY FAULT...I'M...I'M SO FUCKING SORRY!" He cried out.

Before anyone could react or question what he meant, his entire body would start to glow with a mix of vibrant orange and blue. This is when the Slayer came back to his senses for he knew EXACTLY what was causing it. In the next few seconds he grabbed his helmet from Lucifer to put it back on, dashed with blinding speed to Vox and Velvet, the picked them up to move them away.

"NO! WE HAVE TO HELP HIM!" Velvet shouted out as he did.

Sadly for the doll demon he ignored her completely, even as they both began to try and break away from him, he held onto each as tightly as he could to make sure they wouldn't put themselves in danger. What happened next truly broke them, the person who they had just been talking to, who they had spent these last few hours with consoling and getting to trust them, disappeared in a violent explosion of energy which had been those colors he glowed with.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" Velvet cried out in despair.

Unable to keep herself from going right into a sob she looked away, for all that remained of Sir Pentious was a mass of fire that was left by the explosion. But once again something would happen before anyone could say or do anything, the flames that burned started growing bigger and bigger, in addition to forming some kind of shape. And just like before the Slayer knew exactly what this was, which is why he released the two Overlords, summoned his chain gun, and readied himself to fight. When the flames finished forming their shape it was some kind of wall or barrier, and from it stepped out a creature only a few besides him that were present had ever seen.

"An Archvile..." Lucifer realized as it stepped out of the inferno, causing him to turn to the crowd that was frozen with fear, "RUN! EVERYONE GET OUT NOW! HURRY MAKE FOR THE ENTRANCE!" He commanded.

Listening to their king the demons began screaming and yelling as they all rushed for the exit, soon followed by the sound of the Slayer's multi barreled armament spinning to life to begin firing its rounds. But as expected of one the smartest breeds of Doom's demons, it erected another barrier to protect itself before it began its channeling. Now normally even for the gifted arcanists that the Archviles were, this process would usually still take them a few seconds to complete. Yet this time was different, for unknown to the Slayer or Lucifer and his siblings, its allies had been ready to respond to its summons. In the blink of an eye more Archviles and even Summoners were brought into the circle, the others of its kind erecting their own barriers whilst the gray skinned conjurers began doing what they did best.

At this point he realized that there was nothing they could do, even if Lucifer, Azrael, and Gabriel were to assist him they would only be able to kill a few of them, while the ones who remained would still finish their work. So all four of them came to the same conclusion, they joined the others in their retreat with Lucifer ensuring his wife and daughter were beside him, for in an instant more and more demons began to appear. Getting outside the angel of death would

try to summon a portal immediately, not just for them but also for the others ahead who were still running. But that is when the most terrifying of all surprises happened, the entire front of the hotel was blown apart by a massive explosion which caused them all to stop, and as they looked to see what horror had caused it, only the Slayer was capable of understanding what he saw.

The Cyber Demon, one of Doom's greatest champions and a show of their understanding of both science and sorcery stood behind them. Casting a long shadow over them all it let out a roar that could be heard throughout the entire city, before then raising its cybernetic arm towards them in order to take aim. Yet it was not aiming at all of them, the thin lasers that showed its weapon was charging only pointed to one person, and it was no surprise as to who it was. Rushing forward as to ensure no one may be hit unintentionally the Slayer took the blast head on, bringing forth an energy shield from his chain gun that absorbed the impact completely.

This caused the hulking monstrosity to let loose another roar before it too rushed forward, and thus a clash between these two titans was underway. Yet while that threat was focused on dealing with the Slayer, the other demons that had been conjured emerged from the opening it had created, a choir of shrieks and ghastly wails directed towards the others. That was all that was needed to spur them back into motion, they ran as hard and fast as they could as these creatures gave chase. Sadly not only did most of them have a means to begin their assault from range but they were also faster than them, or in the case of one breed known as the Prowler it could teleport short distances, which it did to be upon Charlie immediately.

But before she could scream and her family or anyone else could do anything to stop it from attacking her, it was blown apart into countless pieces and bits of viscera by someone else. Looking forward as that is where her savior had struck from, they saw not too far from the crowd a massive portal had appeared, and standing in front of it were a legion of Sentinels and what seemed to be Exterminators, though their masks and weapons had been changed to match the former.

"HURRY! THIS WAY!" The one who had saved her life yelled while beckoning them towards the portal.

(The Present...)

"THAT'S IT! THEY'RE ALMOST THROUGH! JUST KEEP AT IT FOR A LITTLE LONGER!" A commander of the Sentinels instructed as the fight waged on.

Though those who fled from the Happy Hotel had no way of knowing, what the commander said wasn't just in reference to them. All across the circle portals had been opened that led to Urdak, each one overseen by a different battalion of Sentinel and Exterminator forces. Thankfully there was one upside to this nightmarish situation, the demons only way into the circle had been the dormant Lost Soul in Sir Pentious, meaning that this was the only place where they were appearing for now. Even so it didn't make it any less harrowing, their numbers just kept growing and those that were killed were quickly resurrected, proving that this wasn't a battle but merely a trial of endurance. Yet just as the last of the people were being sent through, Lucifer and his family heard what sounded like a meteor hitting the ground coming not too far from them.

Stopping in their tracks to see what it was they found the Slayer, who had been sent flying in their direction as the Cyber Demon managed to get in one good swing on him. It didn't hurt him at all of course, but still now that he was there the monster began charging at full speed towards them, even going so far as to use the thrusters on its backside to give it more speed. However, before the brute gained too much distance it would be halted in its place, though what was shocking was that it hadn't been done by the Slayer.

"Gabriel?" Lucifer questioned as his brother had summoned his spear, before then tossing it with all his might at the enemy.

"Go! Get your family to safety! I will assist the Slayer in holding them back until everyone in your circle is safe!" He exclaimed.

Bringing forth his radiant Heavenly wings the archangel took to the sky, just as the Cyber Demon grabbed onto his divine weapon and easily removed it from its chest. Even though the weapon had caused it pain, especially since it was a being of pure sin, part of its

power was unprecedented regeneration which allowed it shrug off near everything sent its way. But this did not keep the angel nor the Slayer who was back to his feet from continuing their assault, once the beast had tossed his spear aside he summoned it back to his hand, while the Slayer resumed pelting it with a hailstorm of bullets.

"LUCIFER!" Lilith shouted as she grabbed onto his arm, "We need to go NOW!" She exclaimed.

Even after hearing what his brother said back in the hotel the devil felt torn, he knew she was right and there was nothing they could do to help, but he couldn't just leave his brother alone.

"Dad please!" Charlie exclaimed as she too grabbed onto his other arm, "We need to leave before it gets any closer!" She insisted.

"Lord Lucifer!" The commander yelled out earning all three's attention, "There's nothing you can do! Leave this to the Slayer and your brother! We'll make sure they follow behind you but you need to go now!" They ordered.

"R-Right...I'm sorry..." He apologized as he followed his family.

Watching them until all three were through the portal, the commander did one last check to be certain all civilians in this area had been evacuated, before then shouting towards their champion.

"YOUR HIGHNESS!" They called causing him to look over his shoulder, "THEY'RE ALL THROUGH THE PORTAL! IT IS SAFE TO USE IT NOW!" They informed.

Nodding to show he understood the Slayer sent his chain gun away, only to replace it with a weapon that would allow them to follow as well.

"EVERYONE RETREAT! HE'S GOING TO USE IT!" The commander instructed the Sentinels and Exterminators, and although they listened and began to fall back to Urdak, the latter had no idea what their leader was referring to.

This did not mean that the few who were at the front most lines didn't get to see it, for just as they were about to enter the portal

they watched the Slayer summon forth what seemed to be a gun, but due to its size and odd design they weren't entirely certain. Then it happened, with a single pull of the trigger the end of the armament came to life, green strands of energy began sparking over the barrel followed by a MASSIVE sphere of the same color being sent towards the horde. In that moment the Exterminators who bore witness to it were left in awe, tendrils sprouted from the orb with each instantly finding a target, before just as quickly each target violently exploded. Within but a few seconds of flight their numbers were nearly all gone, yet they would be brought out of their stunned states when the sphere itself hit the Cyber Demon, and at worst it only seemed to stagger it.

Falling to one knee the beast let out a gasp of breath, though its flesh had been singed and a small crater had even been made in the body, just like with Gabriel's spear it was already regenerating.

"HEY!" The commander shouted at them before pointing to the portal, "I SAID RETREAT! DON'T JUST STAND THERE AND WAIT TO DIE!" They barked.

Feeling like fools that they had forgotten their order the Exterminators all nodded in response before proceeding to Urdak.

"YOUR HIGHNESS! EVERYONE IS THROUGH! ONLY YOU AND THE ARCHANGEL ARE LEFT! HURRY!" They shouted at them before going through the portal themselves.

With the legion now dealt with and the Cyber Demon temporarily winded, they both listened to the commander and ran for the portal. Sadly this would not end with Sir Pentious and Vega being the only casualties, for as Gabriel flew down from the sky with his eyes solely on their exit, he failed to notice the Cyber Demon raise its artificial arm, take aim, and fire a blast of pure Hell energy at his person. Now some might think that it would have no effect given that he was a divine being, but the truth was sin and virtue were the same in terms of what they could accomplish, all that was needed to harm someone like Gabriel was a strong enough being, and the Cyber Demon had both strength and power in spades.

Screaming in agony as the energy struck his back and burned his

wings, he fell to the ground in a violent crash. As this happened the Slayer stopped in his tracks and turned around to see what was going on, but before he could even try to help him he was cutoff by a massive wall of flames. The Archviles had since emerged from the ruins of the hotel and were using their power to block him, not only to keep him from saving his ally but also so the Summoners could begin the resurrections.

"LEAVE SLAYER!" Gabriel shouted at him barely able to look up from the ground, **"KEEP MY FAMILY SAFE! I BEG YOU!"** He requested.

Despite everything that had been said between them as well as their initial meeting, the Slayer still did not want to leave him behind to be captured by the demons. But as the resurrections were complete and the Cyber Demon stood tall once more, he knew that he had no other choice.

"Thank you..." Gabriel said to him as he walked through the portal, it closing the moment he was in Urdak.

Incapable of doing anything as the pain and sin consumed his body, he was entirely helpless to stop the Cyber Demon from turning him over so their eyes could meet.

"Go on...do your worst...I deserve it..." He whispered to himself as it raised its arm again, taking aim before delivering a fully charged blast of its power.

The Creator

(The Past)

When ancient mortal civilizations and species across all of creation begin to develop a higher form of intelligence, one of the first things they always do is consider just how everything came to be. Why is there a giant flaming sphere in the sky for half the day, while for the other half it is a different one or maybe even several? How did the land rise to form mountains so tall you cannot see their peaks from the ground? And of course the most pertinent of questions, why and how are we even here to begin with?

It is then that their search for answers leads them to presume a higher power must be at work, for how else could such marvelous things exist if not for a greater being behind it all? However as time continues to pass on and their intelligence grows steadily, they discover that through various methods the secrets they've sought the answers to were there all along, they merely needed to wait for when they figured out how to find them. This in turn causes a divide among the people, if we can begin to explain all of these wonderous things on our own, break them down piece by piece like a machine with its parts, is there actually any truth to the propositions of one all mighty creator, or are we but a product of an expanding reality?

For this reason many of those who are devoted to their faiths cry heresy, for even if we can begin to understand how everything is put together, the question of how it was assembled still remains and thus they remain firm in their spiritual beliefs. But this is exactly where all mortals begin to misunderstand the true nature of creation, for they never seem to ask the one question that could provide them all the clarity they desire. If there was a mastermind behind it all, an entity who made everything or at the very least allowed everything to exist, why would they impose strict rules or guidelines on how to live one's life when that betrays the very purpose of free will? Should there actually be a definitive god or higher power they would not interfere in the lives of mortals, for if they desired to see a particular outcome come to pass they would have just made it happen

themselves.

So while this entity would be omnipresent, omnipotent, and omniscient, all this would mean is that they would KNOW how everything MIGHT play out, but they would restrain themselves from ever interfering, as that would be a misuse of their power. This is exactly why the creator made their children, though they as well were not to interfere with the lives of mortals to the same degree, they would still monitor and ensure that creation as a whole was maintained and kept in balance. One such child took this duty more seriously than all the others, not to imply however that the others were not diligent with their tasks of course.

Simply put the archangel known as Gabriel was given a position that could be summed up as a "supreme judge", bringing forth any entity whether they be Heavenborn, Hellspawn, or Mortal should their actions threaten creation. This is exactly why as of now he climbed the stairway that led to his parent's sanctum, a shining tower of radiant purity unmatched by anything else in all of existence. At the top of this tower resided the creator, hence why the tower itself was possibly the largest structure ever constructed. For when the creator needed or wanted to interact with anything directly as opposed to using its power, the form it chose was intimidatingly massive.

Of course they could have chosen a smaller form if they so desired, after all they were the first being and undoubtedly the most powerful. But that was a matter of preference and even the creator was not exempt from having them, the form that their children knew them to take when they so felt like it was just what they wanted, simple as that. Though admittedly it had been a great deal of time since any of them had seen their parent, they used to walk through the entirety of Heaven long ago, but when the war happened they returned to the tower and have since never left. And there have been plenty of theories as to why this was, many assumed it was due to the pain of their children fighting to such a degree, a few believed that once mortals came to be they decided to focus their time on them.

Then there was the final theory, one that all of their children especially Gabriel believed wasn't true, because to them it was the most outlandish and blasphemous thing they had ever heard. That the creator in light of the war, had abandoned creation.

"How can anyone even propose such nonsense?" Gabriel asked himself as he neared the top of the stairs, his mind unable to keep from thinking about these things as he walked, **"What would the point be in making all of this if they would just abandon it later, they are all knowing so they could see all of the potential outcomes, even the one that brought them pain."** He said with closed eyes.

With a few more steps the archangel was finally able to take pause in his advance, not because he needed to rest or catch his breath, but because for him and his siblings this place was home. This is where they all were simultaneously made by the creator, the Heavens that were below this place they had made themselves. But before that happened, before they came into the powers they were given and their parent trusted their judgement, they spent what may be considered their youth here, under the watchful and loving gaze of their maker. Sadly this was no time for fond memories, as it would only bring up emotions good and bad which would waste time, he was here to speak with the creator regarding a truly unusual mortal and the nature of his soul.

Resuming his approach the entryway to the tower was still a good bit ahead, but the moment he was halfway to it he would be halted in his place. In front of him streams of light would gather from all around, quickly coming together to form creatures who were unrefined purity. These beautiful breathtaking figures though having little features to describe, served as the creator's Seraphim and caretakers of the tower. To his knowledge only he and his siblings had ever witnessed them apart from their parent, which made sense given that they were bound to this place, unable to leave for their existence was tied directly to the creator.

Once they had finished forming which only took a few short seconds, before the archangel could say even a single word they did so first.

"Gabriel, we know why you are here." Their shared voice told him, it being so calm and comforting it could ease even the most violent and ravenous of souls, "You seek answers regarding an ascended mortal, the one known as the Slayer to be precise." They said.

"That is correct, I am investigating him alongside the breed of angels known as the Maykrs, I believe that they are conspiring to upset the balance in some way, based off of their current actions and the answers provided at the last heavenly meeting." He responded.

"There is no need to explain your presence Gabriel, your reasons are just and your suspicions warranted, hence why we are present to give you the answer you seek." They revealed.

"Of course, I should expect nothing less from the creator." He admitted as he looked up to the tower, which from here he was unable to see the top, **"Forgive me for asking this question but...how are they?"** He inquired as he looked back down to them, **"None of us have heard or seen anything of them since the war, and while we understand that it is because out of everyone they were the most hurt by it, many of us myself included would greatly like to see them again, or even just hear their voice for a moment."** He said.

"They understand the longing you and your siblings have to be with them again, but they ask you for your continued patience, it is a painful thing to know of an outcome where your children are divided, only for that pain to amplified when out of all the possibilities that is the one that comes to pass." They replied.

Falling silent for a moment and looking away, the reason for this reaction was because Gabriel like all of his kin felt guilty. Though each at one time or another put the blame onto one or a few of their family, none of them did anything to prevent the war or the growing tension that led to it.

"Right, that is perfectly understood, I'm sorry." He apologized.

"Again, no is no need to explain yourself Gabriel, but if it should bring you comfort there has been improvement as of late, we do not mean to instill false hope in you, but progress has finally begun to take shape, it may not be too much longer before more is realized." They revealed.

"That's...fantastic..." He said with as genuine a smile as he could

form, **"Then I shall ensure this current matter is handled without fail or issue, so no troubles will be waiting for them when they are ready to see us again."** He said.

"They know that you will do all that is within your capability." They assured.

After that the Seraphim would go on to share with Gabriel the information he had sought, confirmation of whether or not the Slayer was part of some plan or prophecy the creator had set into motion. However to his surprise and dismay this was not the case, even when he questioned if they were certain the Seraphim swore that the creator had no hand in making him, all that he has become and has done was of his own free will. And while this did make things more confusing and complicated for the archangel, he still gave his thanks for their aid and took his leave. For now that he knew the creator had no hand in making the Slayer, that everything that was happening was solely because of his and the Maykrs' actions, this meant he would be allowed to do whatever was needed to ensure justice was served.

(The Present)

Urdak, a very peaceful and quiet place, with the only sounds that disrupt this tranquility coming from the work of the Maykr drones and angels. Yet even then the sounds they made were light hums and whirs of machines and devices, which managed to seamlessly meld with the setting to provide a calming atmosphere. It is for this reason and this reason alone that there was no mass hysteria, which was truly incredible given how many people had just entered its domain. Lucifer's circle like any of the circles had near billions of souls all inhabiting it, hence why even though in theory it was infinite there was a population problem.

This obviously raised the question of how all of them were brought there, how could so many people ranging in size, power, and physical state arrive in just a few minutes? This was accomplished by two specific powers at play, the first was the Sentinel soldiers and Exterminators that hadn't been sent to help the Slayer, they made

sure to enter every building in their vicinity and get the people out. Then there was the second who helped make sure they all cooperated, the Khan herself whose power was unrivaled by anything in Lucifer's circle, not including him and his family of course. She would use it to provide them vision of what was transpiring at the hotel, an ability known as clairvoyance which most Heavenly figures possessed.

This is exactly why every demon cooperated with these unusually friendly Exterminators and strange futuristic knights, for she showed them the beasts that were pouring into their home, and what terrible fate would befall them if they didn't leave. Even with this all said however there still might be a question one could ask, which would be if there was a population issue in Lucifer's circle, wouldn't that mean once they arrived in Urdak that same issue persisted? The simple answer to this was no, for all of the portals that had been opened led to their own structure or large piece of land that floated in the cosmos, this way no one would feel crowded and they could all be managed safely. Then there was the more complicated answer that even the Maykrs themselves were incapable of fully explaining, that for some reason their portion of Heaven was by far the largest, which made little sense as they were the only beings before now who inhabited it.

Even the souls from the universe they had been given after the war, as it was the same Doom had set its sights on, did not come to their realm but were instead sent to another portion governed by a different breed of Heavenborn. This was not on their minds right now however, but not just because no one was asking questions as they were left in awe by what surrounded them. Besides making sure everyone had arrived safely and that they were being talked to by Sentinel commanders, Exterminators, and Maykr angels altogether, their attention was on the reason for why this all was happening to begin with and what their next move should be.

"They're almost here." Samur spoke to the Khan as both waited in her garden, for Lucifer and the others were being brought to her.

"What of the Slayer? He did make it out correct?" She asked as she withdrew her wings, having unfurled them when she used her power.

"Yes, he was the last to leave the circle as a whole, I received word that he came through the portal a few seconds ago." He answered as he looked to her, "But I'm afraid only he arrived, as for Gabriel he had been struck down by the Cyber Demon, and given that it would have been reckless to leave the portal open for any longer there was nothing we could do." He informed.

Closing her eyes as a mix of frustration and sadness hit her, just like their champion though they had butted heads with the archangel up till now, neither of them would have ever wanted this to be his fate.

"This...is a tragic loss..." She said sincerely as her eyelids slowly parted, "I assume that the others are not yet aware of this information?" She asked.

"No, though they insisted on waiting for them to come through the portal as well, the angels we had ready to escort them to us took them immediately, so it is left to us or the Slayer to tell them." He answered.

"Then let it be him, it will take him a few minutes to join us, better we address their questions and concerns before they're overcome with emotion." She reasoned earning a nod in agreement from him.

Less than a minute later the lift to the garden would rise from below and arrive to its destination, and although they just like the rest of Lucifer's circle were scared and confused, it didn't keep them from marveling at the sight of everything around them, especially the Khan.

"Holy...fucking...god..." Angel Dust muttered to himself as they all stared up at her.

"Hello, welcome to Urdak, I am the Khan Maykr and this is my Seraphim Samur, I wish our meeting with you was under any other circumstances." She greeted as she and Samur approached.

"You're fucking huge lady..." Cherri said which brought a small brief smile to the Khan's face.

"I'm well aware my size is rather intimidating, but be rest assured

you have nothing to fear from me or my kind, we are here to give you sanctuary and aid." She promised.

"Did everyone make it out okay? Was anyone killed or hurt or anything else like that?" Charlie asked as she stepped forward, even now her compassion for her people still as present as ever.

"Yes, if there is but one good thing to have come from this catastrophe it is that all of your people were evacuated quickly but carefully, though we cannot take all of the credit as it was only possible thanks to the Sentinels and Exterminators lending their assistance." She answered.

"So those were Exterminators, to think that they of all people would be helping us, you'd think they be eating popcorn watching the shit that just happened." Husk said.

"Many things have changed even outside of your circle, but now is not the time to discuss those developments, our focus should remain entirely on what is happening now." She replied.

"What about Gabriel?" Azrael asked no longer able to keep silent, *"He and the Slayer were still there when we went through, have they arrived or are they still fighting?"* She added.

A moment of silence happened as the Khan's throat suddenly tightened, she knew what they she had to tell them but she dreaded how horrible their reaction would be.

"They're still fighting aren't they?" Lucifer asked this time as he came forward, "I knew I shouldn't have left, I could be helping them right now and we all would've been back by now." He said.

"What could you have done Lucifer?" Lilith asked as she put a hand on his shoulder, "Even in your full form you would have been no match for that monster, unlike you Gabriel is a being of purity where as you are corrupt, I doubt even if you didn't hold back it would affect a creature who is made of raw sin." She told him.

"Your wife is right lord Lucifer, anything you could have sent its way would have only strengthened it, those made by the Dark One are

not only immune to all corrupt and sinful energies, but any they come into contact with become one with their bodies and souls." Samur explained.

"I don't know why you're so worried to be honest." Blitzo admitted with a shrug of his shoulders, "And I'm not saying that to be an asshole but because he was with Will, ya know the guy who pretty much is like a walking meat grinder for those things? Sure the big one could hold his own but your brother seems pretty tough too, no way both of them combined couldn't handle it." He reasoned.

"He does make a good point, I mean Will has been killing those things back when he was still human, so take that and combine it with the fact he's now a literal god, he and your brother who is an archangel won't have any problems." Katie agreed.

In was in this moment before anyone else could say or do anything, that the lift which had descended back to the bottom after they arrived began ascending once more, causing them all to fall silent in anticipation of who was coming up. Then they saw it, at its center stood the Slayer with his hands at his side, but that was all that the lift was carrying.

"...Will..." Lucifer spoke with widened eyes as he approached him, his family and sister all sharing his expression of shock, "Where is Gabriel?...Is...is he dealing with other business?..." He asked, his voice already shaking by the end of that question.

Unlike the Khan or Samur the Slayer did not hesitate in telling them the truth, and while it was with but a simple shake of his head they knew exactly what it meant.

"No..." He barely whispered as he balled his hands into fists, "You're lying to me...there's...there's no way...that Gabriel..." He continued to deny not wanting it to be true.

Sadly as the Slayer stood there staring at him with an unblinking gaze, for the first time the devil had ever seen his eyes were not filled with rage, but instead a look of genuine empathy. Feeling tears come to his own which then poured out and fell down his cheeks, Lucifer dropped to his knees while his eyes moved to look at the

ground in front of him. As for his family their reaction was practically the same as they had tears of their own, with the only difference being that Vagatha held Charlie close to her as she wept. Unfortunately they would not be granted even the slightest bit of time to grieve, for suddenly a bright blinding light enveloped them and the garden.

But as they all looked to its origin which was behind the Khan and Samur, only they, Azrael, and Lucifer would understand what they were seeing.

"Samur." Two beings made of pure radiance spoke with one voice, addressing not the Khan but her attendant instead, "We have come to retrieve what was given." They said.

(The Past)

"Samur." A voice spoke to the Maykr, beckoning him to come closer.

When the realm of Urdak was first made there was but one being that was present, remaining still as the cosmos that surrounded him moved like clouds through an endless sky. It was known simply as The Father, he was the only entity made directly by the creator alongside this new portion of Heaven, as what else would come to inhabit or fill the space was up to him. In a day he would make several different bodies of land that would serve as home to what came next, which was a race of Heavenborn that was unlike any that came before or after. They were known as the Maykrs, why The Father decided this only he knew, not even the first of his kind that was made by his hand directly, Samur, would ever have it be revealed to them.

This did not bother Samur or any of the other Maykrs though, for they shared The Father's intelligence and logic based sentience. Which meant that while not incapable of feeling emotions or other such sensations, they prioritized reason which allowed them to be completely pragmatic towards everything. So unlike any other race throughout creation even those of divine origin, they were by far the most focused and efficient species ever seen, accomplishing so

much within such a short amount of time after their creation. Yet there was another strange difference between them and nearly every other Heavenborn, the Maykrs were not entirely ethereal and were actually corporeal to a certain degree.

Essentially they were like angelic cyborgs, with their wings and their energy being their souls which poured out of these vessels, while said vessels were a flawless melding of flesh and technology. But this came with an obvious side effect, even with all their technology and mastery of science gradual decay was inevitable, meaning that when the time came they would need to undergo a process to rejuvenate their forms. Yet this was not to be for The Father, he decided that a new leader of their race should come to be when this time came for himself, while his consciousness would be stored in a device that would help guide his successor. And while he shared this decision with every Maykr, only his attendant and first creation Samur would be allowed to know everything, as well as assist him however he could.

"Is it time Father?" He responded as he approached.

"Yes, I have waited long enough, as I am my body grows tired, the process must begin." The Father stated.

"Forgive me for questing you now of all times, but are you certain that this is the best course of action?" He asked.

"I understand your uncertainty Samur, this is something never before attempted in all of creation, let alone by the Maykrs." The Father replied as they began to leave the current room, "But we must think of every outcome, every possible scenario that may happen, the slightest oversight on our part could be devastating." He reminded him.

"I'm well aware of this fact, but there is also the possibility that things work out for the best, I know that may sound optimistic but that has just as much chance to happen as the worst." Samur replied.

"So are you saying our preparations are pointless?" The Father questioned.

"No, I'm sorry, I only said these things because...I'm going to miss you." He admitted.

"As will I you Samur." The Father replied as he looked to him, "It is has been so long since I have been able to spend time with any of my children, I am proud to have gotten this chance to bring life to another and see it become what you have, and I know that you will accomplish great things alongside those that follow after." He said.

Feeling a sad yet proud smile come to his face as those words reached him, soon both came to a stop as they were at their destination. Waiting for the doors to open they entered a darkened chamber, the only light currently present coming from the corridor which quickly disappeared when the doors closed behind them. But as they headed towards the room's center, a variety of different markings would begin to appear as the chamber came to life. Glyphs, Runes, and other such carvings were illuminated by the energy stored in this place, each one needed for the purpose this space was meant to serve.

And it is because of this purpose that Samur stopped moving, watching as The Father continued until he was perfectly in the middle of all the signs and symbols.

"Farewell Samur, I hope for the best." He spoke to him one final time before surrendering himself to the chamber.

Allowing it to do what was needed it drained his soul from his body, only lasting a few short seconds before it then fell to the floor as it was now but an empty husk. With that phase done it began the second, which was condensing the soul into a sphere like object that once complete would hover above the body. Waiting for the markings on the ground to lose their light and blend back into darkness, Samur approached the sphere and carefully took it into his hands. However his job was far from finished, as cautiously as he could he left the chamber to complete the task at hand, leaving behind the body to be dealt with later.

He traveled back to the room where they were initially, to place what could be called The Father's soul sphere into a machine. This device would serve as the matrix for both him and his successors,

all of their minds being stored in one place to mentor each one that came after. Yet there was one more thing this apparatus could do, and by The Father's will he'd refrain from sharing that information with his successors, as they would learn of it once they joined the matrix. For this function was only to be used if out of all the outcomes he foresaw the worse came to pass, as only his mind and not his soul would be needed.

(The Present)

"What is going on?" The Khan questioned as she moved forward, looking to the two beings with a confused expression, "Why are you speaking to Samur only?" She added.

"Because I am the only one here who knows the truth." Samur answered as he turned to face everyone, "However it would take too long to explain it all with words, if you want answers to what is transpiring then you will follow me and the Seraphim, but if you do I must demand that you do not speak and remain absolutely silent." He told them.

After that had been said Samur and the other two Seraphim all went towards the lift, giving them a few moments to decide what they wanted to do. To no surprise everyone immediately came to join them, for even though they had many questions burning away in their minds, this was something that they couldn't afford to miss. Once they descended and were back on the ground floor they did as they were told, even the Khan kept silent as she followed behind with the others. Making their way through countless corridors, structures, and taking a few more lifts, soon they approached the oldest building in all of Urdak.

To the Maykrs this was the holiest ground, the place where The Father had first come to be and where he made all that filled their domain, including this temple that very few ever got to see the inside of. And while none who had come from Lucifer's circle or even Azrael knew this, they could still feel how sacred it was as they walked through its halls. But this feeling only got stronger as they went deeper and deeper, reaching its maximum once they were at a

fairly wide set of twin doors. Watching as they opened surprisingly quickly they were met with the sight of very dark chamber.

Yet as their eyes adjusted to the darkness they noticed three figures standing in its center, and while their identities were hidden by the shadows, one thing they could discern was that one of them was drastically larger and taller than the other two.

"Wait...Samur..." The Khan spoke in a whisper with widened eyes, seeming to recognize who it was.

"My Khan please, remain silent." He requested of her as politely as he could, before going further into the room.

Though the others followed they decided it would be best to stop just a few feet away from the door, even the Slayer stood still as he and the Seraphim that came with him approached the three figures. But as their light illuminated the darkness and they could see who these individuals were, they saw two Maykr Seraphim who bore some resemblance to Samur, one in particular holding an object that was hidden by a cloth that covered it. Then there was the third that stood between them, though it was clear it was of Maykr origin given the design of its body, it was not like any Maykr that they'd ever seen.

However once it was seen by her she let out an audible gasp, her expression of shock worsening as her earlier assumption had been right. Despite this she held her tongue just as everyone else, watching them with unbridled curiosity and anticipation. The trio of Seraphim came to a stop in front of the others, Samur reached out and grabbed onto the cloth hiding the object, before then in one quick motion pulling it away. What was revealed the same as before left most of them speechless and in awe, only the Khan, the Slayer, Lucifer and his family knew what they were looking at.

But for Lucifer and his sister specifically they were shocked the most, for as they stared at what they knew was a soul there was an unmistakable familiarity to it, that only worsened their confusion. Thankfully they would finally receive clarity, for once Samur saw the object himself he gave a nod to his fellow Maykrs, which for them was his approval to carry out their task. Soon the floor glowed with light through a vast variety of markings, and as it grew brighter the

object was slowly absorbed by the figure between them, who during all of this had remained dormant. That is until the object was fully absorbed, as this happened then it came to life glowing with the same light, followed by the digits of its hands and its head beginning to twitch.

It took a few seconds more of this twitching and a few other slight movements before it settled, and once it did it straightened its posture so it could look to them.

"It is wonderful to see you all again." It spoke with a voice that caused their hearts to stop, "Up until now you have known me as Vega, but in truth I am The Father, both of the Maykrs and of all creation." He revealed.

Answers

"I appreciate all of you being so calm thus far, though that may be an influence my presence has on you." Vega/The Father said to the others, all of them having moved from the temple back to the garden.

Despite the fact that everyone's entire understanding of what was going on, what had been going on, and what will be going on was balled up and thrown out the window, none of them said anything in the moment of his reveal. Even when he approached them and suggested that they continue this in the garden, as he wanted to do this in a far more comfortable environment, they all obeyed without a single word our sound being uttered. And while he had been correct partially, that the reason they'd been so docile was because of the effect his soul had on others, it was in combination with the fact that not a single one of them knew what the ever loving fuck to say. For everyone that wasn't Lucifer, Azrael, and the Khan had known this entity as Vega first, so they were trying to accept the reality that they had unknowingly been speaking to and had been in the presence of ACTUAL FUCKING GOD.

Which was the exact opposite for the aforementioned three, they had known this entity before the existence of Vega as their father. So the fact that he had been among them this entire time in a state that he would hopefully explain in great detail, because they certainly had no idea how the most powerful being to exist could be turned into a freaking computer, they just didn't know where to start the conversation. But then you had the Slayer, and whether it was because of everything he had endured in his life, or maybe he actually had some suspicions none of them knew about, he was the only one besides Samur along with the Heavenly Seraphim, who was unphased and just stood there silently.

"Now then, I know I have a lot of explaining to do, so if it is alright with everyone I would like to take care of that first before I begin answering each of your questions, is this acceptable?" He asked receiving a unanimous slow nod of all their heads in response,

"Wonderful, thank you, I promise that this will be short but will give you the full picture." He promised as he began, "When my children had tension come between them a myriad of new potential futures appeared, now I could have prevented them if I intervened, but I refused for even as their parent it wasn't my place to control their lives, however when the fighting started and escalated into war, their choices and the resulting consequences led to the realm of Doom's conception, and once it was brought into reality I saw a new future that could splinter into three potential paths, all starting with William." He revealed as he looked to the Slayer, "I have always been truthful in saying that what happened to you was never fate or something that was planned, but if everything in your life happened as it did including your ancestor with whom you share a name, when the time came that you met the demons it would be a war between one virtuous soul and those of unrivaled corruption, this is where your future had the potential to split into three paths." He explained before going on to list them, "The first was your death by their hand should your rage not consume you immediately, though surprisingly it would not be the end of you, if you had fallen to the demons they would have converted you into one of their kind, and upon seeing your new twisted visage your war would continue from within, using the dark power they'd grant you to destroy them, the second would only differ during your fight with the Dark One, for one potential outcome was that he out of desperation would send his soul into your body, causing the two of you to forever battle inside your flesh and turning it into a shared prison, finally there is the third which is the one we are in now." He stated.

Pausing for a moment so they could all let that sink in, once he was certain they were ready to hear more he continued.

"That takes care of William and how he fits into everything, now it is time I explain how I could be Vega in addition to how much I prepared for this." He said as he looked to the sky, "When I first saw a vision of Doom I knew preparations must be made, so I created Urdak to serve as its counterpart in every single way, for where they use sorcery and science in grotesque abominable fashions, Urdak and the Maykrs do the same but with restraint and care, I also made the realm itself as spacious as it is for this potential outcome, for just as before once William defeated Doom there were three potential

futures that could follow." He explained going on to list them as well, "The first was that Doom would remain sealed forever, this was the most hopeful outcome that I had seen and it was just as probable as the one we are faced with now, the second though another where Doom would remain sealed was actually the worst, where instead of choosing to work with William Lucifer decided to wage another war, bringing all of the devils together to try and do what the Dark One couldn't, which would have been met with unprecedented genocide." He revealed, "That brings us to the final mystery, how could the creator be condensed into an artificial intelligence? To understand this we must look to the soul itself, and while the notion that it cannot be destroyed by any force is completely true, this does not mean that a soul cannot be divided only that whatever pieces are removed, just like the soul when it is whole, cannot be erased or altered in some way, because of this when it was certain William's future would be this one which led him to the Maykrs, Samur used the device to separate my consciousness from my soul, the only thing tied to it was my intelligence, where as my emotions, my memories, and of course my power stayed safely in the matrix, for if the present we live in now came to be and The Fortress of Doom was destroyed, it would return to my soul and I could be made whole again." He concluded.

With the full picture now painted for them everyone remained silent for the next ten minutes, to assess the information and figure out how they felt. For the most part they all felt a massive weight be lifted from their shoulders, as he had managed to clear up and answer a lot of their questions and concerns in one go. Of course there were still a few that needed to be answered, but now they'd be able to voice them in a composed manner rather than teetering on madness.

"...Father." Lucifer spoke first which honestly made the most sense, "Although I understand all that you have said, a few things still confuse me." He admitted.

"As expected, but know that all of you can ask or say anything to me, please do not let my position or what I am intimidate you, I know that is a difficult thing for me to request but I assure you nothing has changed, to my children I am still your parent and to those I have

met recently you are my friends, there is no need for forced formalities or any particular approach to speaking with me." He assured.

"That's...good to hear." Lucifer said with a sigh of relief as that did help with some of his tension, "Now, the first thing I'd like clarification on is how can you remember us from your time as Vega? If your consciousness was the only thing removed to make that version of you, wouldn't it be like a split personality or even just cease to exist once it returned to the soul? Which would include the memories associated with it?" He asked.

"The answer to this is simple, as said you can remove aspects of a person's soul, it is entirely possible to remove every single thing from it actually, however the energy that makes that particular soul is entirely its own, shaped by the pieces that can be removed such as their personality, their memories, and etcetera, this means that when my consciousness returned to my soul all that it had experienced in its separation was simply added to what I already possessed." He answered.

"I suppose that does make sense...I'm sorry it's just this is still a lot to take in all at one time..." Lucifer replied.

"Of course, that is why we are working through it slowly, speaking of are you ready to continue?" He asked receiving a nod in response.

"The next thing that is still confusing is Will's involvement in this, now I do not doubt that you did not interfere in his life like blessing his ancestors or having the Maykrs get involved without anyone knowing, but it still seems very...prophetic, that he and Doom would eventually stand against each other as they have." Lucifer said.

"It does doesn't it?" He asked genuinely before proceeding to explain, "The truth is William's resistance to the demons and his unwavering conviction to kill them all came from his great grandfather, if William J. Blazkowicz hadn't done the same when he faced a great evil of his own then he would have never been made into a hero and would have never inspired him, it is because he was able to stand against a force that had conquered the world despite the odds being against him, that his great grandson too felt he could

do the same, even with his adversaries being Nazis and not demon, though to be fair there isn't much difference between them." He stated.

"So the person we have to thank for Will being the badass dude he is, is his great grandpa who just like Will singlehandedly fucked up every asshole on planet earth?" Angel Dust asked, as he and the others were now feeling comfortable enough to join in.

"Correct, again this all stems from the choices that each of them could have made at any point in time, if the first William Blazkowicz had accepted the outcome of the second world war, or perhaps had allowed himself to be careless in one too many instances, then he could have very easily died thus meaning our William would never be born, which in turn would have allowed Doom to consume earth when it did." He answered.

"Damn, if we ever get to meet your grandpa Will I'll be sure to pour him a drink." Husk said.

"So wait, if he had never been born what would've happened then? Would Doom just be allowed to continuously ravage his universe?" Vagatha asked.

"No, though we waited to see if the history that occurred would indeed be realized, we made plans to create our own Slayer if things did not work out so well." He answered.

"Are you saying that there's TWO Slayers?!" Katie questioned.

"As it stands no, however what remains of that project has been turned into a new suit to help him with our current predicament, right Samur?" He responded before addressing his attendant.

"Yes father, the Maykr suit is finishing its modifications as we speak, it is safe to assume that once we are finished here it will be ready for him." Samur replied.

"That is good, the suit is the greatest invention of the Maykr race since the Unmaykr, for just like the weapon it is an artifact made through a perfect unison of refined virtue and technology, it will not

only offer protection unlike any armor that has ever been forged, but as he slaughters the hordes it will absorb their sin, convert it into pure safe virtue, before then adding it to his soul to make him stronger." He explained.

"Holy Mary mother of fucking god he's gonna get even more powerful?!" Blitzo questioned only to immediately clasp his hands over his mouth, not realizing what he just said in front of who.

"Ahaha, do not worry Blitzo, the whole presumption that I am angered by someone using my assumed name in such contexts is untrue, for as our friend has shown us actions carry far more weight than words." He replied sincerely, greatly amused by his reaction.

"Oh, oh thank fucking god, I thought I was about to get smited..." Blitzo said with a sigh of relief.

"But yes, the suit will increase his power even more, for the truth is there are no limitations on the soul, with enough time, effort, and training anyone can become as powerful as he is." He revealed.

"Does that mean someone could be as powerful as you?" Cherri asked.

"Unfortunately yes, which is exactly why I was not able to do anything to the Dark One when he first appeared, for his power is equal to my own." He answered causing all of their eyes to widen.

"No fucking way, you mean the thing that Will's been fighting this whole time, the thing he fucking beat single handedly is just as strong as you?" Loona asked.

"But father how is that even possible? You are the creator the first being to exist! It doesn't seem feasible at all!" Azrael exclaimed.

"To make sense of this we must examine the very nature of my soul." He responded as he put a hand to his chest, "Most mortals assume that before there was anything there was darkness, but the truth is there was not even that, much like the theory of the big bang when I came to be it was instantaneous, there was no reason other that it was nothing, and it is because of that absence that something

could happen, but when I appeared several things happened at the same time, light, virtue and by relation purity, the first of the Heavenly realm where I would create my tower all coincided with my arrival, from this we can reach the logical conclusion that I am the source of all purity, my existence allows for virtue to be possible and thus I am unrefined unrestricted purity, while the Dark One..." He trailed off as he wanted to see if they could realize it.

"...He is the same...but for sin..." Lucifer said as they all understood.

"Precisely, even though he appeared long after myself the fact remains that he is my opposite, everything in creation that is a part of its foundation and balance must have an equal, this does not just apply to such forces like good and evil or light and dark, every single force that allows everything to function and exist must have this, otherwise there will be a power that has no opposing force to keep it in check." He explained.

"But didn't Lucifer and your other children make the Dark One? By combining their powers to make this unrefined sin?" Alastor asked.

"That they did, however similar to Will and how he has become what he is this all stems from me allowing other entities beyond myself to have sentience, if I had never given any of my children their own souls from which they'd develop minds and personalities, then the only way anything new would happen from there is if I created it myself, I made the choice to not be the only true sentience in creation, I wanted everything that came after myself to have the freedom to make their own choices, but in doing so this did mean that they could make choices I would not, and it is those very actions and decisions which led to the Dark One." He answered.

"So in short, if you had wanted to be the only person to exist then nothing would ever really change, you'd have full control over everything and thus nothing unexpected could happen, but because you didn't this allowed the introduction of unpredictable chaos, which means that you and the Dark One represent order and chaos, not just good and evil." Vox deduced.

"Precisely, which is why I must say this now." He began before looking to his son, "Lucifer, you and your siblings are not to blame

for what has happened to Gabriel." He told him.

Upon hearing the immediately look away, balling his hands into fists as he didn't believe that at all.

"No, don't say that." He replied as he closed his eyes, "If me and the others had never rebelled, if we had just kept our mouths shut then we wouldn't have caused the war and everything that has happened now would have been averted, I don't want you to just forgive us and let us off the hook!" He exclaimed while tightening his fists, "Before I may have accepted it, no I definitely would've, but thanks to Will I have realized that we were to blame and it wasn't anyone's fault but ours, it's because of us that Gabriel isn't standing here right now!" He argued.

Seeing the guilt that was eating him from within his family and his sister wanted to say something, or even just walk over and hug him. But before they could his father beat them to it, he came over and placed his hands firmly on his shoulders.

"Lucifer, have you not been listening?" He asked him softly, "The only one to blame for the Dark One's creation is me, I was so focused on the present back then that I ignored the futures that loomed on the horizon, when you and your siblings first began to fight I devoted my attention entirely to those moments, when I should have seen what may happen if you continued, the only one who has failed was me in not taking precautions sooner, for just as how Will may have not been the Slayer, or how he could have become a demon himself or even be trapped in his own body with the Dark One, so too any of you even with the duties I bestowed could have created Hell, and in turn whether by doing so intentionally or as an unexpected side effect of Hell's existence, he would have come to be and I would be having this same conversation with any of your siblings, so please son, do not burden yourself with this guilt and pain, for it is mine and mine alone to bare." He told him.

If he hard heard this from anyone else, even his own family or his siblings, Lucifer would have responded with anger refusing to believe that. But this came from the one person whose opinion mattered most to him, the very same who he had spent most of his

life fearing he'd hurt beyond forgiveness. So the devil didn't say anything in response, he chose to embrace his father for the first time in so long, for he was happy beyond words that he wasn't angry with him, and that he still cared for him as he always did. Unfortunately now was not the time for him and his father to work through their past, they needed to focus on the problem that was only getting worse with each passing second.

So after a few more seconds of hugging and a few sniffles to boot, he pulled away from him so they could speak properly.

"Thank you father." He said with a smile before looking up to him, "But there's still one question that needs to be answered, what now?" He asked.

"In the Slayer's own words my son, it is time to rip and tear." He answered.

It had only been close to an hour since the demons of Doom invaded Lucifer's circle, but because this was a part of Hell as a whole, its transformation into a landscape that matched their own was far quicker than it had been on the Slayer's world. Though the Dark one chose to remain in Doom specifically as a precaution against their enemy, his minions were more than capable of doing what was needed. Every building and structure was torn down and their parts collected, as they would be sent back to the forges of Doom to be repurposed for their legions and other devices. Any wildlife that was encountered was slaughtered and piled to form gore nests and blood pools, which would be used in the creation of more demons.

And while there were objects found that held some value, such as potions or tomes that the arcanists could use, ultimately the most valued thing the circle had to offer besides increasing their lord's power and adding to their domain, was an unexpected soul that shouldn't have been there. With his form rendered helpless by the overwhelming raw sin that had been delivered to it by the Cyber Demon, Gabriel was dragged by his assailant all the way back to his master's domicile. Once they arrived the doors that led into his inner

most chamber opened preemptively, allowing the demon to carelessly throw his offering inside before leaving to return to its duties. Lying there on the cold stone the archangel was covered by darkness as the doors closed, unable to even speak due to the pain and exhaustion he felt.

"What should we do with him?" The voice of the Dark one questioned speaking to an unknown second presence, **"The other who arrived before him is currently being fitted with a new vessel, one that will ensure his obedience and compliance, do you think he deserves the same? Or should he be cast in chains and made an example?"** He asked

Hearing what sounded like a cane hitting the floor as its owner's footsteps accompanied it, Gabriel was just barely able to see the feet of this unknown individual, which confused him as whoever this was looked to be a person.

"Heh, well from my experience with angels they're pretty feisty little bastards, give'em an inch and they'll take a foot." They jested as they prodded him with their cane, from the voice alone he could tell it was a man, "However I'm pretty adept at putting them in their place, so how about you let me have a few hours of alone time with him while he's all limp and what not? And if I think he'll still try to put up a fight once he's got a little more pep to his step, we can start making him a brand new set of skin to wear, sound good?" He asked.

Responding not with words but by opening the doors a second time, this brought a smile to his associate's face, though Gabriel could not see it. Letting out a grunt in pain as he grabbed onto one of his burned wings, he then dragged Gabriel out of the chamber just like the Cyber Demon had, the door closing behind them once they crossed the threshold.

Possessions And Powers

(A/N: So a while ago I received a random bombardment of guest reviews from many people upset by the father's inclusion, saying it took away all tension or stakes in the story and what not, and I'd like to take a moment to say to these people that all of you are idiots, because even if let's say the father wasn't created in official canon, if they never explored Doom's heaven and "holy" side or if any of you bothered to read the actual lore, may I remind you that in Doom 2016/4 it is stated that the only way the demons could stop Doomguy was by dropping a temple on him, putting him in a box, then putting him in a closet and hoping no one ever opened that box, the fact is Doomguy alone takes away all suspense, also looking towards the recent expansion he quite literally crushed the father's soul, just walked up and broke it like a cracker, so if Doomguy can grab ahold of actual god's soul and destroy it without even struggling, how do you imagine any actual stakes or tension can be created? Because it has been proven in official lore nothing can stop him and he can pretty much do anything, so father or no father there's never going to be any stakes or tension involving him specifically, he's unkillable, unstoppable, and at this point all powerful, and the only times he dies in game is when the player loses, but in lore he's strong enough to crush god's soul, let that sink in)

"So...uh...what do we call you now?" Angel Dust asked as they walked, everyone huddled around The Father.

Even with his answers and explanations nearly every single soul present stared and stayed close to the first being, the only ones not doing so were The Slayer, Samur, and the heavenly Seraphim, who for some reason lagged behind by a fair bit.

"I honestly enjoyed the name Vega, I think I shall keep it." He answered.

"Boy, won't that throw every priest for a loop?" Blitzo asked with a

smirk before clasping his hands together, "Oh lord, please give me guidance in my time of need, then you talk back to'em and open with first things first, name's not god it's Vega, ya gotta get that shit fixed." He said.

"I actually have never interacted with mortals before, despite what most of them believe." He admitted.

"Really? So all claims of divine intervention and miracles, as well as all the stuff in the bible is?..." Moxxie questioned.

"Fairy tales I'm afraid, honestly you'd assume mortals would realize that by now." He told him.

"Huh, so I was partially in the right for being atheist." Vox said.

Continuing to ask questions which he was more than happy to answer, the four who trailed behind were having their own conversation, though they were doing so in whispers to avoid being heard.

"The demons numbers have been doubled, and as they continue their assimilation of your world and of Lucifer's circle, they will only continue to grow until they surpass even Heaven's population." Samur told the Slayer.

"The creator is well aware of this danger hence the improvements to your arsenal and armor, however there is a troubling issue that has never before arisen in the past." The seraphim informed.

"Yes, he will speak with you in private about that in particular, but he requested that we tell you this ahead of time, not only so you would know what to expect and what the full scope of the situation is but also so they do not learn anything, even the Khan cannot know what he must share with you as she like the others will try to intervene." Samur revealed.

Nodding his head to show he understood, they all would keep walking and talking to Vega for a few minutes more until they reached a new massive door. Watching it open just as quickly as the last, the sight that lay inside left them in wonder. Similar to

something out of a science fiction novel or film the environment could most easily be compared to a factory, though it was of course much smaller and isolated to just this room, which made it all the more impressive. Filling its space were various terminals attended to by Maykr angels, all of whom were using them to interact with attached machines each creating its own weapon.

And while all of this was amazing and impressive, none of it held a candle to what stood in the center of the room. A suit clearly meant for the Slayer stared at them as a few angels worked on it, though from its appearance and how little they seemed to be doing it appeared to be finished. The suit itself was unlike anything they had seen before, it was so ornate and beautiful to the point it resembled a sculpture, and the bits of technology they could discern were insanely advanced even by Maykr standards. But the most interesting detail about it was the face, unlike the Slayer's current suit it had no visor and quite frankly barely resembled a helmet.

It was much closer to the face of the angels, as there was a sculpted mouth and teeth where his face would be, and in place of a visor so they could see his eyes there was a single optic, similar to the one Samur's face had.

"As you can see the suit is quite remarkable." Vega spoke before gesturing to the weapons being made nearby, "And if you look towards the arsenal we are crafting to accompany it, these versions of his armaments will not be using their current ammunitions to function, instead they much like the suit will be powered by his soul and thus will never need to reload, he will be able to use them without pause to cull the hordes." He explained.

"Yeah that makes sense, I mean if he could already kill all of them with his bare hands it's reasonable to assume the only way to make his stuff better is if only he can use it." Vagatha said.

"There is one more functionality the suit offers, however I will require him to be inside before we can demonstrate it, so if you would Will." He instructed as he moved aside for him.

Doing the exact same everyone watched the Slayer walk passed them and over to the suit, which in turn caused the angels working

on it to move away so he could do what was needed. Unfortunately to the disappointment of Angel Dust, Katie, Cherri, and Nifty, a cylindrical tube would rise from the floor to completely conceal him, so he could change in private.

"Sorry to disappoint you." Vega told them, causing embarrassed blushes to come to their faces and a chuckle to escape him.

To their surprise it only took the Slayer a few minutes to make the change, the first thing they saw when the tube retracted was him adjusting it slightly.

"Does it fit well? Comfortable and no chaffing?" Vega asked receiving a nod in response, "Excellent, I'm glad to see our measurements weren't off." He admitted as he went over to the stand beside him, "Now, we will show the others the final new addition to this suit, which will also help you to get acquainted with it for future use." He said while looking down to him, "Exactly the same as how you summon and store your weapons, gadgets, and any other items, this suit allows you to activate a brand new subsystem that will be charged by your soul as well as the demons, it has four distinct options to choose from all of which have been made ready for this demonstration, please begin cycling through them one at a time so I may explain them." He requested.

Once again nodding in response the Slayer focused on the others, making sure they were all paying attention before he activated the first option. Upon doing so his body suddenly glowed with a vibrant green energy, which seemed to also create some kind of barrier that covered him head to toe.

"What you are witnessing is one of the many things Will encountered in Doom, spheres of pure arcane energy made to help the legions in a variety of ways, unfortunately they were far too great for even the demons to handle, so much so nearly all of those who came into contact with them went insane or killed themselves as a result, but as you'd expect Will here did not allow such energies to break his mind nor soul, he made them serve him as yet another weapon to slaughter the demons ruthlessly." Vega informed just so they knew what they were dealing with, "We decided to give each of them a fairly simple name as to just sum up what they did, this green

one is Invulnerability, I don't believe I need to tell you what it does." He said.

Listening intently as they could only whisper or make sounds of awe, Vega gestured with his hand to tell the Slayer to start going through them, the first one to came after changing the color from green to purple.

"This one is referred to as Onslaught, it envelopes the user in a magic that amplifies one's force to unprecedented levels, to give you an example to help you better understand this, if Will were to flip a coin while in a normal state it would react normally by going up into the air and coming back down, but if he were to do the same thing whilst Onslaught is active then it would send the coin into outer space, and if he aimed it at the moon it could even cause a fairly large portion of it to be broken." He explained as the Slayer switched to the next one this time changing to yellow, "Here we have Overdrive, much like Onslaught it also extends to his weapons and isn't isolated to his person, when activated it will increase his speed to even greater levels and cause all of his guns to fire faster, none of the demons are capable of matching his movement or evading his assault when it is in use." He continued as the Slayer moved onto the last one.

However, unlike the previous ones the moment he brought this one out everyone was suddenly afraid, even the Khan Maykr instinctively backed up a slight bit as this energy changed the entire mood of the room. Much like a roaring fire his body was covered in an energy that resembled flames, and while it did give out a shocking amount of heat this was not what unsettled them. It was his rage, whatever this energy is it amplified it by a thousand perhaps even more, and they felt at any moment he could be kill them with a horrifying lack of effort. Of course they knew for a fact he would never do that to them, they weren't actually scared that he had suddenly turned hyper violent and would kill without restraint, but that still is what it felt like and it made them all sick to their stomach.

"This is Berserk." Vega spoke after giving them a few seconds to get used to it, "As you can already feel it amplifies his rage, unfortunately in order to do this there is something else it increases which even we could not alter, it causes every ounce of pain felt

within both the soul and flesh to be increased causing the recipient to be sent into blind savagery, and if this were any other creature should there be nothing present for them to kill then they would begin tearing themselves apart, as they would rather die than feel this agony any longer, though as we're all aware Will is quite used to this sensation even without it." He explained as the Slayer sent it away.

"THAT'S what you feel like all the time?!" Angel Dust questioned causing him to nod, "How the fuck are you not crazy as shit then?! How could anyone live with that?!" He asked.

"It was his only option, as I told you earlier if he didn't give into such emotion and suffering he wouldn't have been able to stand against them, his time with the Sentinels and Maykrs helped him to control these sensations and much like these powers use them to his benefit, but it is very unlikely he will ever be free from them." Vega answered.

As expected when he said this Charlie ran over and hugged the Slayer, neither he nor Vega stopping her from doing so.

"YOU NEED SO MANY OF THESE!" She shouted while squeezing him, tears already coming to her eyes.

Even after all this time he still had no idea how to respond to this, so he just in a fairly awkward way patted her back to try and comfort her.

"Sorry." Vagatha apologized as she came over and put her hands on her shoulders, "Should've known she was gonna do that." She added before taking her back to the others.

"It's quite alright, I should've expected it as well admittedly." Vega replied before he clasped his hands together, "However this is the moment where I must ask all of you to leave now, I must stay here with the Slayer and ensure everything is working properly, my seraphim and Samur will take you back to the garden where you may relax and gather your thoughts, I promise that we will not be long and shall rejoin you as soon as we can." He told them.

Much to his relief none of them questioned or objected to this, as it made sense that the Slayer would need some time to get used to his new gear, so they all turned around and followed the three Seraphim out of the room. Waiting for the door to close and for them to be a good distance away before continuing, Vega turned around so he could look to all the angels present. This was all that was needed for them to know they too needed to leave, each one going through a separate entrance on the other side of the chamber.

"First of all, I want to tell you I'm sorry for not being upfront with you." Vega spoke once they were alone, looking down to meet the Slayer's gaze with his own, "I understand if you feel as though you cannot trust me as much as you did before, I know how much you do not care for deception of any kind." He said.

In response to this the Slayer shook his head and gave him a thumb's up, as to show there were no ill feelings he held towards him.

"Thank you, that helps me breathe much easier." He admitted with a sigh, "However, I'm afraid we cannot waste this moment with idle chit chat, for the reason why I needed us to be alone is...upsetting to say the least..." He began as he put his hands behind his back, "...Will...I have done my best to see how this may end...what countless possibilities there could be to bring this whole nightmare to a close...but the truth is for the first time in all of history...I can see only one..." He admitted as his voice became heavy, with each word being spoken with more sadness than the last, "The truth is that in light of my son's circle falling...and by relation all the power it holds being added to the Dark One's own...there is only way we can ensure that no other circles fall to his grasp while also managing to severe his connection to the circle...but for it to work...you must be sealed away with them for all eternity..." He revealed.

A moment of silence took place after he said that, but not because the Slayer debated of whether or not he should do it. They both stood still and quiet because this was going to be the last they ever saw of each other, for once they left this room and set Vega's plan into motion there'd be no other chances. So both of them relished this pause in time, thinking back to everything they had been through as well as how nice things had been for a time, and how

much they both wished it could have lasted. But by this point they were both used to disappointment and loss, so after two minutes had gone by the Slayer did what they both knew he would, which was nod his head in agreement.

Yet there was another thing both of them agreed to though neither wanted to say what it was, for just the knowledge they would have to keep this from the others was hard enough on its own.

Blood, sweat, and even tears slowly dripped onto the floor below, as the body that produced them was held above the floor by rune engraved chains. Gabriel had never felt pain until now, even in the war between Heaven and Hell there was never a point he felt this unpleasant sensation. But after his tormentor took him from the Dark One's sanctum, he brought him to his own chambers where a summoner awaited their arrival. Once present the demon used its sorcery to give him a body that matched his ethereal visage, as his captor wanted him to see his angelic form be mutilated.

This why he also went through the trouble of setting up a rather large mirror in front of him, so he could see every wince and scream for himself with each deliverance of agony.

"I must say angel boy, for never having a body of your own you've held up pretty well." The vile bastard praised him as he wiped the blood from his hands, having to use another fresh cloth as all the others before it were stained beyond use, "But we've yet to get to my favorite part of the show, so I hope you've managed to save some energy~" He teased with a grin.

"How...how could any mortal...be as wicked as they...if I knew not that you came from my brother's world...I'd assume you were spawned from these pits..." Gabriel said though just barely, as part of his torture had been the forceful removal of several teeth his body gave him.

"Hehehe, ya know I actually take that as a compliment, weird as it may sound." He admitted as he turned to face him, "See I always thought the way to be powerful in this life of ours was through

money, sex, drugs, and of course good ol' fashioned intimidation." He said as he slowly began to approach him, "But then that big beefy fucker came into my life, and while I cannot WAIT to get my chance to show him how thankful I am for it, at the same time I do mean it when I say I am grateful, because if he hadn't done what he did I'd never have met these wonderful folks, who have not only showed me what REAL power is but that people like me deserve it." He explained.

"What...you deserve...is..." Gabriel tried to respond, only to be stopped as a hand grabbed his chin and pulled his face up, causing him to hold back a scream from how much it hurt.

"What? What do you think I deserve hm? Because from where I'm standing what you think means shit." He replied as his expression became serious, "I mean really, how can you say anything that's remotely tough? You're a goddamn archangel and yet you're hanging here a foot off the floor bleeding and crying like a bitch, so enlighten me oh divine one, what EXACTLY do I deserve?" He asked.

However to his surprise Gabriel didn't respond with words, instead he tried to spit blood in his face to insult him. Sadly it didn't work, the moment his captor saw him purse his lips he evaded it with incredible speed, a smile coming to his face as it flew passed him and onto the ground.

"Oh ho ho ho look at that shit, you've STILL got some fight in ya!" He exclaimed as he used his other hand to pat his cheek, "Too bad part of my deal with these nice people is a fuck ton of power, even if you weren't bound in chains or stuffed into a new meat suit, I'd still be able to kick your ass before you could flap your little wings." He told him with a chuckle before finally releasing his face, "I will say though this place needs some decorating, don't get me wrong the whole brimstone and iron thing's cool but I personally need a flair for my living space, hence why I brought up those wings of yours." He said as he turned around and walked back over to a nearby table, where all of his "toys" were resting, "After all I'd have to be pretty fucking stupid not to take advantage of an angel being given flesh, so I'm gonna make sure the first thing I hang on my wall is those beautiful white wings of yours." He revealed as he picked up a fairly small

knife, "Of course, what's the point in carving a turkey if you don't take your time with it? So I'm gonna make sure this is as slow as possible, so we can both savor the moment~" He promised as he turned back around.

Over the next several hours his chamber and the connected corridors were filled with screams, yet even if they weren't you still couldn't hear the sounds of cutting flesh and slowly breaking bone.

Confession

The realm of Urdak was a very quiet place, this was nothing new to its inhabitants nor the current guests who had been here for a few hours now. But for Samur and his Khan the silence that encapsulated her garden was different from the norm, though it wasn't because of them or even the presence of Vega's other Seraphim. It was their guests from Lucifer's circle who caused the air to be so awkward and tense, yet they knew it had nothing to do with Doom nor with what they had just learned of the Slayer's suffering. How they were certain of that was from how they were acting around each other, for now that the shock and terror of Doom's invasion had subsided, they were left to reflect on what had been said back at the party.

"Should we perhaps do something?" Samur whispered to the Khan, as everyone was doing their best to avert their gazes and keep their distance, with only a few exceptions that they could see.

"I suppose I could offer some form of counsel, but do you think they'll want it?" She whispered back while looking down to him.

"It is better than allowing this uncomfortable atmosphere to continue any longer, I fear if we do not intervene in some capacity then it will only grow worse, there could even be an outburst or two." He reasoned.

Not needing to say anything else as she did agree with that, the Khan slowly hovered to the center of the space so they would be around her.

"Excuse me, may I have your attention?" She requested causing all eyes to look to her, "I do not mean to insert myself into your personal affairs and business, but it is rather hard for me and my attendant to ignore the unpleasantness between all of you." She admitted.

"You'd have to be deaf, blind, dead, and then some to not notice it." Husk told her.

"Which is why I wish to serve as a mediator." She replied immediately, "It will be some time before the Father and our champion return, so why not use this moment to clear the air completely so that way we may focus on the coming conflict with no hinderances of any sort?" She suggested.

"Pardon me if I sound rude miss uh..." Husk spoke yet again, though trailing off as he didn't remember her name.

"You may call me Khan, that is my position but also serves as my name." She informed.

"Thank ya, anyways miss Khan as I was saying forgive me if I sound like an ass, but even you in your heavenly wisdom ain't gonna be able to fix this." He said.

"How can you be so certain?" She inquired.

"Excluding the princess, her girlfriend, and those two imps over there everyone said some pretty shocking shit, some of which being equivalent to a nuclear bomb going off, and knowing this lot they're either going to be too stubborn, too stupid, or too full of themselves to actually address it and they'll just try to bury it down deep inside." He explained.

"You would know all about that, given you're drenched in more alcohol than there are numbers in Will's kill count." Blitzo told him.

"I may have replaced the seventy percent of water in my body with cheap swill, but at least I own it and don't try to hide it or some stupid shit like that, better than confessing I love someone and making out with them like a hungry dog tearing into a pack of beef." Husk countered.

"FUCK. YOU." Blitzo said firmly with widened eyes filled with hate.

"Aw, what's the matter Blitzy? Not so fucking tough now that you don't have a tongue checking to see what you had for breakfast?" Husk asked using his pet name to mock him.

Overcome instantly with rage, just as the imp rose from his seat to go over and beat the ever loving shit out of him, he was stopped by

a hand being placed on his shoulder. Stolas, who during this whole time had kept quiet like most of them had chosen along with his daughter Octavia to stay close to him and his group, as they were the ones they knew the best and thus helped them to feel safe. And whether it was due to what had happened at the party or his own feelings for him, the look Stolas had on his face showed genuine concern.

"Blitzo." He said softly catching everyone in their group by complete shock, which included Octavia as well.

"Holy shit..." Loona muttered for all of them.

"Stolas?" The imp questioned, as he had only ever used his actual name when they first met.

"You know he's right." The Owl demon responded while moving his hand back to his side, "I don't know what caused it, but something made all of us start professing our deepest secrets and feelings, that much even you can't be so stubborn to try and deny that, so the only reasons you would be mad is that you're just shy...or perhaps...you regret those feelings..." He said.

Hearing those words in combination with the hurt expression he had as he said them, Blitzo felt his stomach tighten from how much it upset him. Which was very surprising to him, he had never felt this bad before when he insulted or refuted the other's advances, so why now did he feel so terrible? Of course even he wasn't so thick headed to not figure it out, it took him a few seconds granted but still.

"Stolas...that's not...look this is all...I...I don't fucking know what to say!" He admitted overwhelmed with frustration, "For fuck's sake what are we even doing right now? Our Hell is being overrun by actual fucking monsters and we're all sitting around in a circle as a big ass angel tries to hold some kind of group therapy! I mean shit Stolas I have no idea what to do here I've never had anyone I've actually loved other than Loona, Moxxie, and Millie! How do you expect me to just broadcast it to the entire fucking world huh?!" He questioned.

Unfortunately for the lanky imp he hadn't realized what just came out of his mouth, and as he looked at the astonished looks of Stolas and his group, the little gears in his head turned just enough to get him there.

"...Shit." He said simply before he was suddenly hugged by all of them, with Loona and Octavia being the exceptions.

"OH BLITZY I KNEW YOU CARED!" Stolas exclaimed joyously.

"I never knew you could be so sensitive sir!" Moxxie admitted.

"I just knew there was a whole nother side of you!" Millie squealed with glee.

"LOOK AT WHAT YOU'VE DONE!" Blitzo shouted angrily at Husk only to be squeezed tighter by the others.

"Well, it seems that particular issue has been dealt with." The Khan said with an amused smile, as he began to squirm in the hopes of getting free, "Who would like to go next?" She asked.

"...I will." Lilith spoke while raising her hand, taking a moment after to breathe in deeply before going ahead, "I made a huge mistake...which is made worse by the fact the people involved in it I've grown close to especially the one who was at the epicenter of it all...and because of this not only did it cause all of them problems but it nearly killed my very own daughter...I know I can ever make up for this error in my judgement and I completely understand if those who I inadvertently hurt, upset, and disappointed...I have regretted my actions more and more as time has passed and well...I can only hope that they will somehow be able to forgive me for my moment of weakness..." She said.

To everyone's surprise it wasn't Lucifer who was the first to speak, instead it was Katie who got up from her seat and walked over to her.

"You're saying sorry?" She asked once she stood in front of the other, "For what exactly, trying to kill me? You act like that was the first time in my entire life in Hell anyone had EVER tried to

assassinate me, the only thing that made your hit on me different than the others was by the end I actually died, and as strange as it may sound I'm glad I did, I've become a better person even if it was due to less than pleasant circumstances, I met Angel Dust and Cherri who for some strange ass reason want to put up with me, and for the first time in my life I'm actually surrounded by people I feel give some kind of shit about me, all in all what you did helped me and you shouldn't beat yourself up over it." She told her.

"R-Really?" Lilith asked with widened eyes as she rose from her seat.

"I don't ever say shit I don't mean, I don't believe in being nice just to spare some pansy's feelings, and I don't mean that in the gay way." She answered.

Much like with Blitzo Katie was assaulted with an unexpected hug, as the queen of Hell felt an indescribable relief come over her as she heard that. And just like the lanky imp Katie wasn't too big on the whole physical contact thing, taking a note out of Will's playbook by just awkwardly patting her on the back. Sadly for her this hug would only get worse, as without warning Charlie suddenly joined in though focusing mostly on her parent.

"And I'm not mad either mom!" She exclaimed as she held her tightly, "It wasn't your fault for what happened! It was just a bunch of things happening all at once!" She said.

Hearing this from her daughter Lilith's composure was quickly crumbling, and all it would take was one more good push to get the waterworks going. Which to her surprise and joy did happen, as someone else came from behind and wrapped their arms around her.

"You can add me to this as well." Lucifer said with a smile, "I was mad at the party, and I am still hurt by the fact you chose not to be truthful with me, but in light of what has happened...especially with Gabriel...this is not time for us to at each other's throats or to focus on something that is in the past." He told her.

That was it, the last little bit that was needed to break her down

completely and have her be sent into a crying fit, though they were tears of joy that her family and even Katie didn't hate her. And while Lucifer and Charlie didn't mind this, Katie who was still getting used to emotional moments like this, just had to endure it as there was no way she was getting out of the embrace.

"This is wonderful, we are making remarkable progress in addressing these issues." The Khan said before once again looking around her, "Does anyone else feel ready to share something?" She asked.

Unlike the last time however no one was immediately jumping to open up, as for the most part what the others had said were things about themselves. This in turn caused something to happen that sent Husk, Nifty, Vox and Velvet's stomachs into their throats, for Alastor whether due to boredom or just wanting to blow the whistle stood up.

"I'll go next!" He volunteered with zest and a grin.

"ALASTOR..." Husk said through gritted teeth as this was truly the WORST time for him to come clean.

"You? What do you have to talk about? You didn't even say anything." Cherri pointed out.

"True, but since everyone is confessing their feelings I felt this was the best time to talk about my own!" He reasoned.

"Alastor please this isn't the time for...well...you." Lucifer told him.

"Yes Alastor, LISTEN to the devil..." Husk insisted still speaking through gritted teeth.

"I understand your reservations and objections but I assure you what I have to say is quite significant, why I'd even go so far as to say astonishing!" He exclaimed.

Deciding he had enough of this Husk tried to get up from his seat to stop him, only to be kept where he was and his mouth held shut by the radio demon's own shadow.

"You see everyone, my confession is that I know for a fact that the incident at the hotel was not some accident or strange occurrence, for it was I who caused all of you to begin spilling your beans for my amusement!" He revealed with gusto while throwing his arms out to the side.

For the next few seconds he just stood there with a toothy grin spread across his features, as everyone's minds were having trouble processing what he just said. All except for Lucifer, who the moment he heard that let go of his wife and walked passed them, approaching the radio demon in a slow yet very menacing way.

"Ah Luci, coming to give me hug for helping your family get the skeletons out of their closets?" The radio demon asked.

"You're being honest right now right Alastor? This isn't some game or bullshit you're saying just to cause a ruckus, you're actually the one responsible for what happened at the party?" He responded with a question of his own.

"That I am Luci! I reached out to Rosie and asked if she had any potions that could help people be honest, and as my dear friend she gave it to me at no charge, so during the party I just had my shadow sneak a drop into everyone's drinks when the speeches got started and-"

THWACK

With a swift yet powerful punch Alastor was sent flying across the ground of the garden, and he would've gone right off the platform had it not been for the waist high barrier that was in place around its edge. Wincing slightly as a massive flare of pain was coming from the center of his face, he didn't need to investigate what it was as he soon felt the warmth of his blood run down it. This would be all he could really do before something else happened, as Lucifer grabbed him by his shirt and lifted him from the ground, his arms hanging limply behind him.

"Quite...the punch you have there...Luci..." He complimented with a light chuckle, his grin still present showing no signs of faltering, "Pretty fast too..." He added as he hadn't even seen him come over.

"What the FUCK were you thinking Alastor..." The devil responded in a low voice with a tone so cold it felt like death, which Alastor knew thanks to the presence of his sister.

"I was just looking to have some fun whilst helping everyone...after all the whole purpose of the hotel and of our plan to turn Hell into Heaven required people facing their faults...so what better way than clearing the air and getting everyone's secrets out into the open?" He asked.

"Lucifer." Samur spoke as they both had gone right by the three Seraphim, "This is not the time nor the place." He told him while keeping his distance.

"But isn't that why the Khan got us to open up and start sharing everything Samur?" Lucifer questioned as he glanced at him from over his shoulder, "To help us get rid of the tension, that was the whole point wasn't it?" He asked.

"Yes, but I do not believe she intended for someone's nose to be turned into a blood geyser." Samur answered.

"Oh let him be..." Alastor interjected as his grin got bigger, "When you got angry at the party that was the best part, I never thought I'd catch even a glimpse of the devil in all his glory, I truly hate that those bastards had to ruin everything when they did, a few more seconds and I may have gotten to see it all..." He told him.

THWACK

Another powerful blow was dealt to the radio demon, and whether it was due to his head being pressed against the barrier or Lucifer just wanting to hurt him more, he managed to break off a few of his teeth with it and send them flying out of his mouth.

"Alastor!" Nifty exclaimed in horror as she and the others all looked on in shock.

"Oof...I actually felt the sting of that one..." He admitted as he spat out both blood and tooth fragments.

"Lucifer stop this!" Azrael shouted as she took a few steps towards

them, *"While I am just as furious with him he doesn't deserve to be beaten!"* She said.

"What else have you done behind our backs Alastor?" Lucifer asked while completely ignoring his sister.

"Do you really want to know?...And keep in mind I don't ask that to be cheeky...just making sure..." He replied.

"Yes." Lucifer told him firmly.

"Alrighty...first off I orchestrated the turf war between Cherri and Sir Pentious that got him killed initially..." He began.

"Wait WHAT?!" Cherri shouted, for although she had been approached by him she didn't know he did the same with the snake demon.

"Then I caused the accident that got Katie and the Slayer stopped in traffic, though I made sure not to kill anyone so if someone died it's because they did so themselves..." He continued as a chuckle escaped him, "And the one I'm most proud of, apart from the truth potion in your beverages, was that I went to the news studio and told Tom Trench about the Slayer going to kill the three Vs, I even sent my shadow there ahead of time to warn them to make it a better show for myself, and I made sure to record it so I could watch it over and over ag-"

THWACK

Both Nifty and Velvet let out horrified shrieks as the third strike landed, not only breaking more of the radio demon's teeth but also dislocating his jaw slightly. Unable to do anything other than have blood slowly leak out of his mouth and onto the ground, Alastor finally had his smile disappear as he was practically concussed at this point. This in turn caused Samur to rush over and begin restraining Lucifer, doing so by putting his arms under the other's while doing his best to pull him away.

"LUCIFER ENOUGH!" He shouted at him as they both slowly moved away from Alastor.

"What else have you been keeping from us huh?! What other schemes and devious bullshit have you been up to?!" The devil shouted at the demon in anger.

Once they were a fair distance away Nifty along with Husk, Velvet, and Vox all ran over to check on him, finding that he was still breathing but barely conscious and couldn't move his head or open his eyes all too well. Unable to keep herself from sobbing at this sight the mono eyed woman hugged him and buried her face in his chest, while the other three tried to figure out how they could help him without causing him more pain. But that's when a certain noise reached everyone's ears, it was the sound of the lift to the garden rising rapidly, and they all knew EXACTLY who was on it. Falling silent and freezing in place with Nifty being the only exception, they waited in suspense for what either of them would do once they saw the situation.

"Oh my." Vega spoke as the lift came to a stop, the sight of Alastor's battered face and the blood around him unavoidably noticed, "It appears in our absence some unpleasantness has transpired." He noted.

Of course it didn't take long for either of them to figure out who was responsible, as not too far away was Samur still restraining Lucifer, the latter having fresh blood dripping from one of his hands.

"Ah, I see." Vega said as he moved towards Alastor, "Although I do not know exactly what has caused the tension between you two to finally reach this point, I would like to ask that this be an isolated incident as we have far greater concerns we need to address." He stated.

Reaching down to hold his hand over the radio demon's face a radiant golden glow emitted from the palm, and when it disappeared after a few seconds he was fully healed. Moving his jaw slightly to make sure it didn't hurt while doing the same for his eyes, a brand new smile appeared as all traces of pain had vanished.

"Wow! So that's divine healing huh?" He inquired as he touched his fully repaired smile with his fingers, "Even my teeth feel right as rain, incredible!" He exclaimed.

"I wouldn't be much of a god if I couldn't heal injuries." Vega said jokingly, just before Nifty suddenly moved from the other's body to his in order to hug him.

"Thank you Vega!" She shouted while still crying a small bit.

"There there Nifty, no reason to be so distraught." He assured her while lightly patting her head, "Now, if everyone has settled whatever issues arose, may we gather around and discuss what our plans are moving forward?" He asked.

Receiving nods from everyone including his son and Alastor, they returned to their seats with Vega taking the Khan's place at the center. As for the Slayer he simply stood beside him, to help keep the focus in one spot rather than everyone looking back and forth between them.

"Now then, the first thing you're all probably wondering is what will become of your home? And I hope it will be to your relief that it can be saved." He began catching them all by surprise.

"Really father? But Doom is like a disease, if it spreads too much to any place then it's impossible to remove it correct?" Lucifer asked.

"This is true, however the Dark One has never assimilated an entire realm before, worlds and some small dimensional spaces yes, but even just one circle of Hell is greater than several universes put together, while he has a head start on us the disease as you called it is mostly focused in Pentagram City, all that must be done to cleanse it is to separate their connection to the circle, once that is done the growths and other effects of their presence and power will either die on their own, or they will be reduced to a degree that we will be able to safely remove them and not have to worry about any further issues." He answered.

"What a relief..." Charlie said with a thankful sigh and smile, as she didn't want to lose her home to those things.

"I'd assume though that separating the connection's going to be insanely fucking difficult right? I mean they are freakishly powerful after all." Vagatha pointed out.

"Correct, however it is not impossible so long as the source of the invasion is dealt with, now in this case it is not the result of one specific being such as the Icon of Sin or even the Dark One himself, their connection was forged and is being maintained by a group of Archvile and Summoner demons, though killing them will not be enough to severe the connection completely, but it will allow us to close it ourselves." He explained.

"Not to be that guy Vega, but even with Will getting all pimped out with his new suit and guns there's still a metric fuck ton of demons standing between him and those ones, and who's to say that by the time he starts cutting through the hordes this Dark One doesn't realize what he's doing, and when he does he he goes ahead and intervenes so even if he does kill them he can't do anything?" Blitzo asked.

"And what about that really big demon? You know the one that managed to swat Will like a bug, no offense big guy." Loona added, earning a thumbs up from him to show it was fine.

"Ah yes the Cyber Demon, he will undoubtedly be the first the Dark One sends once Will appears in the circle, especially given their remarkable history with each other." Vega admitted as he clasped his hands together, "But there is no need to worry about this, for we have another ally aiding us whose power is entirely different from mine or the Dark One's, and so as he deals with the behemoth and the Sentinels with the Exterminators provide support, we will begin the preparations necessary to utilize that power to expel them from the circle." He answered.

"Wait seriously? Who?" Angel Dust asked.

"I'm afraid it would take far too long to explain it now, I promise after this is settled you will be able to meet them and have it explained then, but right now we must act quickly if we are to succeed." He urged.

"Pardon me sir, but something doesn't add up." Vox spoke as he put a hand to his chin, "Even if we are successful in severing the connection from Lucifer's circle they still have a complete hold on the Slayer's world which connects them to his universe, furthermore

even if this is not immediately relevant or perhaps we are able to also deal with that problem simultaneously, there is the obvious concern of where we go from there as due to their power and resources it is a very possible danger that they could attempt this again, or even if they don't they still exist and that in of itself is alarming." He said.

"Very true, but thankfully this plan shall take care of two birds with one stone as they say, for given how aggressive our assault will be they will need to divert all of their forces and attention to stop us, thus removing them from Will's world and bringing them to the circle, even if say a few imps or other low ranking demons in their hierarchy remain, as we deal with them in the circle another battalion of Sentinels shall head for his world to ensure all remaining demonic presence is eradicated, leaving them with no agents to try and hold their grasp on it, as for Doom as a whole however we have not yet made a plan, that will come after we deal with the current fight." Vega replied.

"Is there anything we can do? Because it sucks just sitting here on our hands and asses ya know." Cherri told him.

"I'm afraid not, even though all of you possess your own powers and can certainly hold your own, it takes specific training to be able to safely fight against Doom's legions, even if you stayed back with our forces and offered aid from there it would be reckless of me to put you in that situation with next to no proper preparation." He replied.

"Eh, worth a shot." She said with a shrug.

"So what can we do then Vega? Like is there anything at all we can help with?" Katie asked.

"Yes there is, while the Maykrs have done a remarkable job of keeping everyone else calm, it would go a long way if all of you could help them and make sure this peace is maintained, I know it isn't as glamorous as fighting the demons but it is just as important to make sure this all goes smoothly." He answered.

"Well that's something at least, it is better than just standing around feeling useless." She admitted.

"Indeed, so I suggest that you all take this moment to figure out what your jobs in this task shall be, how your talents and personalities may be most efficiently used." He suggested.

Agreeing with that idea everyone began to talk with each other, putting forth their ideas of what they could do with the Khan and Samur joining is as they could offer advice. This left Vega and the Slayer to stand there in silence, though they were grateful for it as neither wanted to continue lying to them.

When one thinks of Hell very few might envision technology of any kind, as your mind immediately imagines stone and iron rather than something futuristic. But the Dark One and his minions destroyed this assumption, their realm and many of their kind were a perfect melding of sorcery and science, flesh and machine, creating a vast variety of horrors. Yet with this being the case there was one thing they lacked which was creativity, for while they had the knowledge to say strap rocket launchers on a skeleton or put a giant brain on mechanical legs, anything superbly complex or intricate didn't interest or concern them. This is why one of their latest acquisitions was so valuable, for it was a soul that possessed both intelligence and creativity, all they needed to do was put it in a body and a new era of demons could begin.

Yet before they could set this soul to work making new weapons and creatures it was needed for a very important task, which was to give an archangel a vessel of his own that they could control. Hence why a demon not born of their pits named Valentino, once a human who now hailed from Lucifer's circle, was dragging the current barely working flesh of the heavenly figure through several corridors. After having slowly severed his wings from his back side Gabriel was barely still alive, but of course thanks to the powers given to him by the Dark One, Valentino could ensure he would not die even as most of his blood poured from his mangled wounds. However he was still delirious and barely conscious, to the point where what was happening came in brief flashes of sound and sight before the darkness came over him again.

"..."

"..."

"...Almost there..." He heard Valentino say followed by a few chuckles, "I can't wait to see what snake boy looks like now." He added.

"..."

"..."

"..."

"HOLY FUCK!" He heard him shout after who knows how long, the first thing he noticed was their surroundings were made of steel or some other metal, rather than the stone he had seen thus far, "Just when I think these guys can't get any more wild they go and turn you into this shit, best part is you have to do whatever I say now and there ain't a damn thing you can do about it!" He exclaimed with a laugh, being responded by a horrid ghastly groaning that sounded robotic and strained.

"..."

"..."

"..."

"...And...done." He heard him say as he felt metal clamps be fastened around his wrists and ankles, just before the blurry sight of Valentino stepped in front of him, "Aww look at him, looks like he's having the worst hangover of his entire life, which makes sense as he's probably never even tasted any good shit before." He joked as he patted the angel's face with his hand, "Don't worry sunshine, I'll be back after the doctor gives you your full body checkup, I just need to go hang those pretty new wings you gave me, and hey when I come back I'll even bring you a lollipop." He offered as another laugh escaped him, "Take good care of him, make sure you give him something REALLY nice, would hate if he looked as shit as you do." He told to someone Gabriel couldn't see.

The last thing the archangel saw aside from the demon leaving the room was the floor opening up beneath him, and inside of the

opening was what appeared to be a vat of blood.

"I'm SoRry..." That same strained voice he had heard groaning from before said from somewhere in the room, just as whatever he was clamped to began to lower.

Closing his eyes to let the darkness come again his final sensation was the cold of the blood he was submerged into, topped off with the sound of the opening now above him closing once he was inside.

Some Things Are Temporary

"When I first came to be and all that surrounded me was an infinite void, I wanted to fill it with such vibrant colors and lights that would never cease to fill me with wonder, they would spark my creativity and give me inspiration for what I should make next, hence why I created them again for Urdak...but now as I look them seeking that very same thing...I am met only with their beauty." Vega said to the Slayer, now that they were alone again.

After the other had their ideas sorted the Khan and Samur escorted them from the garden, leaving them and the two heavenly Seraphim alone. Of course only Samur knew the significance of it, this was the final moments of peace that they were likely to have before they were replaced with carnage, so both the father of all creation and the great slayer wanted to savor it. But as they both stared at the cosmos that filled the space of this portion of Heaven's domain they felt no wonder, they felt no joy, they were devoid of all emotion as what was to come next weighed heavy on their minds.

"I wish things could be different Will." He spoke again after a brief moment of silence, "I wish that you could finally have the life you deserve, one of peace and pleasure, where your weapons gather dust in a glass encased armory, but the truth is the Dark One and his demons fear nothing in all of creation, they fear not my angels, my child, or my Seraphim, and while the lesser of his kind may fear me, he and his most powerful lords and servants would hold fast against me...but then you appeared." He began as he looked to him, "No god, no angelic figure, not even a mortal given a divine blessing or placed as part of a set prophecy, what makes them fear you is how despite being born a normal man you constantly resist, even as your skin was torn open by their claws or your hairs were singed by their flames, that gaze of yours combined with the roars of serrated mechanical teeth and the violent eruptions of your weaponry, finally managed to make them feel what they instilled within others, they see themselves in you and that makes them afraid." He continued while placing a hand on his shoulder, "But I do not want this for you, both out of my own caring nature and of the time we have spent in

each other's company, no soul less they be as wicked as theirs deserves to be burden with such a fate, to be bound to this hate and pain like none before them, to be so embraced by the sheer madness of it all they are forever tainted, you should be given your paradise with whomever you want...and yet here we are standing together amidst these cosmos knowing it can never be...and I am truly sorry." He finished with an apology.

Though his face was hidden by his new helmet including his usually seen stare, Vega didn't need to see either to know what expression he had on his face as he looked to the ground. While not suddenly shedding tears or something similar, the Slayer still did close his eyes and think back to just a few hours ago when everything was different. Seeing everyone there in the hotel lobby, people who had come to know as both his allies and friends, for a moment he allowed himself to believe he could finally relax. But that was his fault, he should've known that for him it could never last, however for the others who could still have that he would ensure they would.

Even if it meant he wouldn't be able to join them.

"Your grace." The Seraphim spoke as they hovered over to them, "We are informed by the Wraiths that the preparations are nearly complete, they request his presence so he may lead the attack." They informed.

"Well, that's it then, there's nothing else to be done." Vega said as he looked to his attendants, "Inform the Wraiths he shall be with them shortly." He instructed.

Their order received the Seraphim disappeared to deliver their message, doing so for after they carried out this task they would no longer be needed. With the departure came the appearance of a portal that led to the Sentinel home world, being opened by Vega a foot or so away from them.

"This is our final goodbye Will." He said as he held out one of his hands, "Thank you, for everything you have done for us, and for me." He told him.

Grabbing onto it as firmly as he could the two godly figures shook

them as a show of respect and gratitude, before the Slayer then took his leave with the portal closing behind him.

"Hmm...I think they should be put over my bed..." Valentino hummed as he looked around his room.

Even though he was the first person of non Hellish origin to willingly join their ranks, the Dark One and his lords still showed respect to the former pimp by giving him his own living space. Sure it wasn't much and it needed a lot of work to feel like his own, but at the moment he was already making headway with the first decoration. A pair of radiant angel wings currently laid on the ground next to his feet, and he wasn't too sure where he was going to put them, though he knew he wanted them to be as visible as possible.

"...Yup, definitely want them over my bed." He decided as a grin came to his face, "I want to see these babies every time I open my eyes and walk in." He said as he picked them up from the ground.

However, as he walked over to the wall his bed laid against to start figuring out how he was going to hang them, a sound coming from the connected corridor interrupted him. It was low at first but it gradually got louder, and just as it was about to reach his door he recognized what it was. It was the sound of something metallic and fairly heavy scraping against the stone floor, and given what his business had just been not too long ago he knew this could only be one person.

"Come in~" He called out in a sing song way so they wouldn't need to knock.

Hearing his door open once this person reached it, he turned around and found none other than the new head of research development for the demons standing there. Formerly known as Sir Pentious that wasn't his name anymore, in fact Valentino was pretty damn certain that he could call him whatever he felt like, because he knew that he couldn't stop him even if he wanted to. The reason for this is because Sir Pentious's soul when the Lost Soul exploded was sent to Doom, in a similar manner to how it allowed the Archvile to enter

Lucifer's circle. Upon arriving the soul was at the mercy of the Summoners who were waiting for him, from there they would give him a new form of flesh and metal to make him obey without issue any commands their lords or Valentino gave him.

Amazingly they had enough decency to keep it somewhat like his previous appearance, but mainly to the extent that it was serpent like and that was it. He didn't have eyes all over his body, he wasn't black except for the metallic and augmented parts, while the flesh though certainly more in line with the rest of Doom's populace, had countless cables connect the head to the body which further enforced complete subservience. Of course a dark sense of humor was not lost on his new masters, they allowed him to speak somewhat freely with a voice that embodied his suffering, but this was truly the only freedom he had as every movement and action otherwise was not his own.

"VaLenTiNO..." He greeted while looking at the floor, the speed of his speech being rather slow like an old computer, though it wasn't like he had much to say anymore.

"How goes the fitting for our new pet?" Valentino asked as he looked back to the wall, "I hope it's going along smoothly, would hate to tell our shared acquaintances you're slacking on your very first day~" He warned playfully.

"iT Is DonE..." He answered.

"Really? That was awfully fast, you sure you didn't fuck up royally at some point?" Valentino questioned.

"HIs desIgN WAs giVEn tO mE bY THem..." He said.

"That does make sense, still wouldn't it take long for it to actually be made?" Valentino inquired.

"OnCe thE BLoOd BeGAn tO BoiL hiS TeMpoRarY FLeSH wAS gOnE..." He explained.

"Ah, so all that's left then is to add all the cool robot shit?" Valentino asked.

"CoRReCt..." He answered.

"Hmm...fine, guess I do want to go see that, I'll finish this later." Valentino decided as he set down the wings, "Okay Igor take me to the monster!" He ordered as he turned around.

Following behind his lackey as he led him out of the room, it took only a few minutes before they were back in his lab...workshop...he wasn't sure what to call it yet. Watching the cyborg serpent go to a nearby terminal to begin the process, as the vat Gabriel had been lowered into opened and he rose from it still bound to the metal slab, Valentino's mouth dropped from amazement. No longer did he resemble anything close to either human or angel, his body was now a muted gray with slight traces of blue here and there both blood and flesh. And while that was astonishing all on its own, it was the finer details of his form that really made him look like a horror.

His legs now had backwards facing knees and massive claw tipped feet, same for his hands that we attached to insanely buff arms, his torso was similar in terms of size but had far more defined muscles. After all of this you had his new wings, which were currently being stretched out by mechanical hands that came down from the ceiling. Unlike the feathered ones these were closer to something a reptile might have, as they were made up of a rough in texture scale like skin like the rest of his body. This particular detail went well with his new long tail that ended in a spear like bone, which along with the horns on his head show his skeleton was black.

Which brought Valentino's eyes to the final change in his appearance before the augmentations came in, he had no eyes to see with as well as no nose. What he did have was a currently hanging open mouth filled with fangs and huge flat teeth meant from crushing bones, partnered with two long ears on the side of his head that no doubt gave him excellent hearing. All together he looked like a gargoyle or traditionally depicted demon, with just a touch of dragon or perhaps basilisk to really make it unique.

"Hot damn these bastards really do know style!" Valentino exclaimed as he walked over to get a closer look, "You can't even tell that this was an angel at all!" He added.

"PlEAsE steP BaCk..." Sir Pentious requested.

Doing as he said for he knew what was coming next, he watched more arms come from above to fulfill his transformation. Whether it was due to fear his divine soul might be powerful enough to resist them, or perhaps they just wanted to make this as horrible as possible for the former archangel, every single joint and bone of his body had something grafted onto it. What these things were Valentino had no way of knowing, but seeing as how they all looked pretty much the same he figured they shared a function. This would be confirmed as the final pieces of his augmentation were added, the first being the last of these things attached gruesomely to his entire spine and wings, while the second was a helmet of some kind that was screwed into his skull and had a single optic to it.

"AcTIvaTinG..." Sir Pentious said once the installation was complete.

Watching as all the different augments lit up with the last being the helmet's optic, his body would sharply contort and convulse as he was brought to life. But the moment it was through he let out a deafening banshee like screech into the room, so powerful it managed to shatter all glass as well. Despite this Valentino didn't flinch or even bother to cover his ears, he just stood there staring at this creature with as wide of a grin he could manage, horribly eager to see it in action.

It had been a very long time since the Slayer found himself in this position, standing in front of the Sentinel people's entire army all ready to fight with him, and yet here they were as history seemed to be repeating itself. As King Novik had said to Gabriel and to the Exterminators he was all a king, but of course his personal mission would never allow him to enjoy that title and its luxuries. However there was one major difference this time, in addition to the Sentinels the angels that governed Lucifer's circle were also present, although they had been given armor and weapons to match the former. In total the army that waited to follow him into battle was massive, and even with the Exterminators only having trained for some time with the Sentinels, they were more than capable of doing their part to

assist both him and them in a conflict.

"The time has come yet again!" King Novik shouted out to begin boosting their morale, "The darkest souls of creation have been freed from their prison, and they have even managed in their return to double their numbers! But little do they know just how many new allies we have acquired in their absence! The Exterminators have joined us and shall help to finally cast these heretical abominations from existence!" He carried on before his expression became one of sorrow and remorse, "Unfortunately it is not as simple as it was before, in light of their escape it has been deemed by the creator himself there is only one way this can end, only one truly certain plan that will keep all of us and the unsuspecting people of creation safe from their menace...and all of you have been informed of what that is..." He said.

Upon hearing that every head besides the Slayers looked down to the ground in sadness, for unlike Lucifer and the others they had been informed of the true nature of this mission.

"But we cannot allow our distress in light of this truth hinder us." He spoke again after a moment of silence had passed, causing their heads to tilt back up, "It falls to we and we alone to bare the burden of the truth before it is known by all, it falls to us to support our champion in his final act of sacrifice for the protection of all, so instead of allowing our emotions to cloud our thoughts and judgements we shall rally together under a shared banner and creed, one that he brought to us when he first appeared on our soil, so have him hear it now!" He commanded.

"RIP AND TEAR!"

"RIP AND TEAR!"

"RIP AND TEAR!"

But Doom Is Eternal

A vast array of hisses, snarls, and screeches filled the air of Lucifer's circle as the demons roamed freely, continuing in their work to salvage anything useful while finding and killing any wildlife they should discover. For the most part this work was carried out by the lower demons such as Imps, or in the case of Revenants and Hell Knights who were quite strong they handled the heavy lifting. Now unlike the other circles Lucifer's being included, Doom's work functioned in a far more efficient and different way. See for the others it was sort of like a factory, where the devils were the foreman and all the natural Hellspawn were the workers, while the souls that came from the mortal realm were like the products.

But for the demons and lords of Doom there was one simple rule that made everything run smoothly, where there was never a need for any kind of bureaucratic like system or something else of that nature. In short, you either did what you were told to do by those higher up than you, or the Dark One would take your flesh and mold it into something new like clay. So while there were a few instances of infighting between them they all understood the order, just do what you were made for and you won't be tortured, killed, or used for any kind of experiments by the arcanists or otherwise. Yet despite this there was one time in their history that a single demon tried to oppose the Dark One, it happened back when the Slayer's legend began to grow right after the defeat of the Icon, this is when a few demons started to worship him instead.

For the most part this insurgency was snuffed out immediately as those demons were sentenced to slave labor, but that one defiant soul persisted in his heresy against the very being who created him. This all came to head when he and the Slayer crossed paths, as this was the only moment he had not killed one of their kind. In exchange for showing him mercy and allowing him to live, this creature dubbed by Doom in its entirety as "The Wretch" gave him aid only surpassed by the Maykrs. He gifted him complete maps and charts of the realm as a whole, taught him how to harness their energies and powers to serve him, and he had even made for him

the first prototype of what would become the praetor suit.

However that is where all knowledge of The Wretch ends, the demons, the Maykrs, and even the Slayer have no idea what became of him after this, as part of the Slayer's mercy besides not killing him was allowing him to escape. And not just to another part of Doom to give him a little bit longer, escape as in he opened a portal, walked through it, and was never seen again. This is admittedly a massive part of the reason why they were so quick to invade Hell, for it was the general assumption of all parties he had gone to another circle, perhaps one of the more barbaric and unruly kind so he'd never be found. Even with the Slayer being Doom and the Dark One's main focus, all of their souls yearned to find the traitor and make him pay for aiding their greatest enemy, for maybe just maybe if he hadn't they might've been able to kill him.

Although even without The Wretch's aid it was always a guarantee he was going to do everything in his power to kill them all. But none of that mattered right now, what was important was continuing the assimilation of Lucifer's circle to increase the Dark One's power, alongside the demolition of buildings and general structures. Such as a building that a group of Imps accompanied by two Hell Knights just now discovered. It was impressively big and clearly had an abundance of materials that they could use, especially the massive sign that was attached to it though none of them cared what it said.

One of the brutes huffed much like a bull to say this was their next target, which was all that the imps needed to be sent into action. Running at full speed they would begin tearing it apart once they reached it, with a few of them climbing up to get to work on the roof and that sign. But just as the first was a few feet from the doors that led inside a portal opened in front of them, and before they could react a bullet much like a sniper round was shot from it. Watching in surprise as the Imp's head exploded quite literally when it made contact, the rest stumbled back as they knew who had done that.

Yet when he stepped out of the rift and they saw his visage, a new form of fear filled their bodies and buckled their knees. The familiar intimidating rage of the Slayer was felt immediately, but combined with his new suit that they could also feel due to its holy origins, it managed to make him even more threatening than he already was.

Thankfully the two Hell Knights had also noticed him, as they let out roars in his direction before charging forward to assault him. Or at least they tried to do that, for just like before another portal appeared without warning and from within an attack came, this one being the high powered blast of a gauss cannon.

Watching in shock as the two giants fell to the ground in a mess of body parts and other viscera, the Imps who remained wouldn't be able to run away as every possible option was cutoff. One after the other more portals kept appearing until they were entirely surrounded, and from them came Sentinels and Exterminators in mass. Doing their best to think of a way out of this perilous situation, they all looked to the ground as they heard something heavy hit it, finding a ticking fragmentation grenade at their feet. In a single instant four imps were all turned to mush, what remained being splattered all around just like their superiors.

With this small group quickly dealt with the Slayer looked to his allies to see if they all had made it through the portal yet, finding that while the ground troops were all present those that would be arriving in vehicles such as mobile artillery guns hadn't arrived yet, which was expected given their weight. But they didn't need to stand around and wait for these armaments to join them to begin the assault, taking the lead the Slayer ran towards the city as that needed to be cleansed first. Following behind him though not shouting or cheering to avoid making too much noise, with the Exterminators all using their wings to fly a small distance above the ground to lessen the footsteps. To their benefit they didn't encounter too many demons as they headed for the city's center, a few lone Imps scurrying about and one curious Cacodemon were all that greeted them as they went.

But just as before they were dealt with quickly and efficiently, fast acting sniper shots for all the Imps from the Slayer, while the same Sentinel who had blasted the Hell Knights did the same for the floating red sphere. Soon they were nearing the former noble and commercial part of the area, which is where they would no longer be able to remain unnoticed. For in this sector besides the abundance of fleshy growths and other disturbed things, there were far more demons in a greater variety. For the most part from what they could

see, besides the expected Imps it was mainly Arachnotrons and Revenants who lingered, Hell Knights and possible Mancubi lending their size and strength to the work.

Through specific hand gestures the Slayer would coordinate his soldiers to take up optimal positions. Some went behind large vehicles or slabs of rubble for cover and safety, while the rest got to vantage points for long range supremacy and to deal with any flyers that may show up. Waiting to receive a thumbs up from each specific group to be absolutely sure they were reading, he put away his LMG and brought forth his rocket launcher, locking three rockets onto just one Arachnotron to secure the kill. With one pull of the trigger the triple volley of concentrated energy flew out of the weapon, reaching its target in seconds causing its body to be sent flying in all directions.

The first demon to react to this was a Revenant who easily tracked their origin, but before it could try to lock its shoulder mounted launchers onto him it was obliterated by gauss blast. After that the environment became an immediate warzone, the Imps all screeched and began throwing fireballs and dodging, as did the remaining Arachnotrons and Revenants who were surprisingly mobile. In response his soldiers all began firing with their focus mainly on the Imps, as they were not only the most prominent demons at the moment but were the far greater danger, as the other two breeds only looked towards the Slayer. Speaking of, after popping that Arachnotron like a water balloon he once again switched his weapons, bringing out the plasma rifle this time around as it was particularly excellent at dealing these demons.

Spheres of energy were traded between him and the brain spiders' turrets, while the Revenants tried to restrict the space he could move in by surrounding him with a volley of missiles. Of course this never worked when they tried it as the Slayer only ever moved in one direction, which was straight towards them like a speeding locomotive with a jet engine strapped to the caboose. Reaching the first of the skeletal demons he rammed it with his shoulder to send it to the ground, unleashing a torrent of blasts directly to its face quickly burning it to a crisp. After this the weapon's current modular attachment, the Heat Blast, had build up a decent enough charge to

where he could make proper use of it.

Moving from the corpse he ran right up to the Arachnotrons present and unleashed it in their faces, which besides burning them severely and near completely destroying their eyes, also overwhelmed the turrets on their backsides causing them to explode violently. Letting out howls of agony from the pain they all tried to swipe at him with their small arms in the hopes of doing something, in response he jumped atop of one and began shooting its body with the riffle quickly cooking it alive. There was however another reason he was doing this, in addition to their turrets these demons were armed with mines they could launch and detonate from their sides. So as he built up another Heat Blast he jumped away and released it, this time due to how close he had been it seeped through the mechanism the mines were stored in, rupturing them which resulted in a violent detonation.

Managing to kill all of them with that explosion as he had hoped, only a few of the Arachnotrons remained thus allowing him to switch to the Revenants to begin clearing them out as well. However to his surprise his troops were proving to be very effective, having made quick work of the Imps they moved onto the cyborg skeletons, thus bringing the total number of present demons down significantly. Of course though if it were this easy to win against the demons, then the Slayer would have defeated them far sooner than he did initially. Much like a wrecking ball being sent into a building more demons burst from the nearby structures, and while one of them was expected it being Hell Knights, the second was greatly concerning.

Pinkies, though often regarded by the demons of Doom as cattle or livestock, were by FAR one of if not the single most durable demons their realm had to offer. From the front they were truly nigh invulnerable, even the Slayer's own weapons would take most of his ammunition to begin wearing them down if he assaulted them that way. There were some exceptions though, such as using his chainsaw to get at the space between the plating on their heads and backs to sever it, or shooting them from behind where most of their flesh was exposed. Unfortunately by the time they would get these shots these living bulldozers would be on top of them, but it needed to be done if they wanted to kill them as fast as possible.

Just as the others they began by letting out roars before joining the fray, with the Pinkies covering the distance between them scarily fast while the Hell Knights followed behind. Knowing well there cover meant jack shit to them the Sentinels and Exterminators on the ground began falling back, with the latter taking to the sky to try and get an angel on their backsides. As for the Slayer he decided it was time to get messy, sending away his Plasma Rifle he brought forth his mechanical sword, revving it to full power before charging towards the Hell Knights to start cutting them down. With the first he went into a slide across the ground as to cut one of its legs at the knee, doing so successfully which crippled the demon and sent it to the ground.

After that he got back to his feet and in a upward motion much like a uppercut sent the saw into the next, the creature unable to do anything besides scream and shake as the tool cut it vertically in half. All the while he did this his soldiers' efforts to clear the Pinkies was going well, as after their initial charge they were basically surrounded, which allowed many of them to fire at once killing them quickly. Sadly they could barely make even half as much progress this time before more reinforcements showed up, this time in the form of a horde of Cacodemons floating in from the horizon. Announcing their arrival by unleashing a volley of bile from the gaping maws, many of the elevated units had to move immediately to avoid getting hit or having what they stood on be dissolved.

This managed to give the demons a bit of ground as a result, for the snipers and gauss cannon wielders had to focus their attentions now on this new enemy, meaning the Pinkies and Hell Knights would take longer to clear out. The Slayer did try his best to keep their attention on him, having put away his chainsaw to it could refuel and bringing forth his Super Shotgun. But even with both Hell Knights and Pinkies being obliterated with just a single blast, he had to leave the Cacodemons to the others if he wanted to protect them from the ground assault. That is when things would worsen even further, as a plethora of Imps began crawling out of building windows or appearing on nearby rooftops, and so in addition to the acidic bile they now had fireballs also coming from the sky.

In response to this quite a few Sentinels were forced to stop

shooting so they could erect plasma shields and barriers to protect their comrades, which while necessary allowed the demons to advance further. Realizing this the Slayer for a moment debated if he should bring out the BFG, though he hesitated as they were so close and he worried that a tendril could be sent towards them. Thankfully it wouldn't come to that just yet, as suddenly a loud boom was heard from their backside followed by a group of Cacodemons exploding, both indicators that their artillery had finally come through. In the span of but a few seconds this battle was quickly won, as more shells and packets of plasma were sent towards the demons, clearing both the skies and the ground with no issues at all.

Realizing they were outmatched the Imps who had just arrived retreated, falling back to inform their allies so they could prepare. As this happened many of his soldiers couldn't keep from cheering and welcoming their comrades, though he didn't mind it as that had been perfect timing on their part. But they could only spare a moment or two for this celebration, if they let their guards down for even a second it could be all the difference between victory and defeat. So after making sure they were all well stocked, their weapons and gear ready for the next encounter, and that no issues had arisen during the artillery's attack, they proceeded through the city to continue the cleansing.

As expected though they found next to no demons as they went, knowing well they were all gathering at the hotel ready to defend their connection. This in turn made the final stretch of this mission the most tense by far, none of them not even the Slayer knew how many demons they would see. They knew their numbers had been doubled but how many of them were actually here, how many were in Doom, and how many were still in his world that hadn't be called up yet? The answer to all of these questions came as the hotel came into sight, or rather what it used to be.

For now the entire building had ever been swallowed or replaced by a massive Gore Nest, going high into the sky like a tower with the portal at the top. While at the bottom on the ground were the waiting hordes, everything from Imps and Prowlers to Arachnotrons and Revenants, Hell Knights and Barons to Cacodemons and Pain Elementals were all gathered. Even some specific demon breeds

like the Hell Razer and Whiplash were there ready to provide aid from the back line. But the demons that everyone looked to the most were the Archviles and Summoners who were the farthest back, as well as their leader who stood at the front.

As predicted the moment word reached them that the Slayer had returned with reinforcements the Cyber Demon was sent, it looked down at its rival and although lacking normal eyes displayed more hostility than any of the others. Over the next several minutes both armies just stood there staring at each other, both waiting for the powers that commanded them to lead the way for the fight to begin. And whether it was due to him wanting this to be over as quickly as possible, or perhaps he just wanted so badly to beat this bastard to the dirt, the Slayer sent away all of his weapons and activated Berserk before then running towards the Cyber Demon. Roaring in response then doing the same the battle was underway, all the demons followed after behind while the Sentinels and Exterminators held their ground and began firing.

The artillery focused solely on the masses before their it could be moved to the arcanists, which greatly helped to deal with the general fodder that made up their numbers. And just like before everyone had their specific role that needed to be served, the frontline had shields and barriers erected to protect them while brandishing melee weaponry. So if say a Prowler tried to be a sneaky asshole and appear right on top of them, he'd be immediately skewered and killed. Those behind them wielded a balanced diversity of rifles and shotguns, serving a similar role to the artillery though with a greater focus on the brutes and brawlers of the horde.

This left the back line to focus on specific targets and ensure their approach was as funneled as possible, with a few them of serving primarily as anti air units for the flyers. Yet for both sides it was rather difficult to focus on each other, as at the center of it all their titans were duking it out with nothing but their fists, no guns, no lasers, no rockets or BFG, just a good old fashion bare knuckle brawl. With the aid of Berserk the Slayer could not be as easily moved or sent flying as he was before, in fact when they first collided a massive shockwave was sent out, significant enough to break apart the ground around them. After that the fight was a slow

progression of punches being thrown, but each one sounded like thunder while the aforementioned ground continued to be damaged.

The Cyber Demon's fists were halted by the Slayer's own any time they connected, allowing him to get a firm grip on its arm and pull it towards him to deliver a devastating headbutt. Letting out a roar of pain it stumbled backwards in response, but before its opponent could close the distance to try and severely wound its leg it threw another punch this time to the ground. Forced to evade as car sized chunks of rubble flew out in all directions, this gave the demon an opportunity to land a blow by clasping its hands together and smashing them onto the Slayer. Driven downward much like a railroad spike, before he could free himself the Cyber Demon raised its blade high into the air and sent it towards him, hoping to stab right through his suit and body in one go.

Instead the Slayer reached up to stop it by grabbing onto the blade, and by refusing to let go it forced his foe to pull back his arm in the hope of flinging him off. But as the motion reached the end of its arc the Slayer intentionally let go, and from the gained momentum he flew straight towards the demon's face. With as clear of an opening as he could hope he punched it on the right side of its head, causing it to roar in agony as that entire portion of its skull was blown apart. Watching the Cyber demon fall to one knee from the pain as he landed, he wouldn't allow the creature's healing factor to intervene.

Running up to the leg it use to keep itself up right he punched it on the side, eliciting another roar from the beast as the limb broke away at the joint. Falling to the ground on as it no longer had the means to support its full weight, the Slayer climbed onto its chest and approached the head. What followed managed to bring the fighting to a stop for the next minute, as both sides watched in shock at what unfolded. Blow after blow he delivers his fists to the giant, smashing its skull like a pumpkin until there was nothing left.

But he didn't stop there, while Berserk was still active he raised a foot to stomp its chest, in doing so he exposed the heart of the creature that he then ripped violently from the cavity. Grabbing onto it with both hands he easily tore it in two, assuring that less the Archviles and Summoners did something, the Cyber Demon would not be getting up. And with that the last of the power was used and

he returned to his normal state, though he quickly used another while summoning his rocket launcher to start the assault on the arcanists. The power in question was Onslaught, which in combination with his launcher basically meant he would be firing nuke levels of destruction directly at them.

Yet none of them seemed concerned about this, they didn't even bother to erect their flame barriers for protection, which while not immediately rousing suspicion for most did for the Slayer. Unfortunately he and his soldiers would discover the reason for this behavior, as it was revealed to them first in the form of a massive spear being sent towards him from the sky. Dodging it though just barely as he hadn't expected something like that, he and the others looked above to see what had sent it, only to be horrified by what they found. Though his appearance was vastly different from before they all had a sickly feeling that this new demon, who bore the resemblance of a gargoyle was none other than Gabriel.

This would be confirmed as the spear suddenly disappeared then reappeared in his hand, and as they gave it a closer look they recognized the ornate design of the heavenly weapon, though it was now tainted black as a result of their corruption. Letting out a shriek that was somehow even louder than the Cyber Demon's roars it dived towards the Slayer, doing so with such blinding speed he barely was able to summon his chainsaw in time to block the attack. Staying in the air Gabriel pressed his spear's shaft against the teeth of his saw, both holding firm as they pushed against each other. In response to this the battle as a whole then resumed, initiated by the artillery resuming their attack on the horde.

Just as before they would focus on themselves allowing them to duel with each other, though unlike before this fight didn't start off with unbridled rage. Both the Slayer and Gabriel stared at each other for a few moments, the former feeling genuine guilt for what became of the angel, while the later seemed to show some signs of restraint indicating he was still in there. But his masters would not allow this to go on any longer, the augments attached to his skeleton came to life and sent a surge of electricity through his body, causing him to return to a savage state. Finally breaking their standoff Gabriel backed away from his opponent, only to follow up by flying

at him just as fast as before in to hope of sending his spear through his torso.

But now that his attention was on nothing but the angel that wasn't going to work, he dodged to the side and revved up his chainsaw to try and counterattack. This is how their fight would proceed, their speed and power near equal to each other neither could land a single strike, even with Onslaught still active Gabriel's strength was able to match it. Even as he tried to cut through the spear with his saw it was met with no success, not so much as a scratch or scuff being created on its surface.

"S-Slayer..." Gabriel managed to speak from within though it was weak and pained, **"P-Please...kill me...it hurts so much...it hurts...it hurts..."** He began repeating over and over again as for a moment he stood still.

Sadly this earn him another deliverance of electrocution from the augments, this time so intense it slightly burned the skin that surrounded them, though it quickly healed revealing he too had a healing factor. Letting out a scream as this happened he resumed the fight, forgoing in kind of self preservation as he began to stab wildly at his opponent. This proved to be a poor action on the angel's part, as it gave the Slayer a perfect opening to rev his chainsaw and in one swift motion cut off his hands. Letting out a pained wail as they fell to the ground still clutching the spear, the Slayer made followed it up immediately with another swing of his saw, this time decapitating him.

Sadly for the fallen angel his soul would not be allowed peace so easily, for the moment his body hit the ground it began to glow with a vibrant orange, as did the remains of the Cyber Demon. The Archviles were already quick to work resurrecting their champions, while the Summoners began to do the same only for their legion. Unfortunately the demons that were still alive were plentiful, so the artillery could not change their aim to the arcanists. However he still could not use the BFG with them being so close, which meant the only way he could stop this battle from beginning anew was to use his most powerful weapon, and he hoped the Sentinels would recognize it as he brought it out.

"TAKE COVER!" One of the commanders shouted out as they saw the Unmaykr appear in his hands.

Though the Exterminators like when they witnessed the BFG had no idea what to expect, they listened to their command and with the Sentinels fell back to be safe. Once he saw they were out of harm's way, the Slayer aimed it at the demonic forces and fired. Like a vicious downpour that threatened to drown the world did pure holy energy come from the weapon, in five separate beams they shot at and brought with them desolation. No demon even the mighty Barons had any hope of surviving, for the moment it touched their sinful bodies and souls it ate at them like a cancer, breaking them down until nothing was left and their spirits returned to their infernal home.

Now one may wonder why the Slayer hadn't used this from the beginning, or even back when they first invade the circle? The reason why is because the Unmaykr was a weapon of true divinity, to ensure no demons could escape it actually sought out every single presence of corruption and erased it, so if he had used it before it would have attacked and killed the others. And even though the Exterminators and the Sentinels were beings as pure as one could be, the energy itself was dangerous even without the presence of corruption, and it would have the exact same destructive effect if even for a second any of them were hit by it. So he needed to wait until it was the only option, when even the BFG could not help them that would be the only time it should be used.

Of course this meant that the artillery were not needed for the arcanists now, as after a few brief seconds all of the demons were dead and he was able to turn to them, the Unmaykr easily piercing their barriers and striking them down. Thankfully his soldiers saw this happen, as he heard the commanders all shout at the artillery to begin assaulting the tower. Putting away the Unmaykr he watched the structure's base be slowly chipped away by shells and plasma, a smart decision as if they took away the foundation the rest would follow suit. In response to this an assortment of Imps, Cacodemons, Prowlers, and a few Pain Elementals all came through the portal at the top, which sent a rush of excitement through all of them.

For seeing as how this was all they were sending as their

connection grew closer and closer to being severed, this meant that these forces had to have come from the Slayer's world. In fact he would actually receive confirmation of this, as he received a transmission from the battalion assigned to the task.

"Your highness, the bombardment is underway, from our scans it appears the only demonic presence still on world is the growths, a few Gore Nests, and some of the lesser demons, we will have them all wiped out in a matter of seconds." One of the attending commanders informed him, earning a nod of understanding in response.

Returning his attention to the tower and the arriving demons, for a moment he felt a small amused smirk appear on his features at how quickly they were being killed, as all of the ground units that could focused their fire to keep them up there. Eventually though it came down a spectacular crash, as one final volley from the artillery hit just the right spot the building could stand no more. Yet even as countless pieces of debris, Hell growth, and demon body parts all flew passed him as it hit the ground, the Slayer to no surprise just stood there unfazed by any of it. However, even with the demons all killed and the tower delivered to ruin, the portal persisted as forces on the other side, no doubt one being the Dark One himself did their best to keep it open.

"Your highness." One of the commanders spoke up as they and the others present came forward, the same kind of strange apparatus in each of their hands, "We need to act quickly before anything else happens, we'll wait till we're certain on the other side but you must go now." They told him.

Nodding to show he understood the Slayer immediately broke out into a run, reaching the portal and going through it within seconds. Giving him just a bit longer to be absolutely certain, the commanders then primed the devices and with all their might threw them towards the rift. For you see these objects were essentially explosives, the major difference that made them special was what was stored in them. Concentrated energy from the Wraiths which was capable of affecting reality itself, and in such a terrifying amount the resulting blast would be catastrophic.

Hence why they threw them into the portal, for they knew their king would survive and they cared not what it did to Doom, so once they went off they would disrupt the connection without flaw, and that's exactly what they did.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
The Dark One's voice bellowed out from the portal, only to be replaced by the sound of the detonation.

Watching the realm of Doom on the other side be filled with the Wraiths' energy to such a degree it even came out towards them, they didn't need to worry about being harmed as the portal closed right after. Watching the arcane energy mixed with the Wraiths' fall all around them after, though they were triumphant none of them wanted to cheer or celebrate, for this truly was a bitter sweet victory. As for the Sentinels attending to Will's world they continued their assault, for another detail Vega and the Slayer kept from the others, was that to be certain Doom held not even a single bit of power on the planet most of it would be destroyed. This was how it came to an end as all that remained of the world now were a few massive chunks that floated in space, and just like their comrades in Lucifer's circle they too did not cheer or yell, allowing silence to have its place.

And as for Vega who watched this all unfold from his place in Urdak, still standing in the garden alone to grieve, he looked to the cosmos that surrounded him and said only to himself the following words:

"They are rage...brutal...without mercy...but you...you will be worse...for your fight then...now...and forevermore...is eternal."

Epilogue

Sadness, an emotion all beings from every part of creation dreaded. For unlike physical pain that could eventually fade and be a distant memory, when something so tragic happens that causes this, it rarely if ever truly goes away. This was something Vega knew better than anyone, for just as when his children fought each other so long ago, he now felt a terrible sickly feeling fill his form in its entirety. But it wasn't just because the Slayer was his friend that made him feel this way, it was also due to the fact that this was the only way to be absolutely certain Doom was isolated.

Unfortunately there were two things left that needed to be done, and both he needed to do himself. The first required him to briefly depart Urdak and return to his ivory tower, where at the top was the exact point of origin for all creation. It was also here that he could see into every place in reality, and if he needed he could create something new as well, which is precisely what was needed from him. For while their plan had been successful and Doom's connection to Lucifer's circle and the mortal realm were gone, it was still a part of Hell as a whole which was a glaring problem.

Hence why he was here as only known by the Wraiths, the Sentinels, the Exterminators, and Samur Vega would use his power create a new space in creation. It would serve as the new home of Doom as a whole, with the Dark One having no hold on any other plane it wasn't too difficult to separate it from Hell. This however was the reason why the Slayer needed to be sealed with them, if he wasn't then Dark One and his demons would spend their time thinking of a way to escape. But if he was there with a suit and arsenal that would never wear down or run out of resources, then they would fight for all eternity.

So with no further hesitation or delay he carried out the task, using all of his power he tore Doom from its place in Hell and placed it in this new space. Almost falling to the ground from how strenuous this was even for him, Vega took the next few moments to gather himself and make sure he was alright, in addition to ensuring he made no

errors.

"It...is done..." He said to himself as he lightly panted, "Now...comes the far more difficult task..." He added.

Even though that was by far the most challenging think physical he had ever needed to do, what was left would be the undisputedly worse. But there was no way he could avoid it, and so not wanting to get through it as fast as possible he opened a portal back to Urdak then stepped inside.

"Everyone, may I have your attention?" The Khan Maykr requested, her face and voice being broadcasted throughout Urdak for all to see.

By this point all of the souls from Lucifer's circle had grown used to being here, and not just because of the calming futuristic cosmic atmosphere. The Maykrs while initially off putting due to how different they looked from most things, were incredibly hospitable, respectable, and did everything they could to make their stay as pleasant as possible. So when the face of the Khan appeared to all of them they weren't shocked or afraid, and thanks to Lucifer and the others they knew she was their leader, which meant if she was speaking to them it must be important.

"I have just been informed by King Novik, the leader of the Sentinel people who have assisted us in caring for you and ensuring your safety, that the Slayer has been successful in repelling the demons of Doom from your home, you will need to stay here for a while longer until it is suitable for your return, but rest assured that this whole ordeal that has felt like a nightmare is coming to an end." She told them.

Upon hearing that everyone let out cheers and cries of joy, so elated that many of them hugged or even kissed each other to express their happiness. Of course Lucifer and the others were no exception, and as they were gathered in the garden having been brought back here by Samur, they too joined in on the merriment.

"FUCK YEAH WAY TO GO WILL!" Angel Dust shouted while throwing his hands into the air.

"I hope someone recorded the battle, think of how amazing that would be for television! We could even use it as promotional material for Slayer Studios!" Katie exclaimed.

"WE CAN MAKE SO MUCH MERCHANDISE OFF OF THAT!" Blitzo shouted with glee followed by an excited laugh.

"I think you guys have your priorities a little off center here." Vagatha told them, though in a joking way and with a smile.

"Oh come on girl, can you blame us for being excited that everything's worked out?" Cherri asked her.

"She does have a point Vaggie, I mean with Will saving our home if there were any doubters about the hotel or redemption, I'm pretty sure they've changed their minds by now." Charlie said.

"That's a good point dear, in fact I believe our plan to reform our circle will be met with immediate support, if not a total show of willing participation." Lilith pointed out.

"That is true, still there are a lot of things that still need to be taken care of, we can't allow ourselves to fully relax just yet." Lucifer reminded them.

"Agreed, Gabriel is still in their possession and they are still a threat, while this of course a win for us all we shouldn't allow ourselves to become too relaxed." Azrael replied.

"So is Pentious, I know he isn't as important and beloved as an archangel, but we both would like to see him saved as well." Vox said with Velvet nodding in agreement.

"There's no need to worry everyone!" Alastor exclaimed as he gestured to them all, "With Will on our side they're fighting an uphill battle on a sheer drop! It'll take some time of course but I know we'll win the day!" He assured.

"All the while you don't pull anymore sneaky shit, right Alastor?"

Lucifer asked.

"You have my word Luci, and I mean that as honestly as I ever have, both to show my regret as well my desire to never be punched by you ever again." He answered with a bow.

"Do you ACTUALLY mean that? The part about regret I mean." Vagatha questioned.

"...No." He responded.

"Good enough..." Lucifer said with a sigh and an eye roll, as he knew that was a longshot.

Continuing to talk among themselves and celebrate like everyone else, the lift to the garden raised to the top with the Khan and Samur riding it.

"Well, seems like we're late to the party." She said to him as they saw everyone.

"Yes...it seems so..." He replied in a rather dry and uncaring tone.

"Is something wrong Samur?" She inquired as his attitude perplexed her.

"I'm just dreading what comes next...for them...and for you..." He explained.

That response only managed to worsen her confusion, as well as make her concerned that something was amiss. But before should press him further on it a portal suddenly opened, and from it came Vega who held his hands behind his back.

"Oh hey there he is!" Angel Dust exclaimed with a smile, "Was wondering when you and Will would join us, though I can see he didn't come with you, is he still blowing apart skulls and ripping out spines?" He asked.

Looking towards him that is when everyone noticed something else was absent, it being any show of excitement or joy that they possessed. In fact, as they looked at him more and more they

realized that...he actually seemed sad?

"Father?" Lucifer spoke as he stepped forward along with his sister, "What's wrong? Did something happen after the Khan's announcement?" He asked.

"No...nothing tragic or unexpected has occurred in the short time since her announcement..." Vega answered.

"It Lucifer's circle then? Is the damage worse than we assumed?" Azrael questioned.

"No...just as the Khan stated it won't take long for you all to return...and with the aid of both Maykr and Sentinel all damages shall be fixed..." He replied.

"Then what is it? Because something is clearly upsetting, I of all people should know as-" Lucifer stopped mid sentence, as a realization hit him in the face.

"Lucifer?" Lilith spoke with concern as his expression had changed to one of shock.

"...The only time I've ever known you to be upset was when me and Gabriel fought...which worsened as we all picked a side and the war happened as the result...seeing your children fight like that made you retreat into isolation because you cared about us so much...and seeing us act like that tore you apart...I remember it as clear as when it happened so I'd recognize it again if I saw it...so Father I need you to be honest...is Will actually coming back?" Lucifer asked.

As he said this everyone including the Khan had the same expression come to their face as they now focused solely on Vega, Samur being the only exception as he knew the answer.

"...I'm sorry." He said first which made their hearts drop, "We lied to you...or rather didn't tell you everything...the only way we could ensure that Doom would never be a threat ever again was to separate it from Hell and cast it into isolation...of course they could have returned if nothing kept them distracted or focused on something else...so Will had to be sealed away with them...hence

why his armor and weapons are powered by him...so he may fight them for the rest of time." He explained.

A horrid silence then came between them as they tried to fully grasp what he just told them, and despite the fact they knew he wasn't lying they just couldn't believe it.

"Vega...this isn't funny..." Katie spoke as she clenched her fists, "This is a really fucking sick joke you're trying to pull!" She exclaimed.

"I understand that it is hard to accept this, I know the first stage of grief is denial and-"

"THIS ISN'T GRIEF!" Angel Dust shouted angrily, "Grief implies that you've lost something or someone, but we ain't lost a fucking thing! We've got our home back and it's because of Will, so we know that he's just helping to clean it up or some other shit like that!" He argued.

"I wish that were the case Angel, believe me I would like nothing more than-"

"STOP IT!" Cheri shouted at him while pointing her finger, "Stop saying this stupid shit Vega! We know it's not true! There's no fucking way that it is! Will beat them before and he could do it again!" She exclaimed.

"True, but the circumstances were far different than before, their numbers are greater in addition the Dark One's power had been increased, if we had waited for the Icon of Sin or the Resurrector and her sister to be brought back as well, then there would have been next to nothing we could do to stop them." He explained.

"You don't know that for sure! We could've helped come up with some new ideas! If you had just told us we could have...we could..." Charlie tried to continue their refusal, only to slowly stop as their shock was subsiding, being replaced by despair and tears welling in their eyes.

"Again...I'm sorry..." He repeated as he could see they had no more

fight left in them.

What followed was a mess of crying, pained expressions, and for some like Husk, Alastor, or even the Khan a state of detachment from reality. The Slayer, Will, their friend who had done so much for them, was gone forever.

You know, there's a lot of things that make the demons of Doom unique, beyond their appearances and powers of course. And while a list could be made of every single thing that genuinely made them a remarkable breed of flesh based entities, quite possibly the most incredible was how they didn't need anything that all others like them did. To be precise what that means is they didn't need to sleep, eat, exercise, and in general maintain their health, whether it was just how they were made or the power the Dark One granted them, they did not require any of this to survive. Of course this also included breathing, which made sense as the Slayer had thought them on Mars when they first met, and there was many times either on the surface or just in parts of the base that were heavily damaged, where no oxygen at all existed and yet they were still fine.

However all of this is only relevant when talking about those who hail from Doom, not the figure hidden by a tattered cloak who currently stood on one of the remains of the Slayer's world. For if anyone else were present they certainly wouldn't be able to see any notable details, from head to though this entity was completely hidden as they somehow stood in the midst of space, not bothered by the lack of air or gravity. How they were there, why they were there, and so many other questions were of far greater importance that needed to be answered, again if someone were there to see them. But as they stood on a fairly decent chunk of the former planet known as Earth, they seemed to have fulfilled whatever purpose brought them here, as a portal black in coloration opened behind them.

Though again, if someone else were present, if any single entity in creation had been looking at this specific point at the exact moment they entered the rift, before it closed they might've seen a rather strange looking symbol drawn on the cloak's backside, that bore a

shocking resemblance to the Slayer's own.